

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

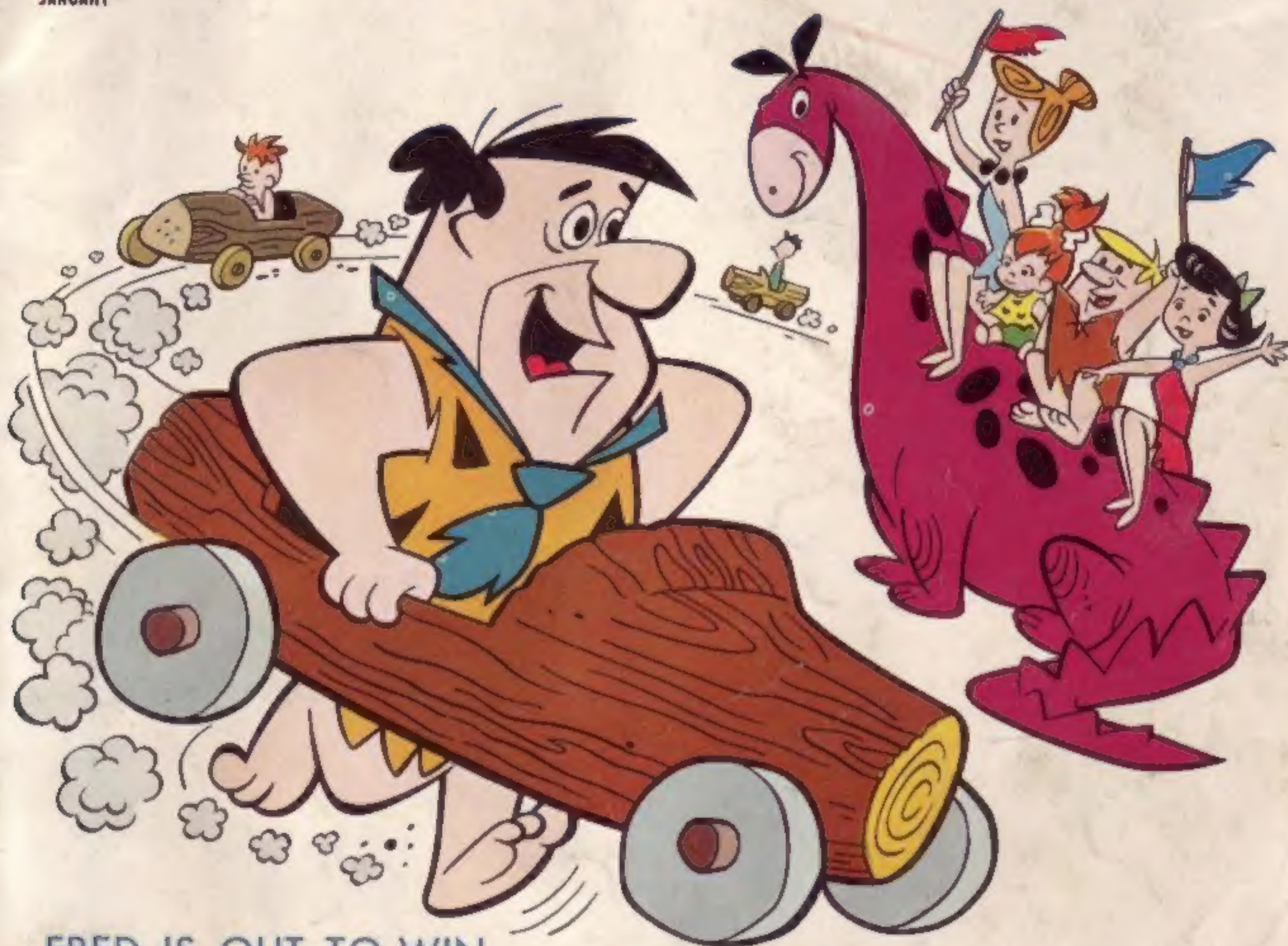
STILL ONLY 12¢

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

10008-401

JANUARY



FRED IS OUT TO WIN
THE GREAT STONE AGE HOT ROD RACE

INTRODUCING
THE RUBBLES'
NEW BUNDLE
OF NOISE...

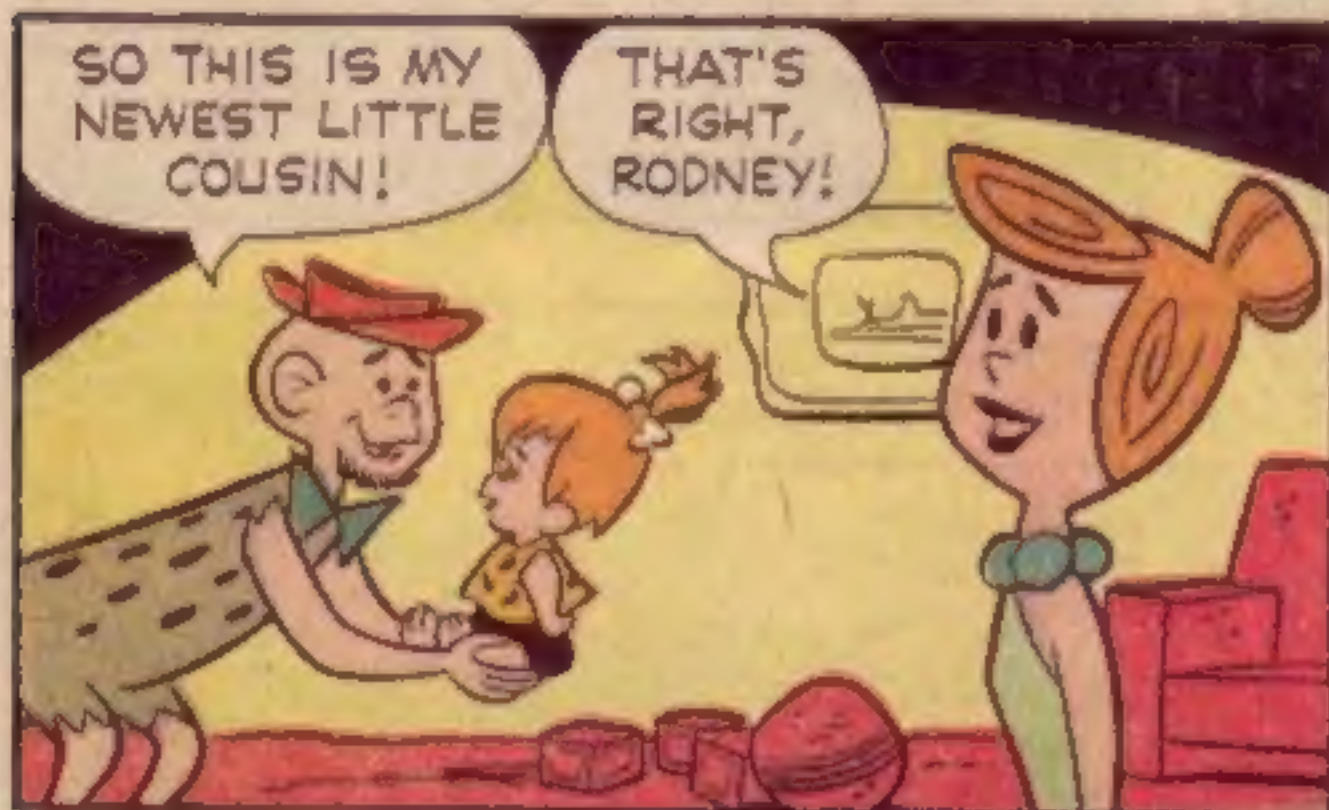
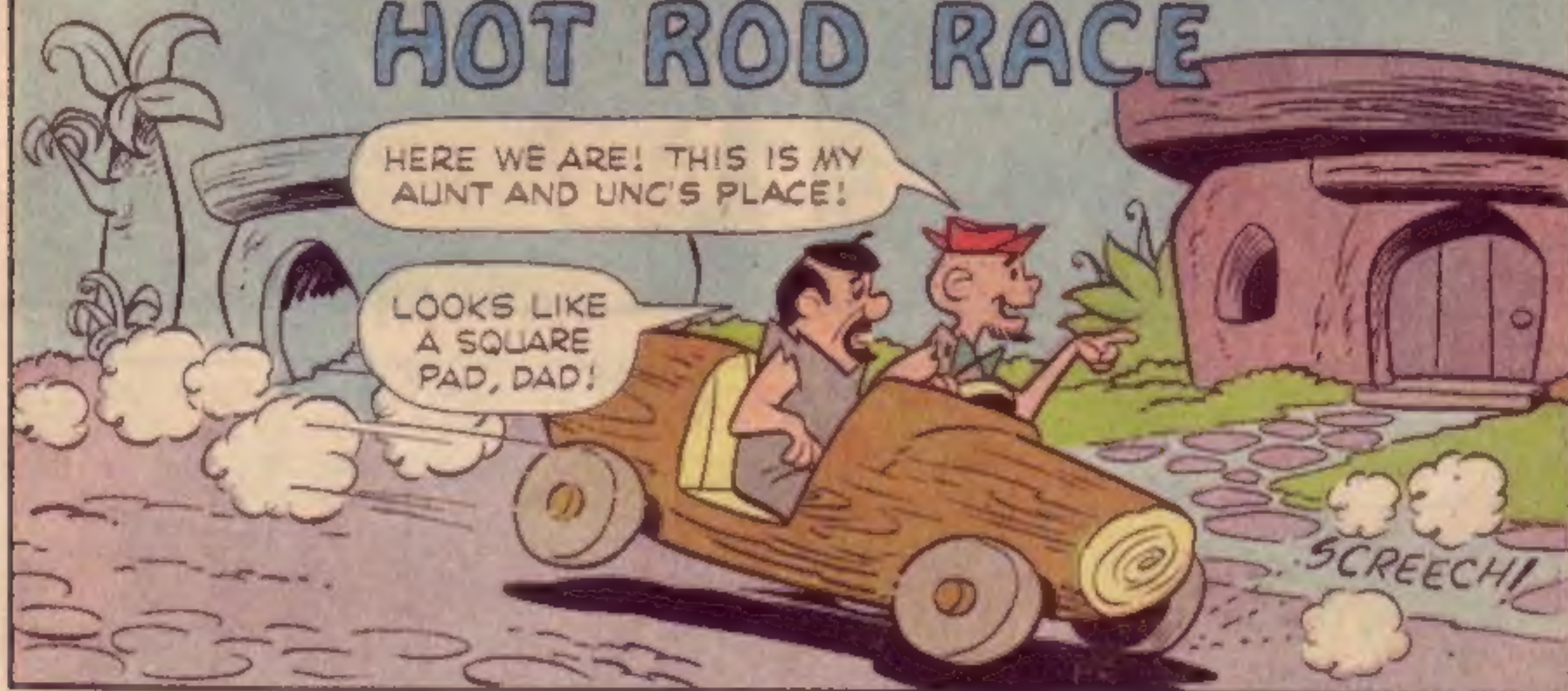


BAMM-
BAMM!

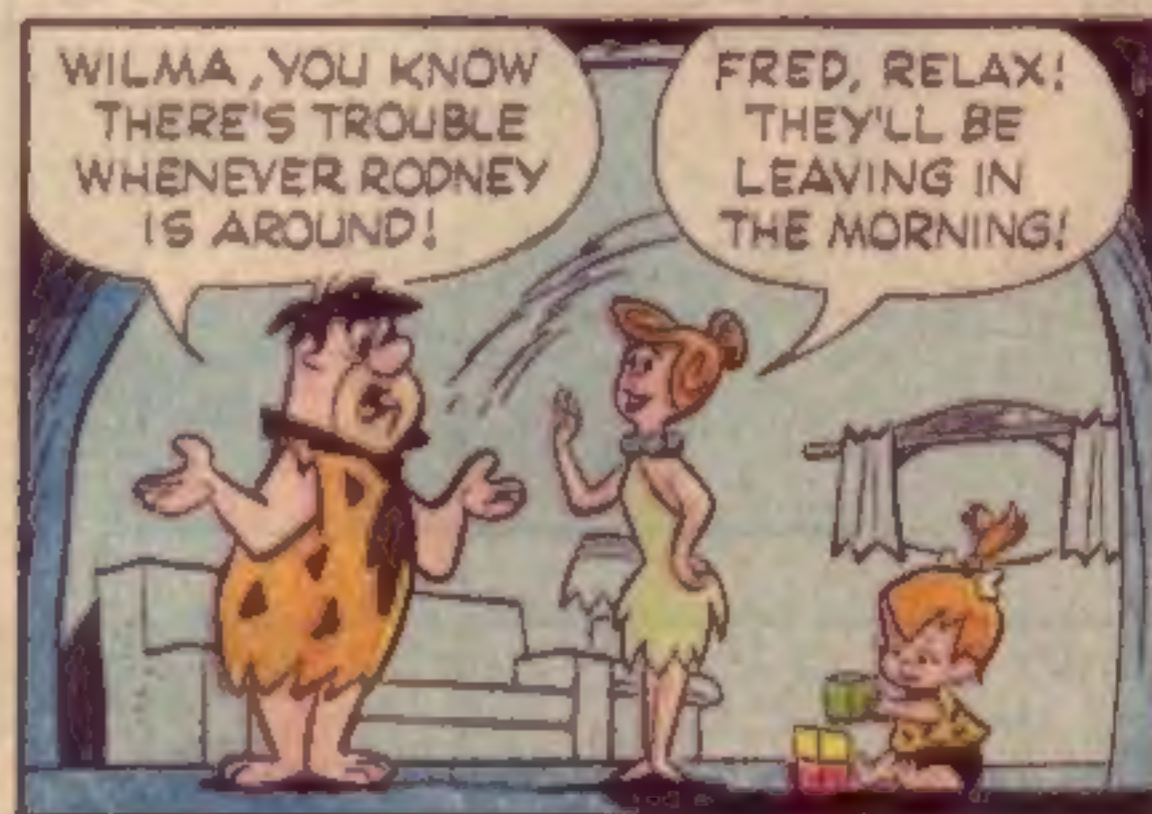
Hanna-Barbera

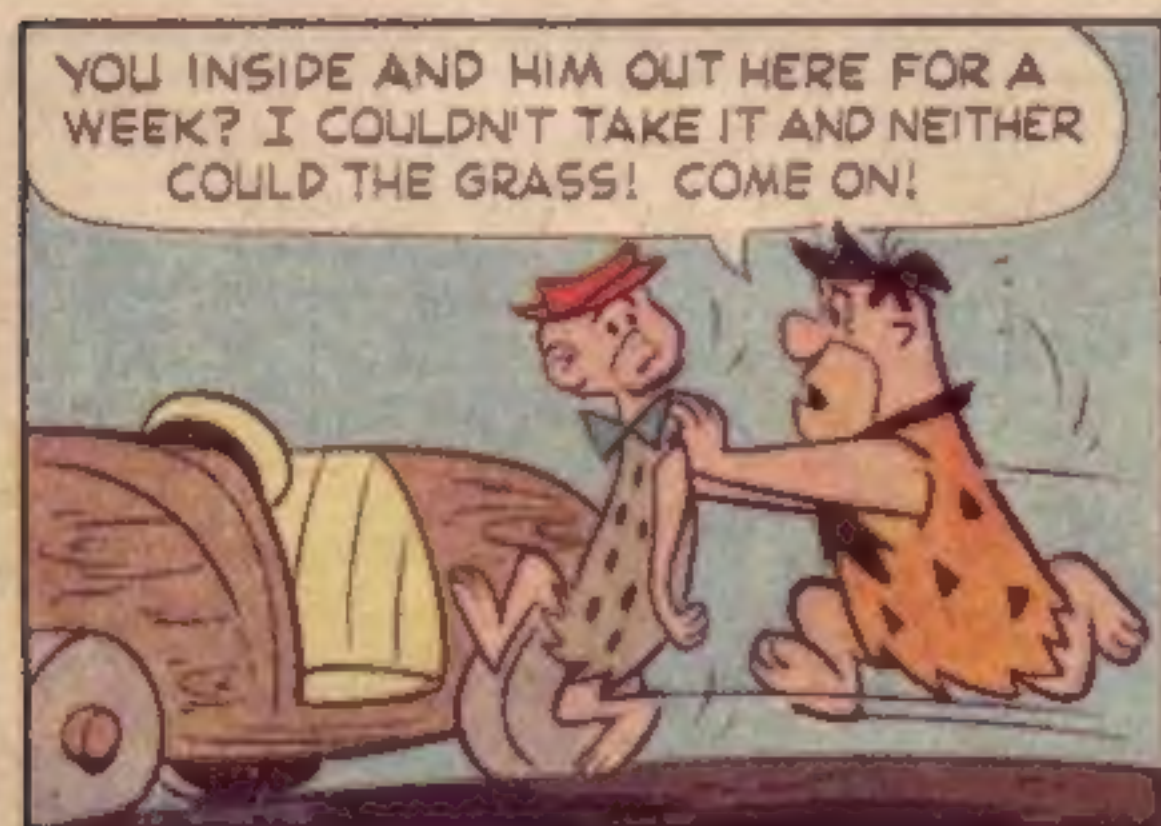
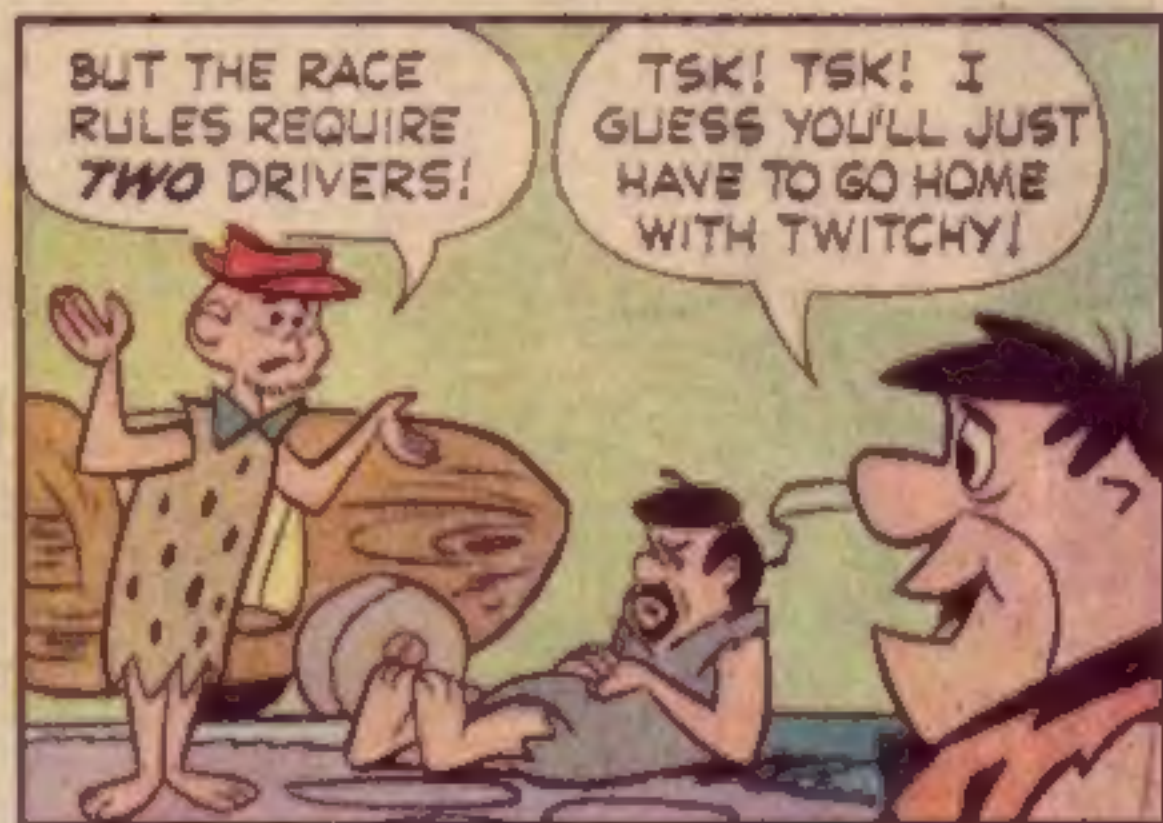
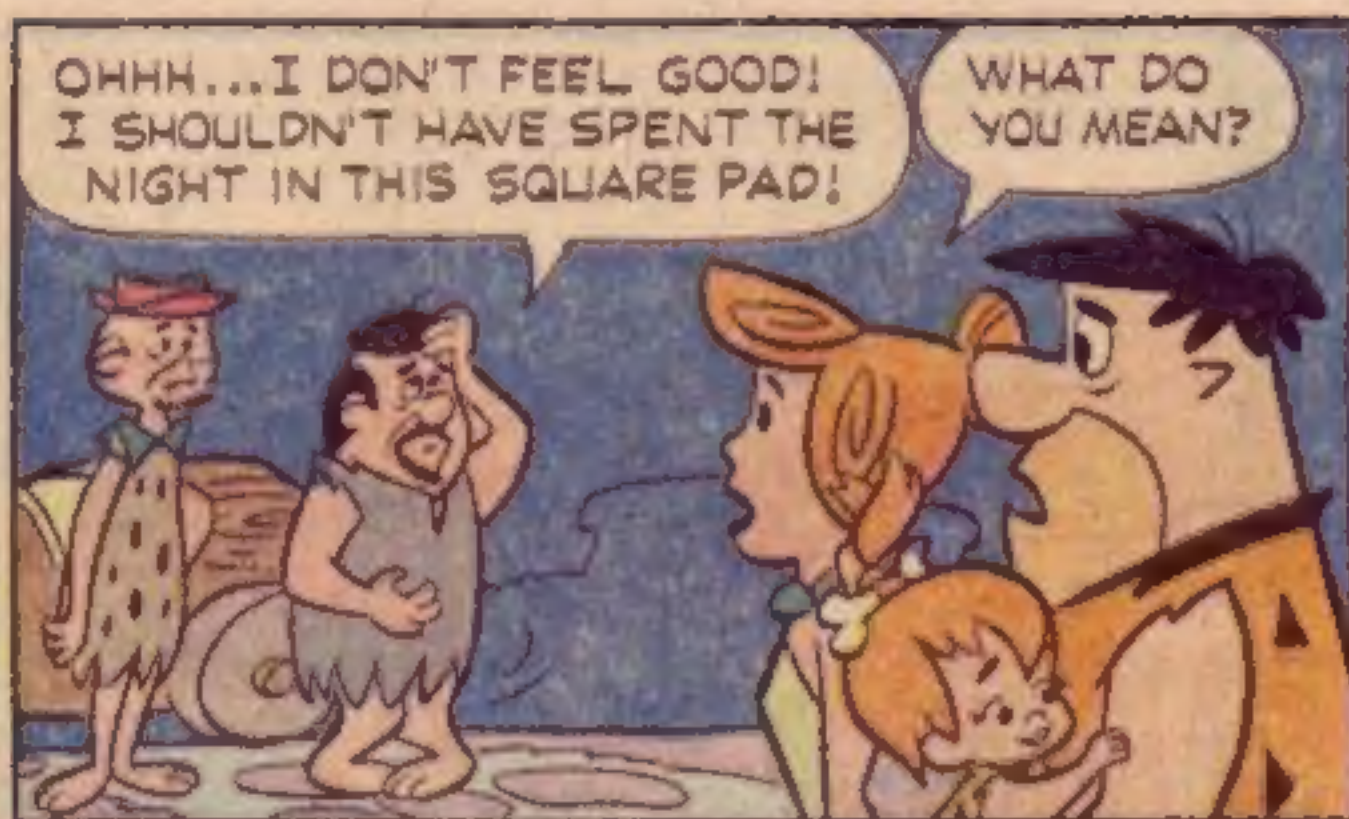
THE FLINTSTONES

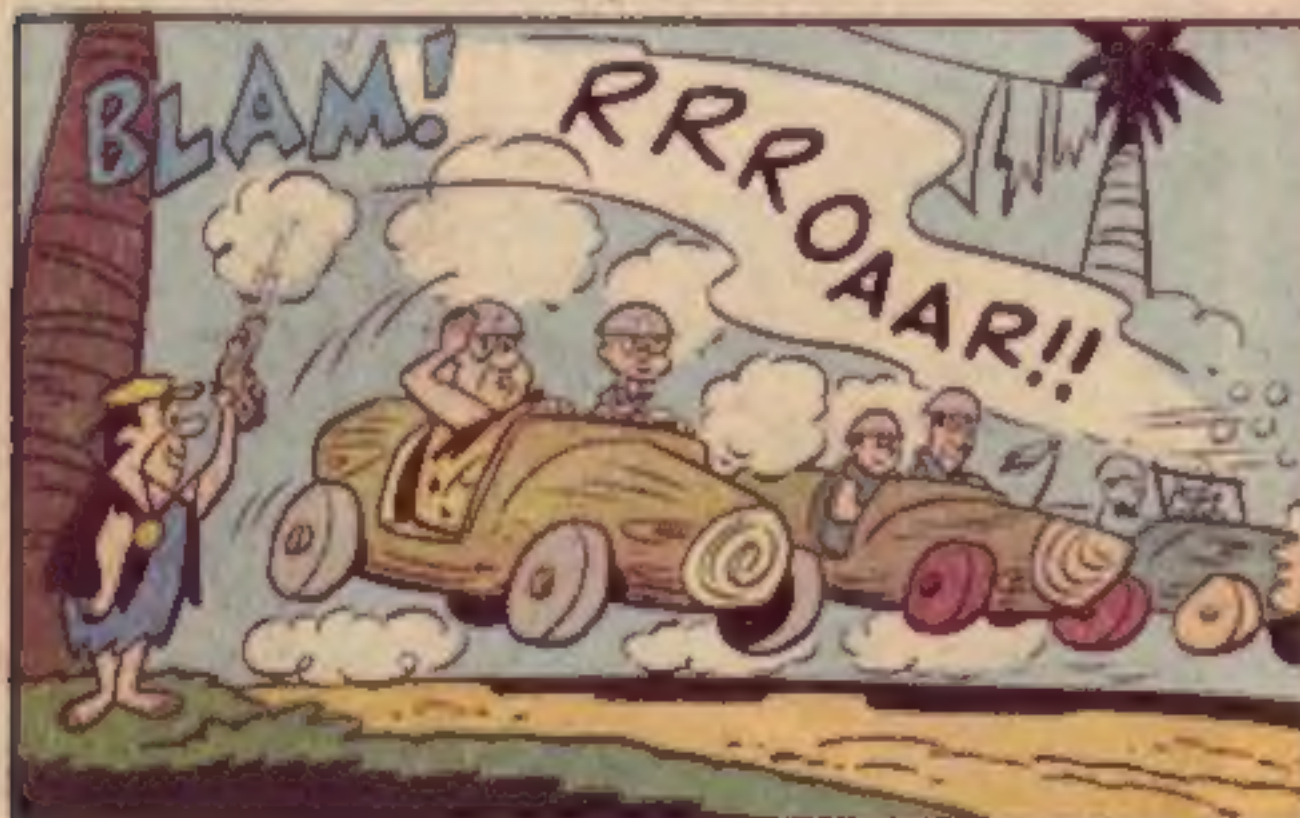
THE GREAT STONE AGE HOT ROD RACE



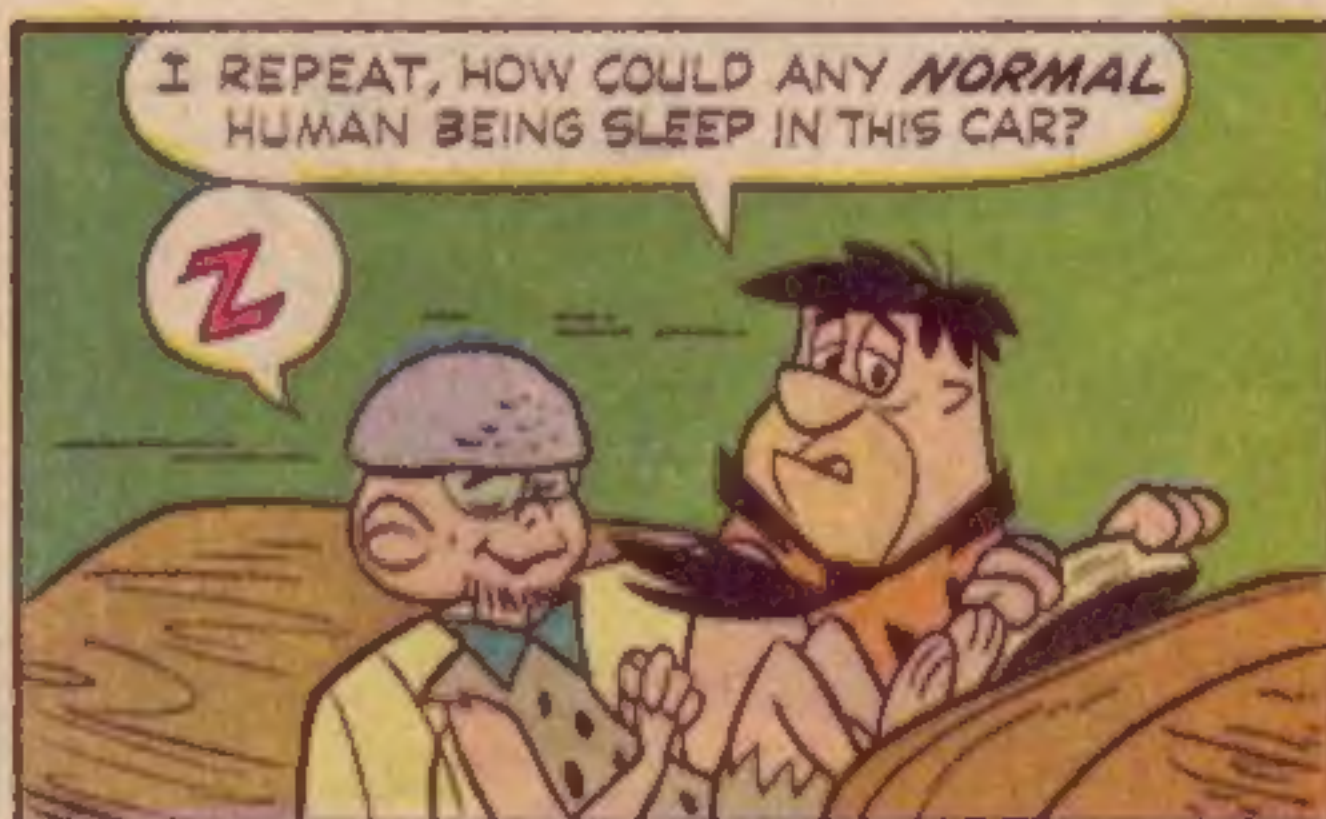
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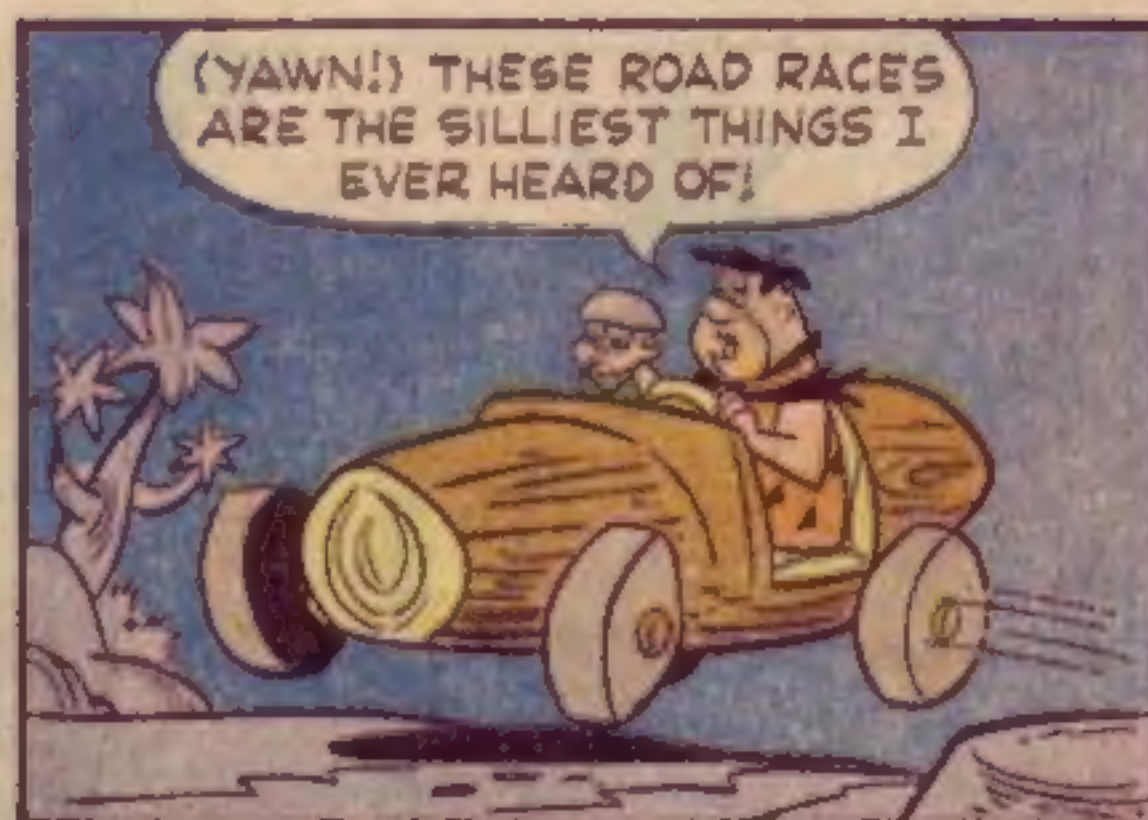
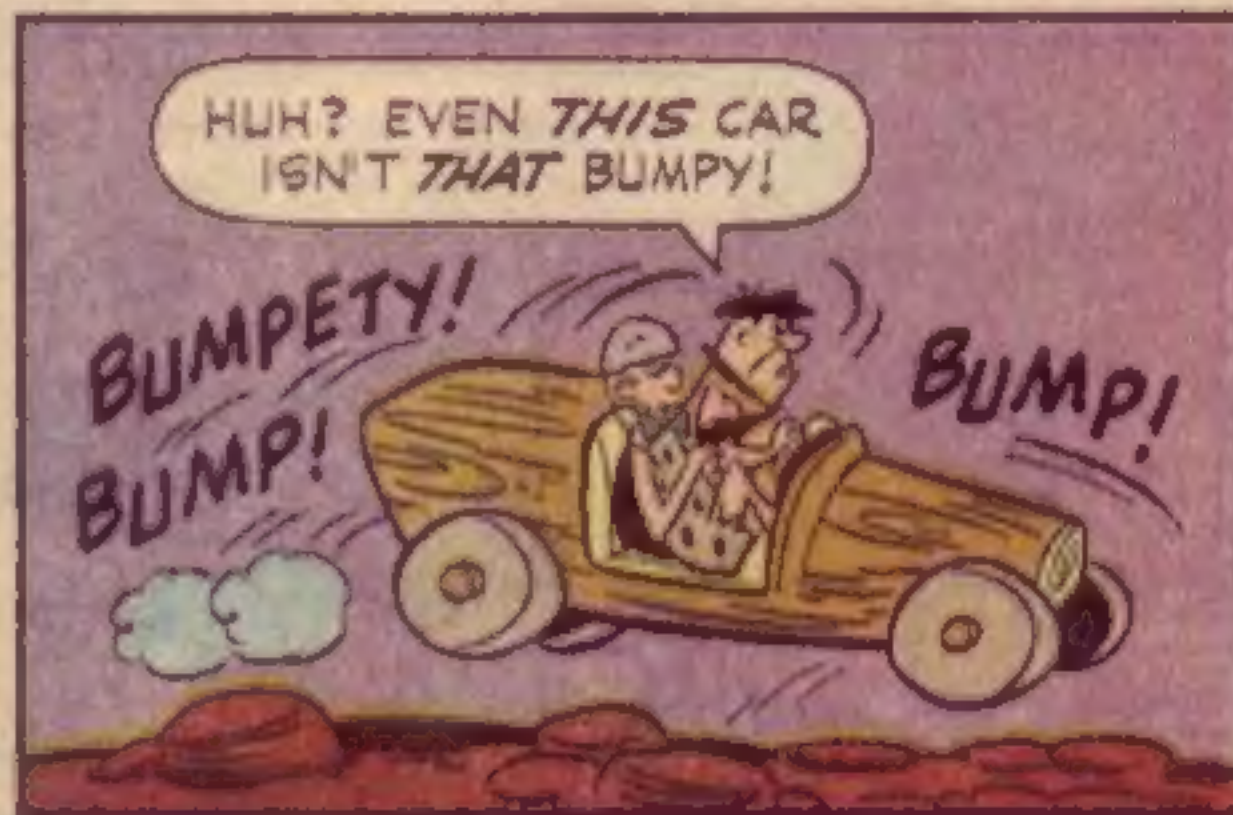


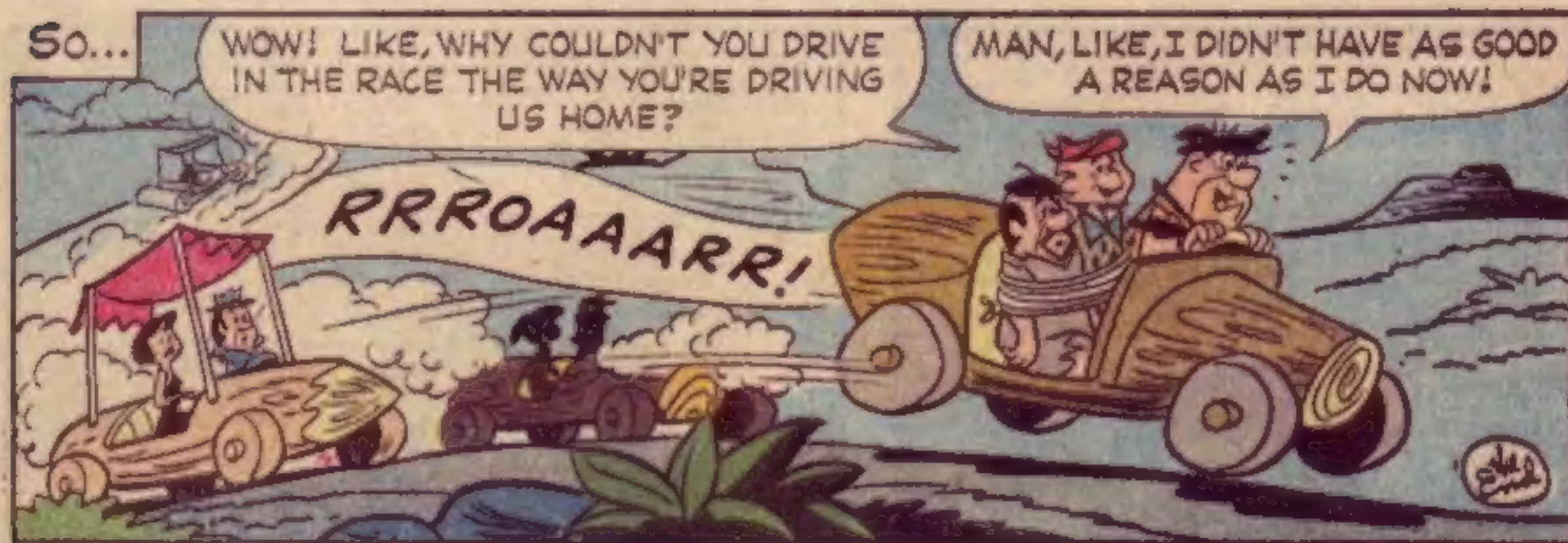






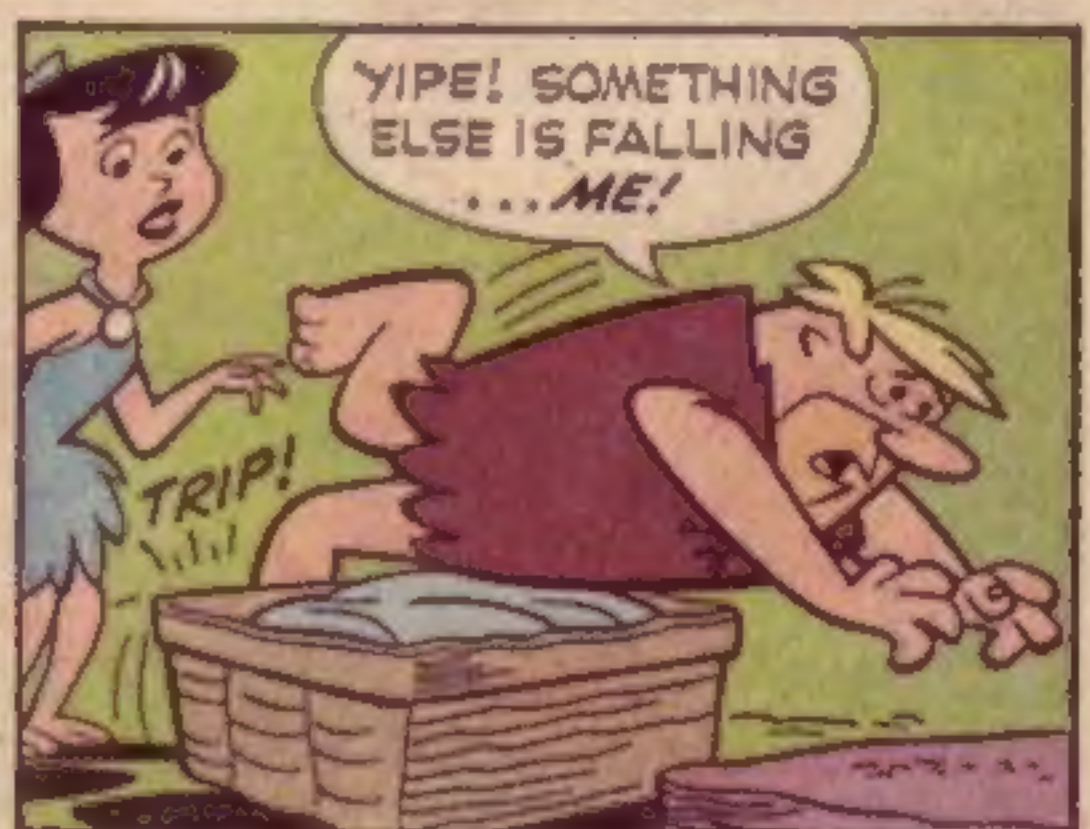
FRED MAY NOT BE ASLEEP, BUT HE'S DROWSY ENOUGH TO TURN OFF ON THE WRONG ROAD...

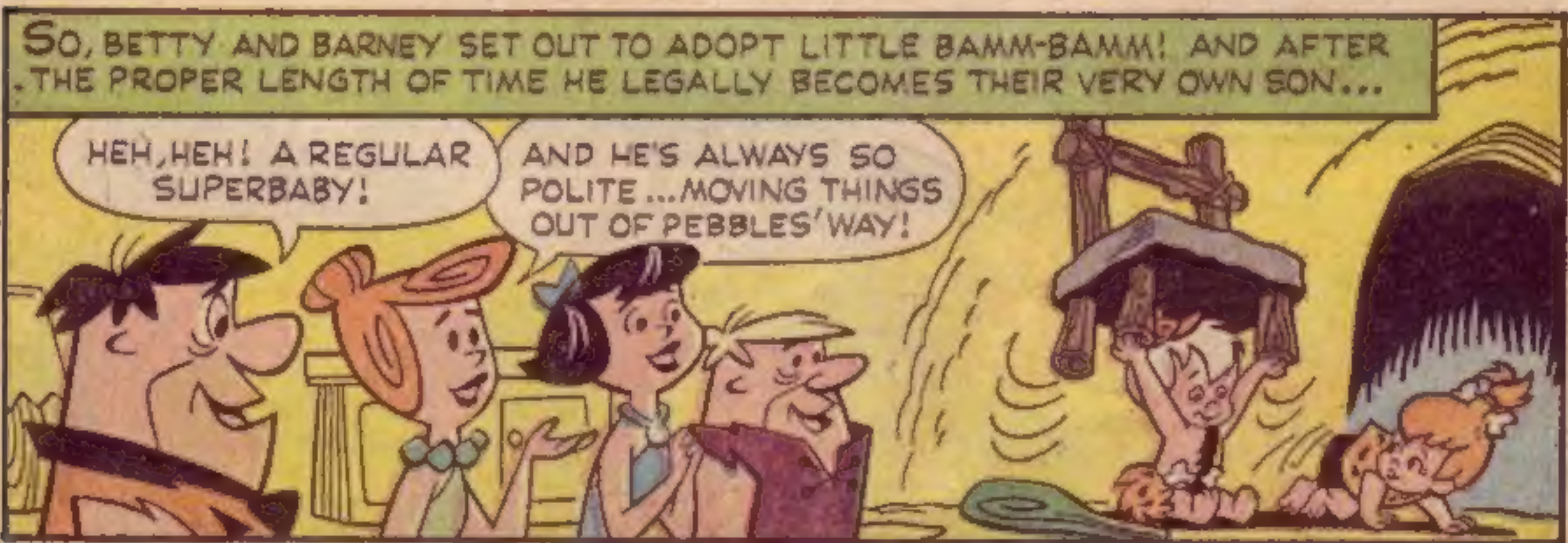
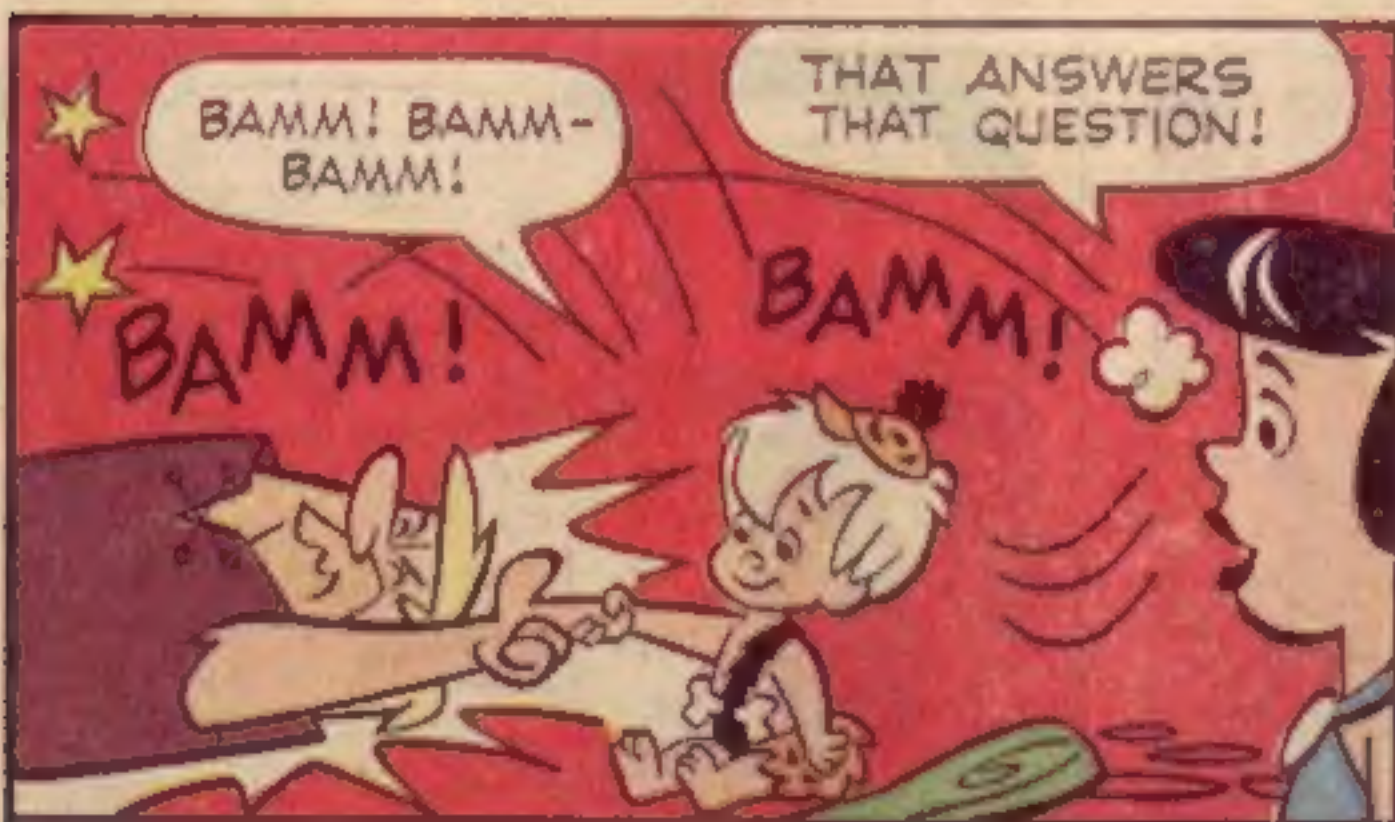


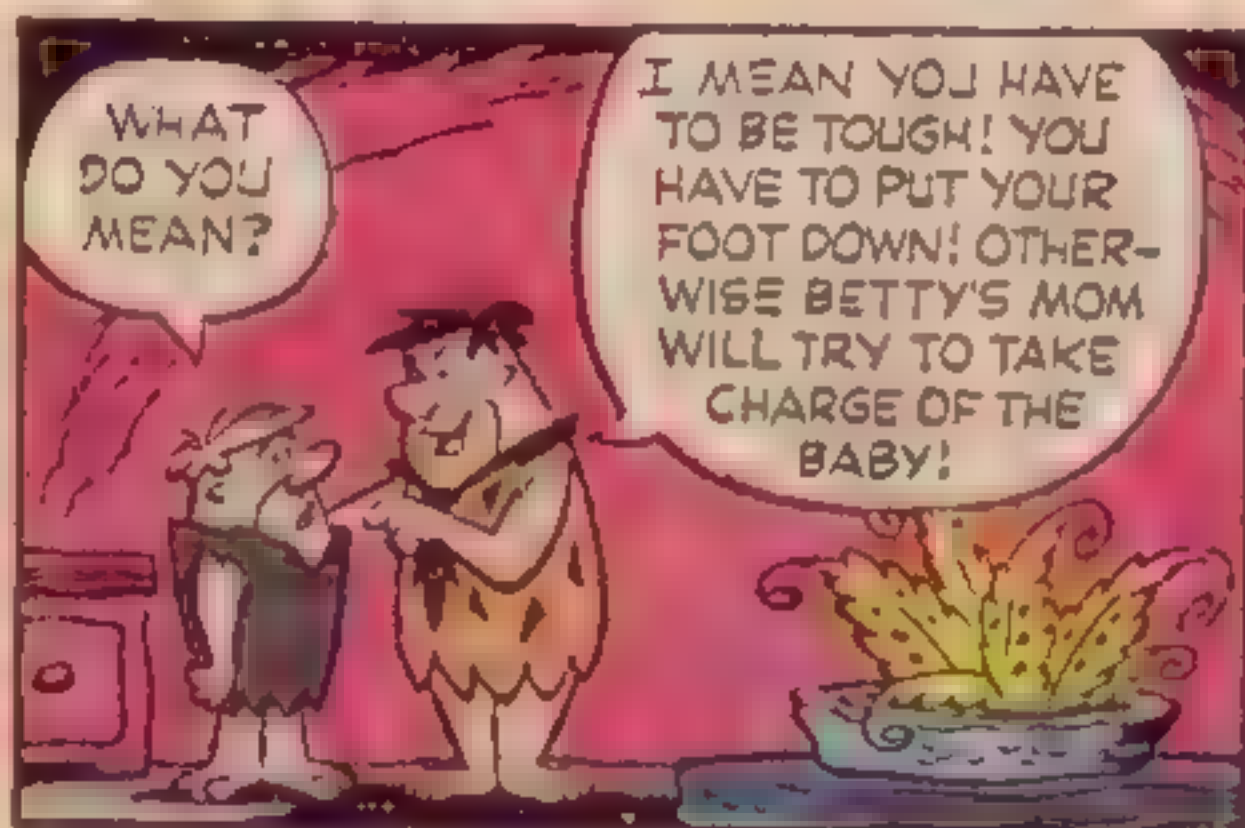
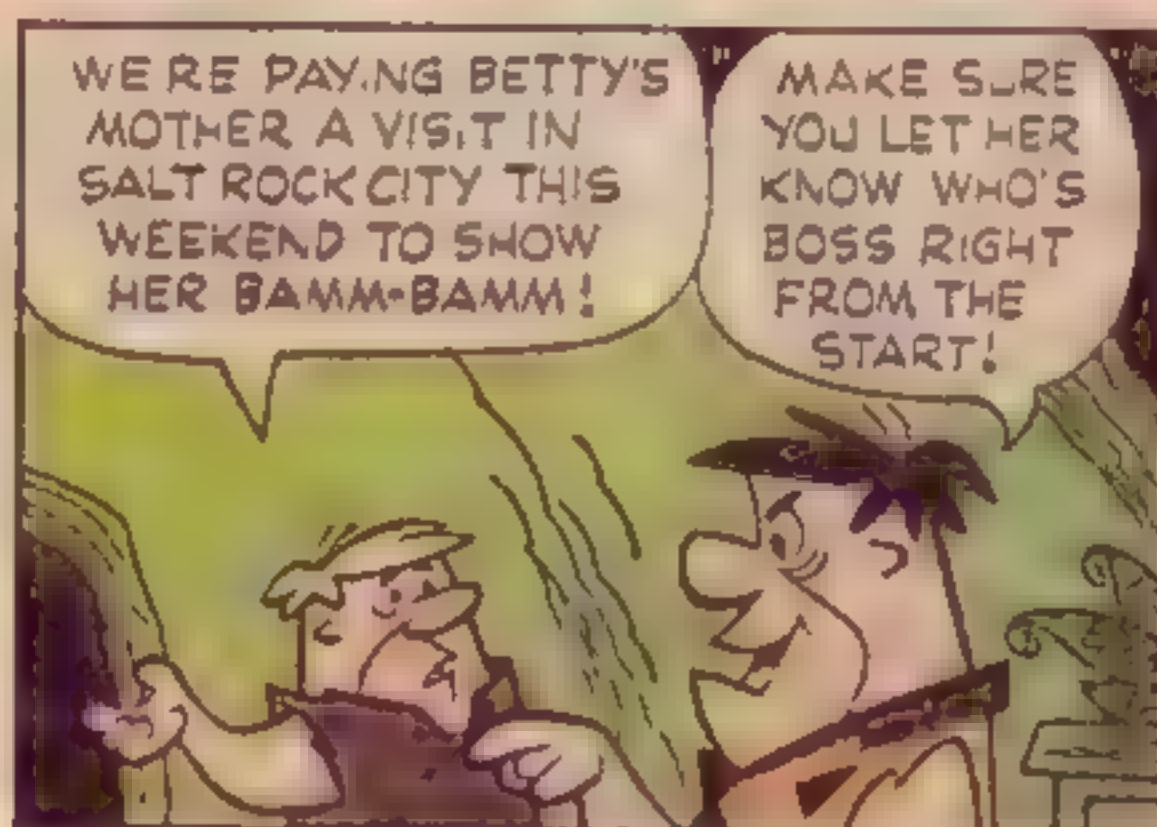
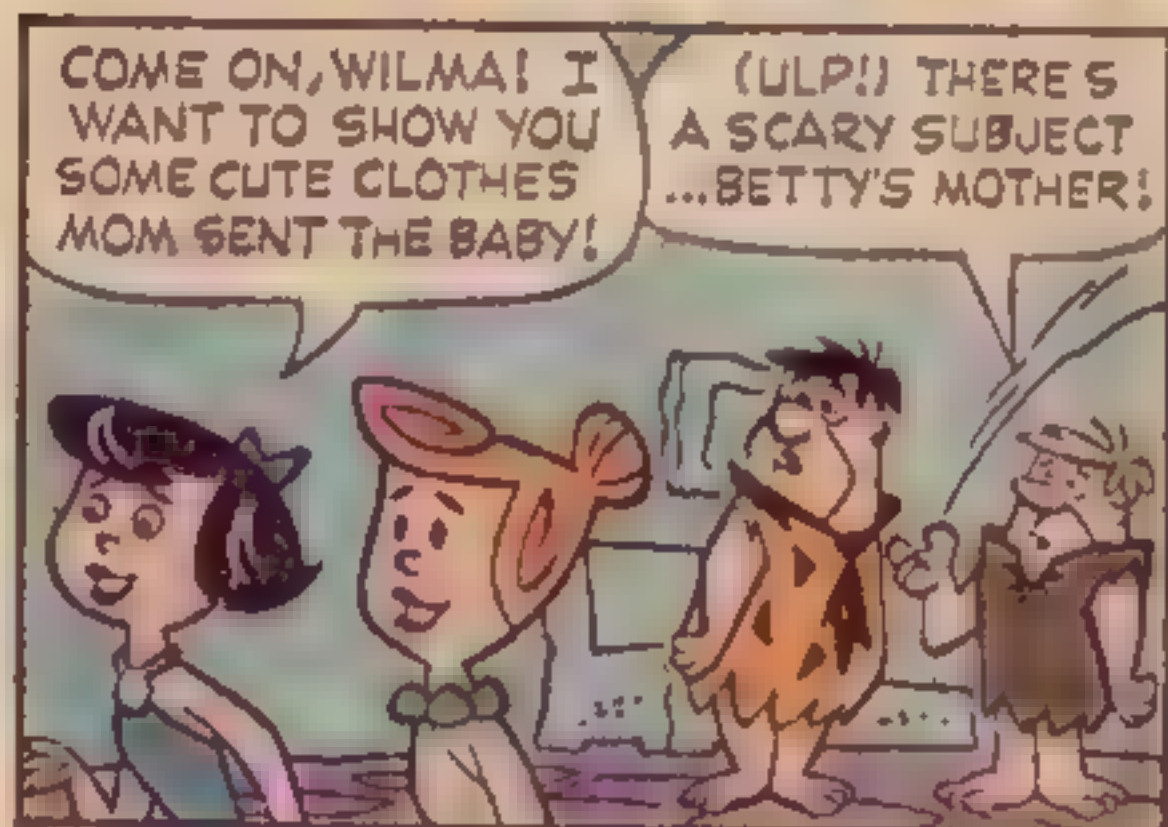
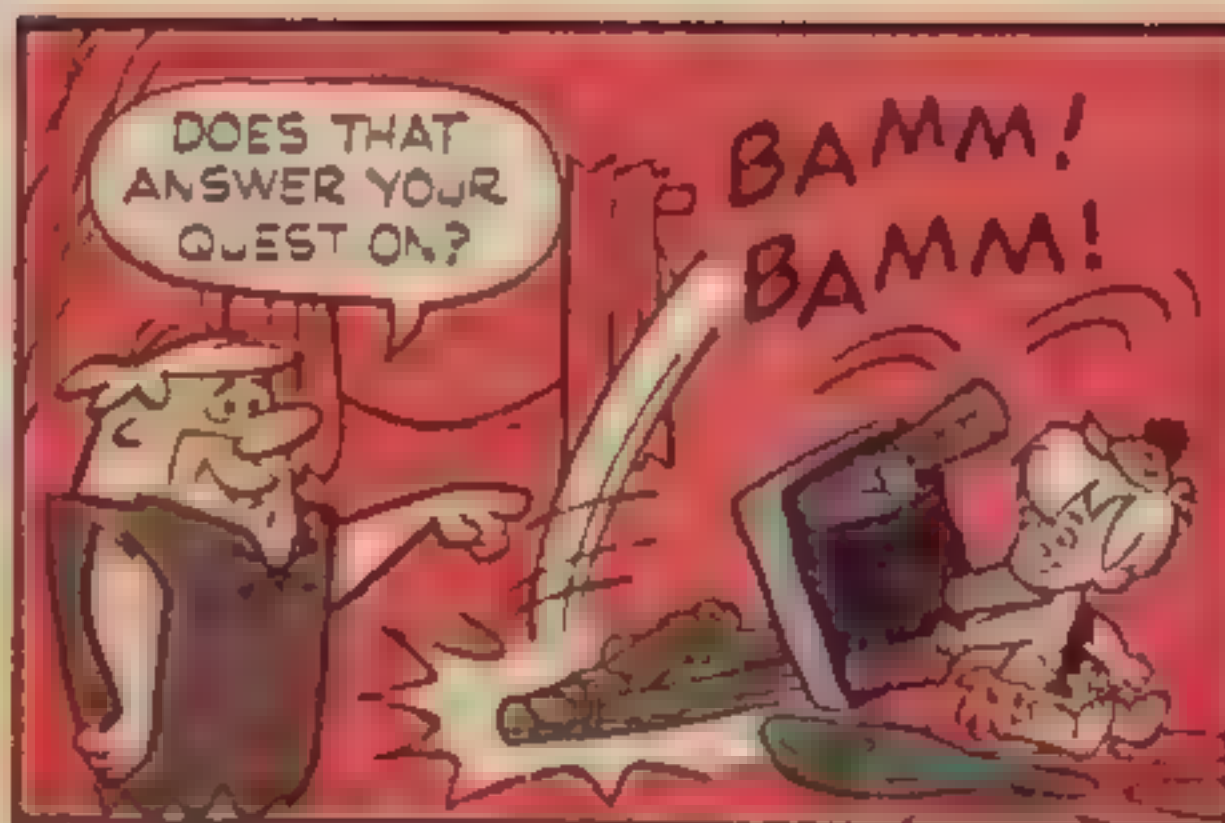
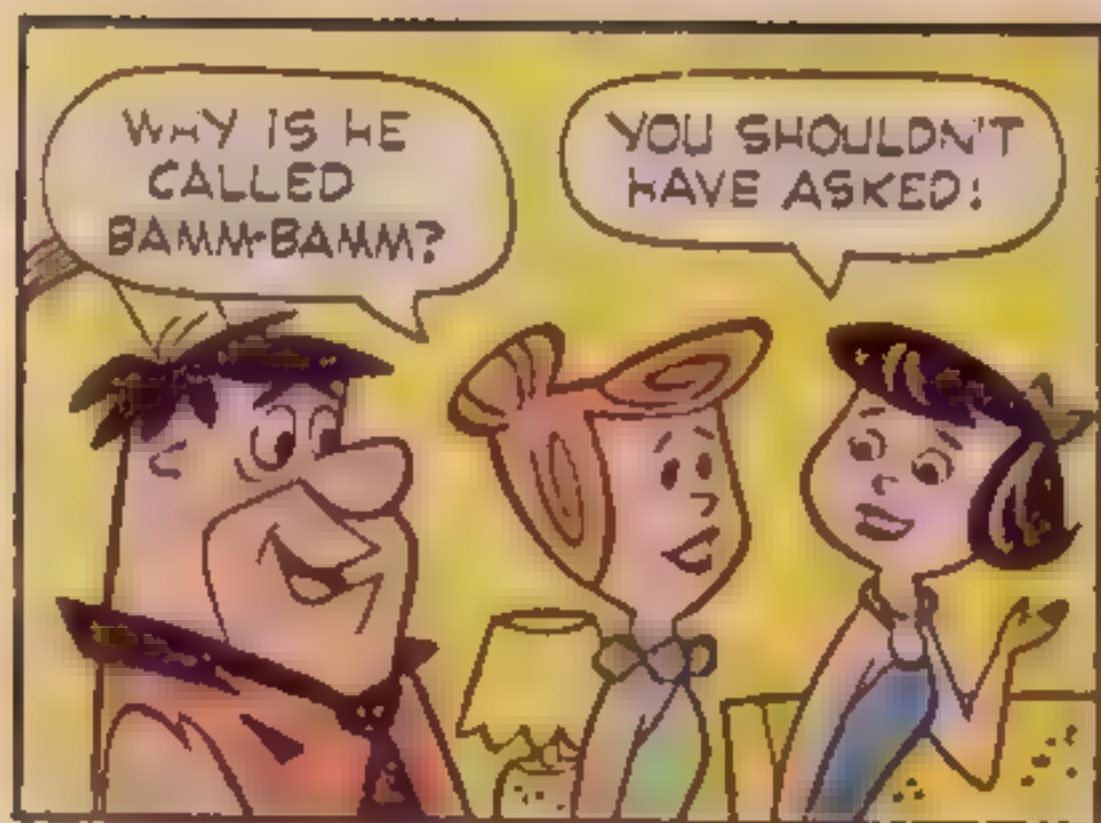


Hanna-Barbara BAMB-BAMB

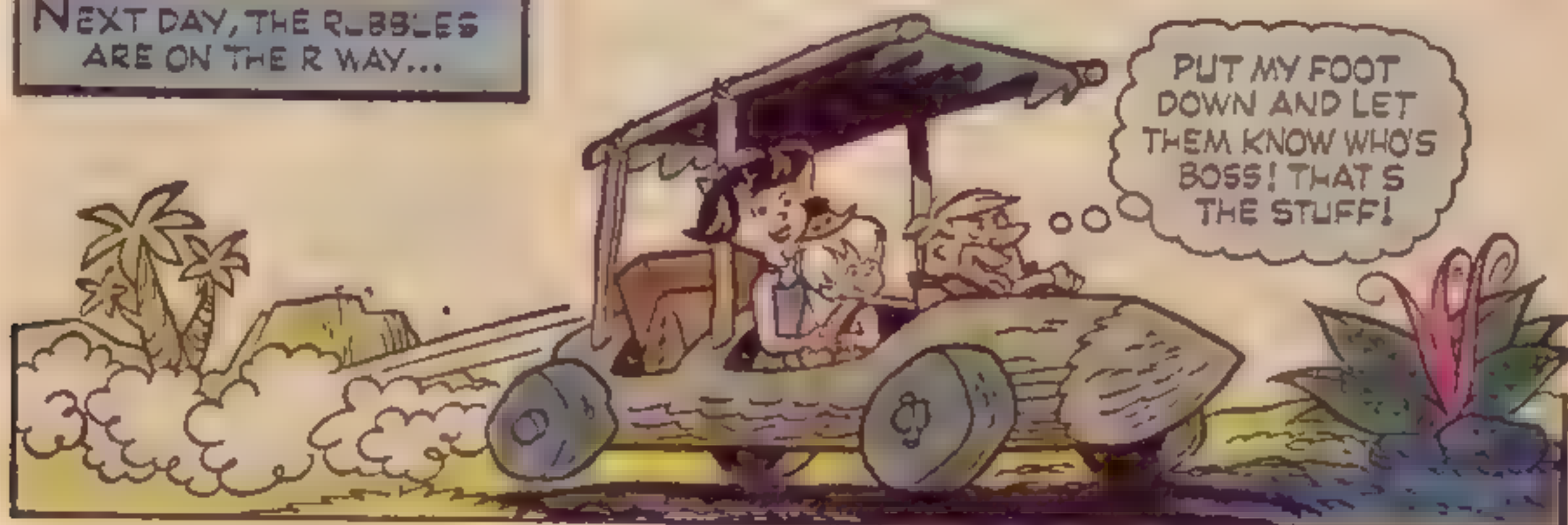
A WISH COME TRUE







Next day, the Rubbles are on the way...



SOON THE RUBBLES ARE AT BETTY'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT...

HE'S SO ADORABLE! I JUST KNOW HE COULD WIN THE SALT ROCK CITY BABY BEAUTY CONTEST!

UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME TO LET THEM KNOW WHO'S BOSS AROUND HERE!

NO SON OF MINE IS GOING TO ENTER A Sissy BABY CONTEST, AND *THAT'S FINAL!*

SHORTLY...

ITTY BAMB-BAMB IS GOING TO A BABY CONTEST!

AT LEAST THEY KNOW WHO'S BOSS NOW! *THEY ARE!*

(GRUMBLE...) HE LOOKS MORE LIKE A GIRL THAN A BOY!

NONSENSE! HE'S CUTE THAT WAY!

CUTE? HMPH! YOU'D RATHER BE ROUGH AND TOUGH LIKE YOUR POP, RIGHT?

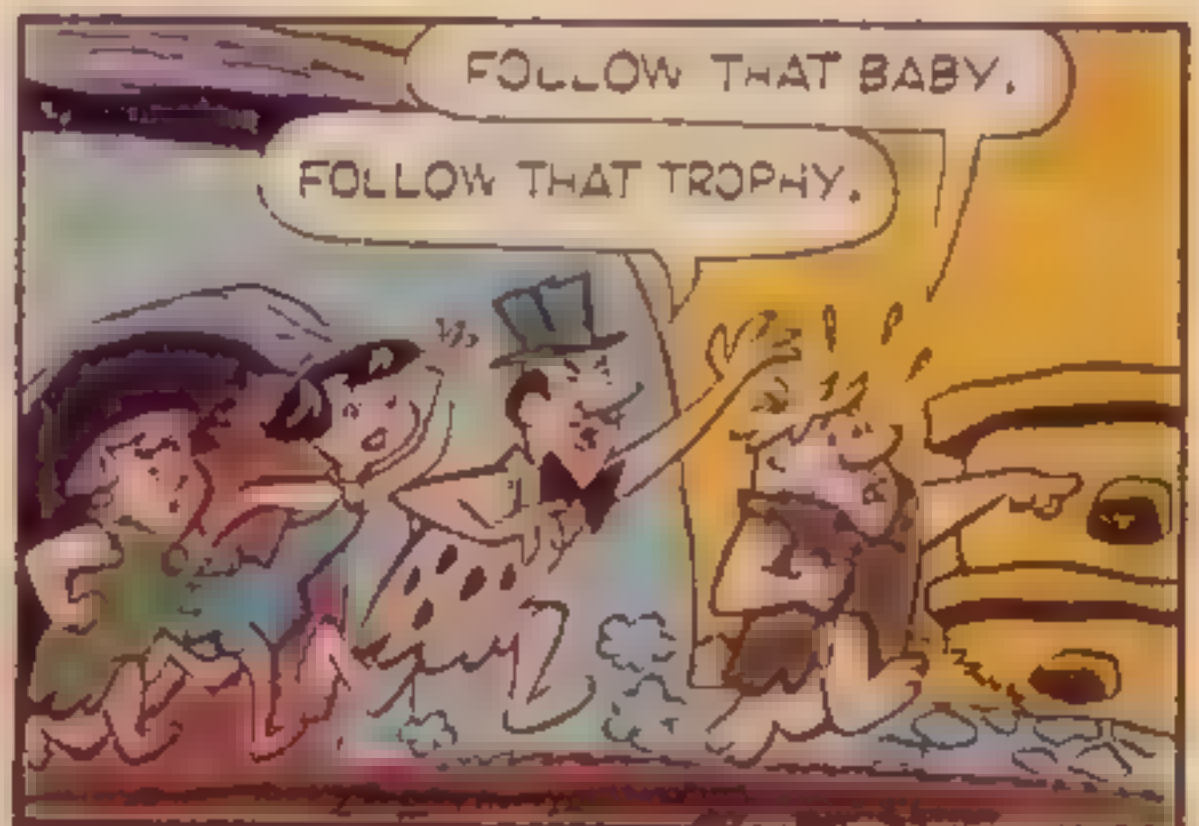
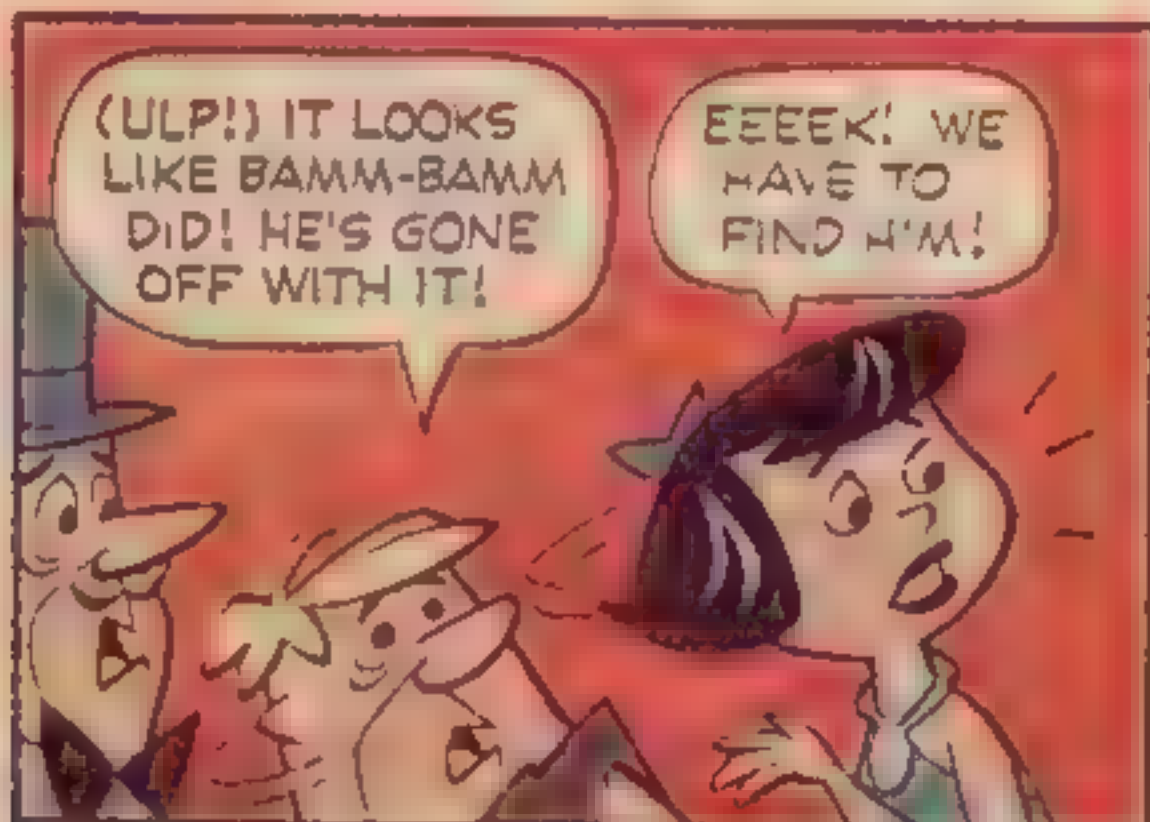
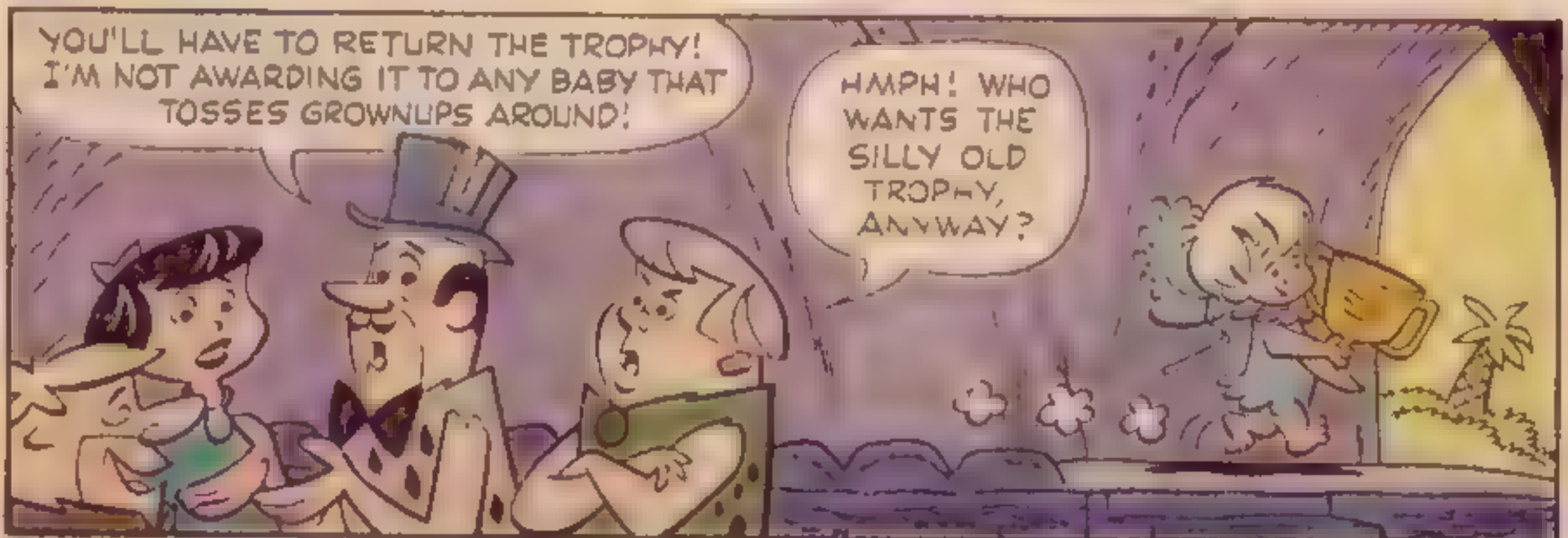
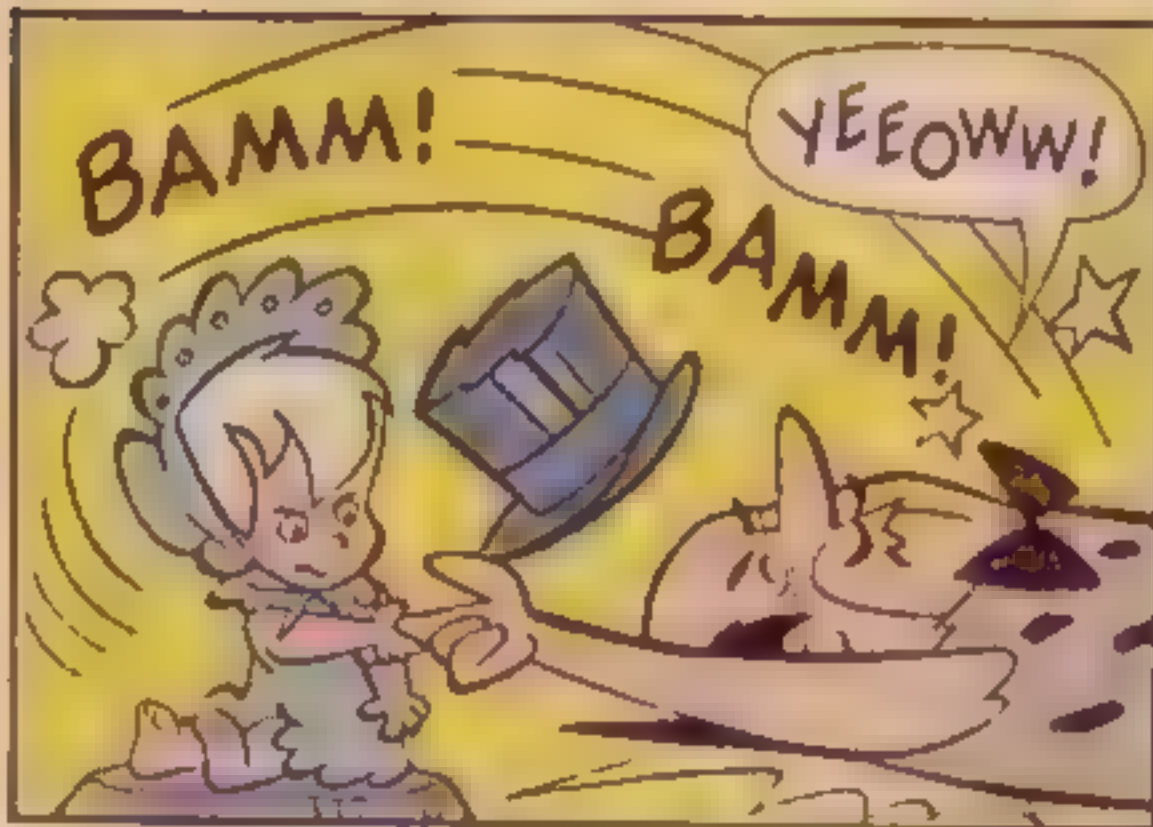
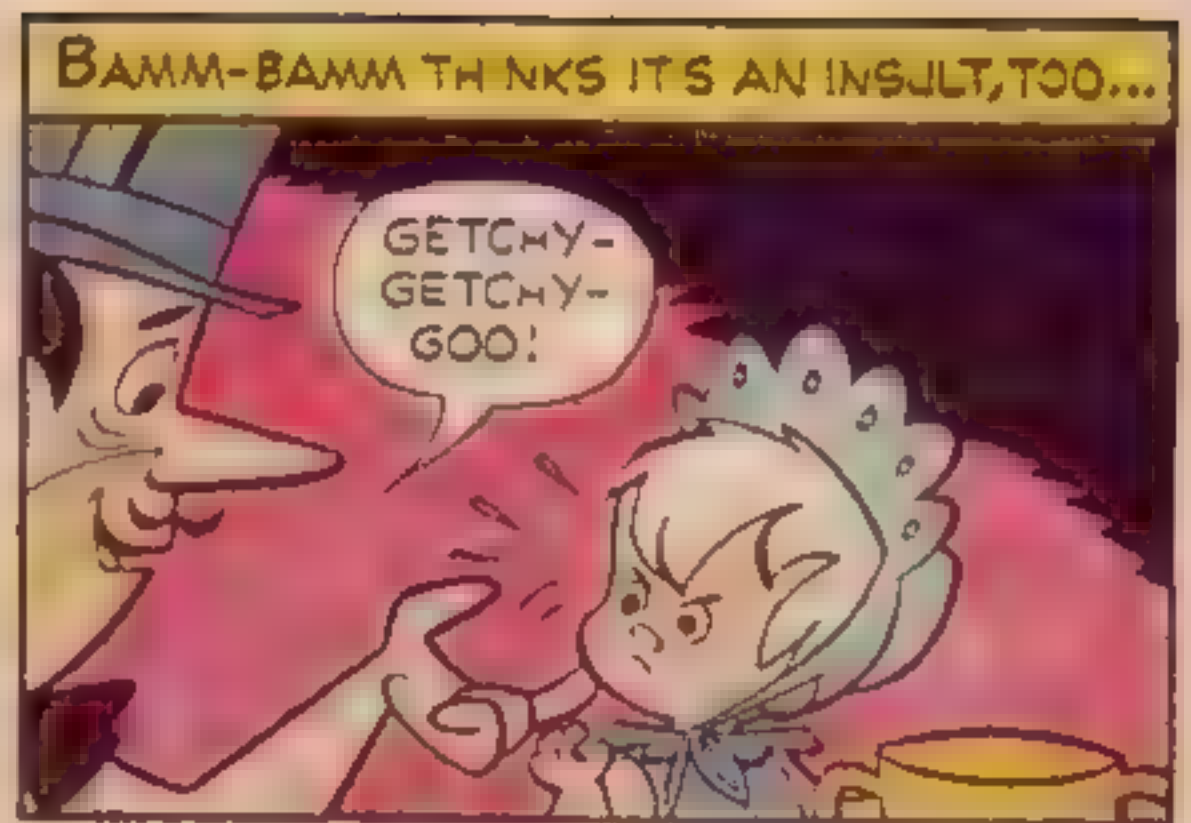
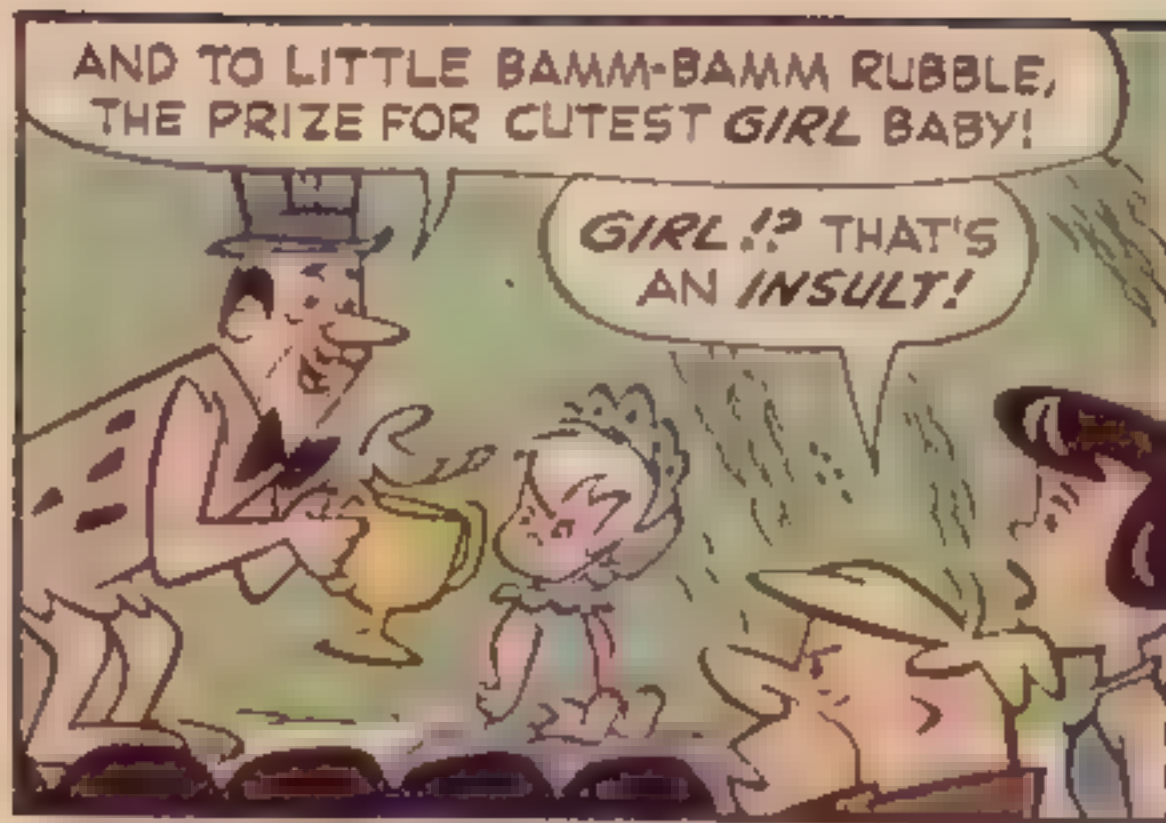
BAMB! BAMB-BAMB!

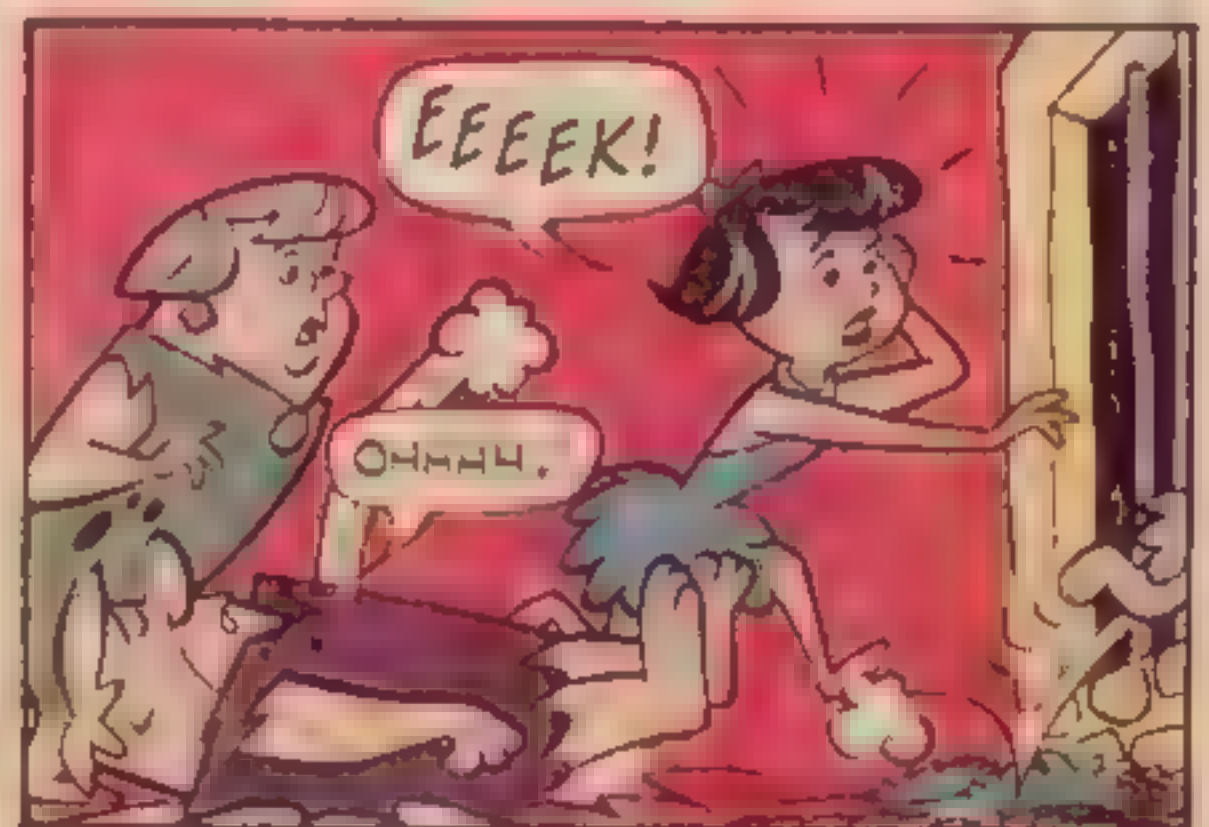
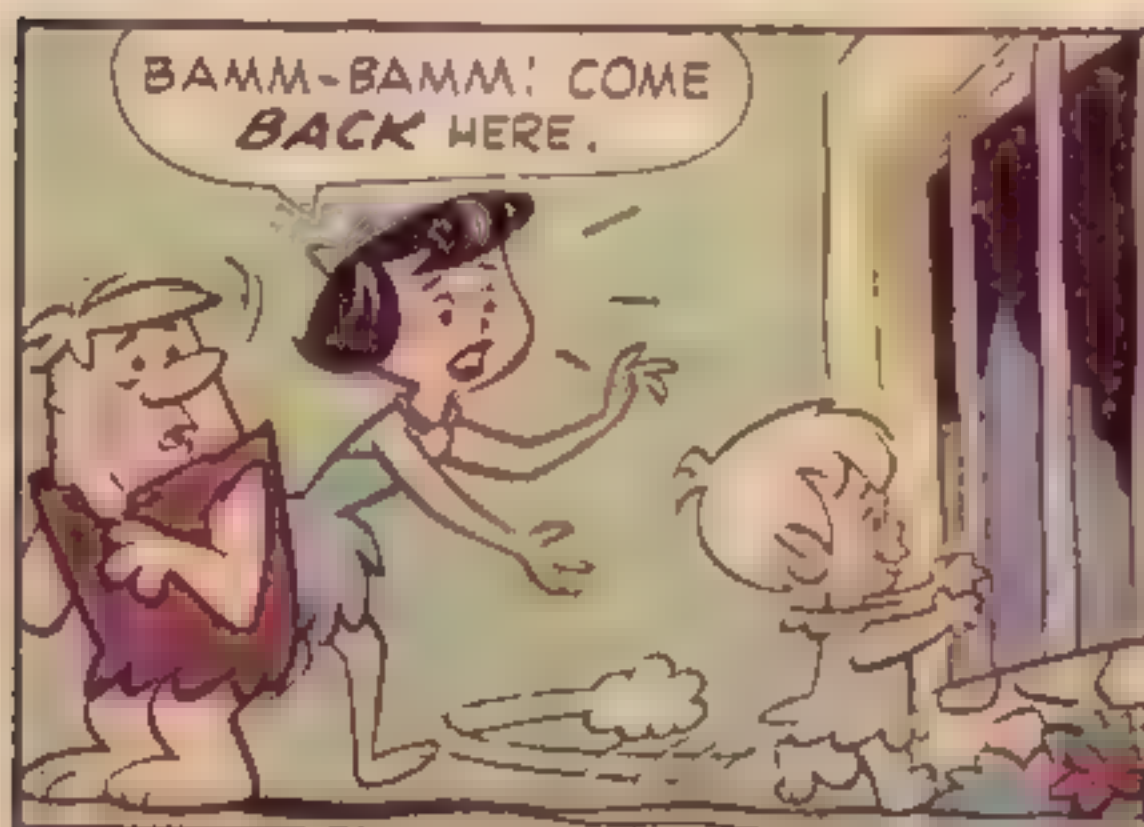
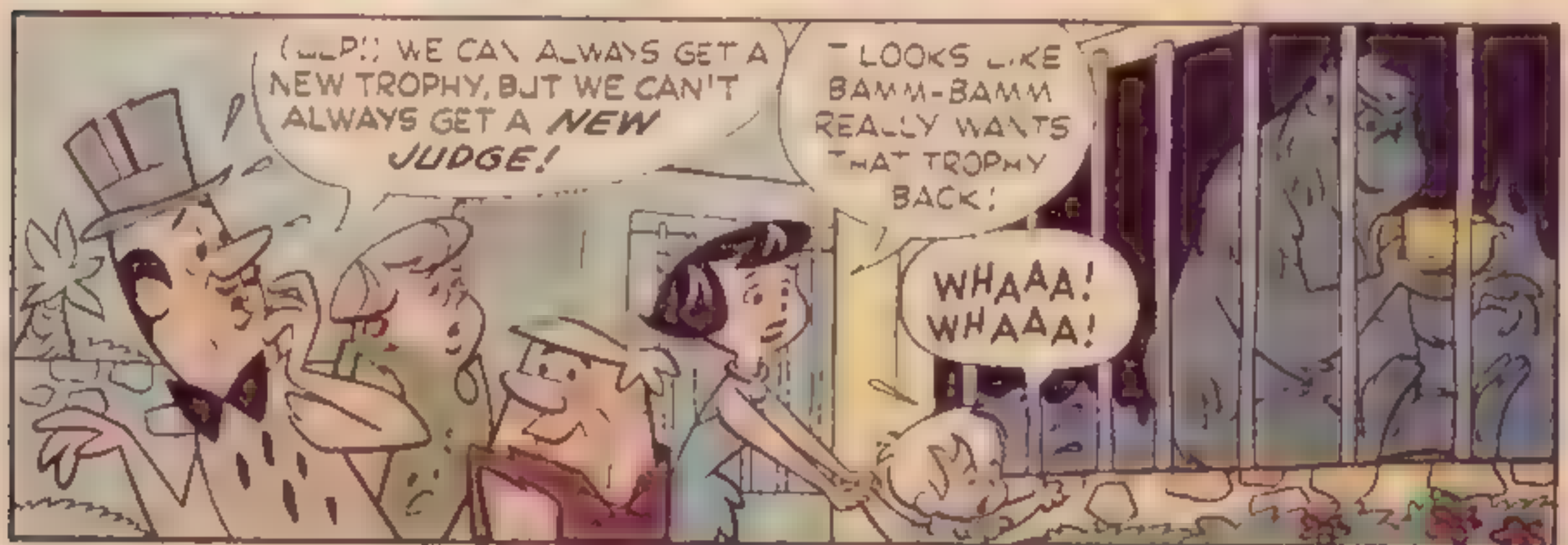
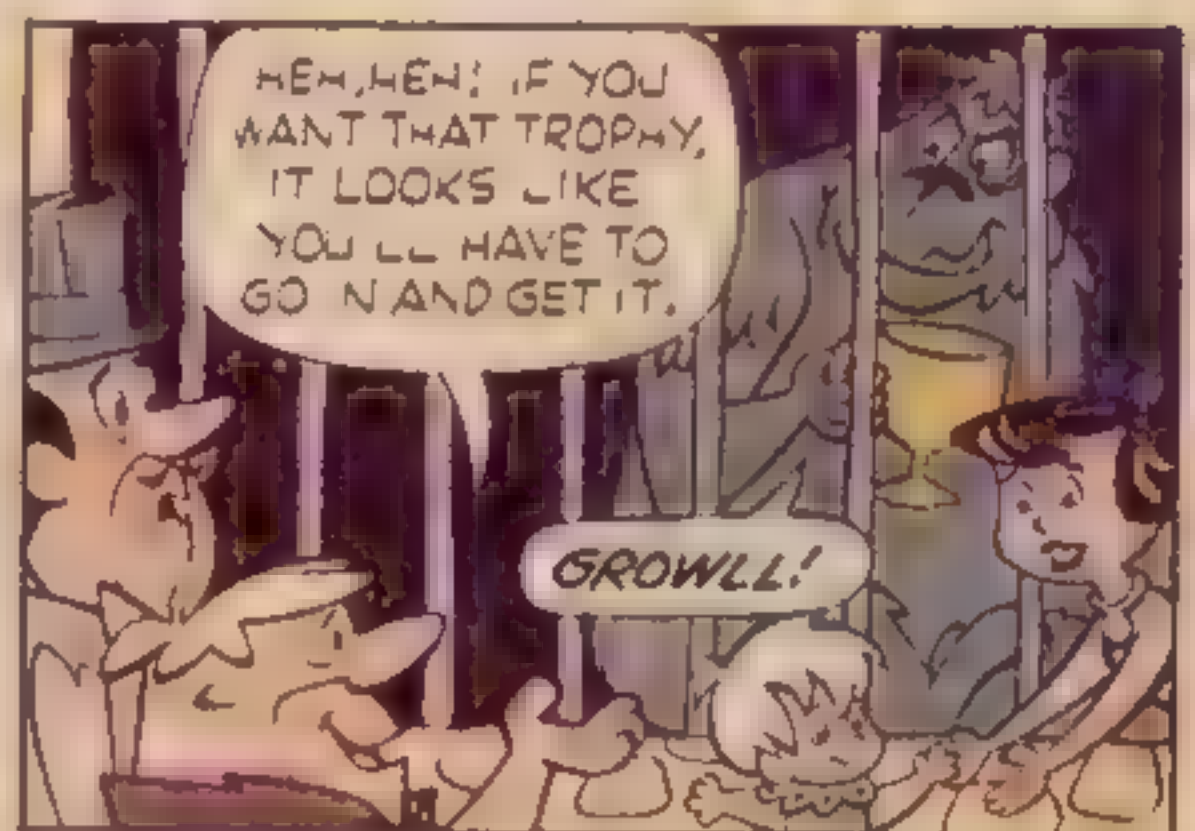
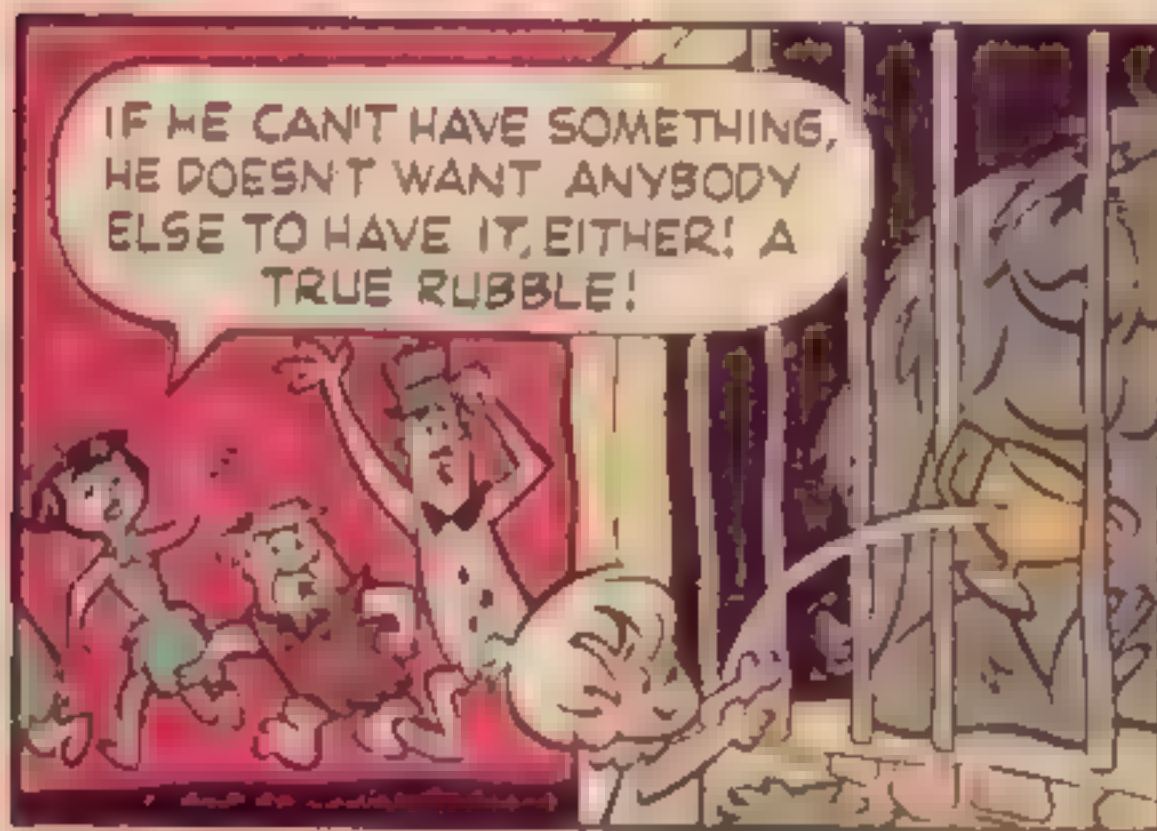
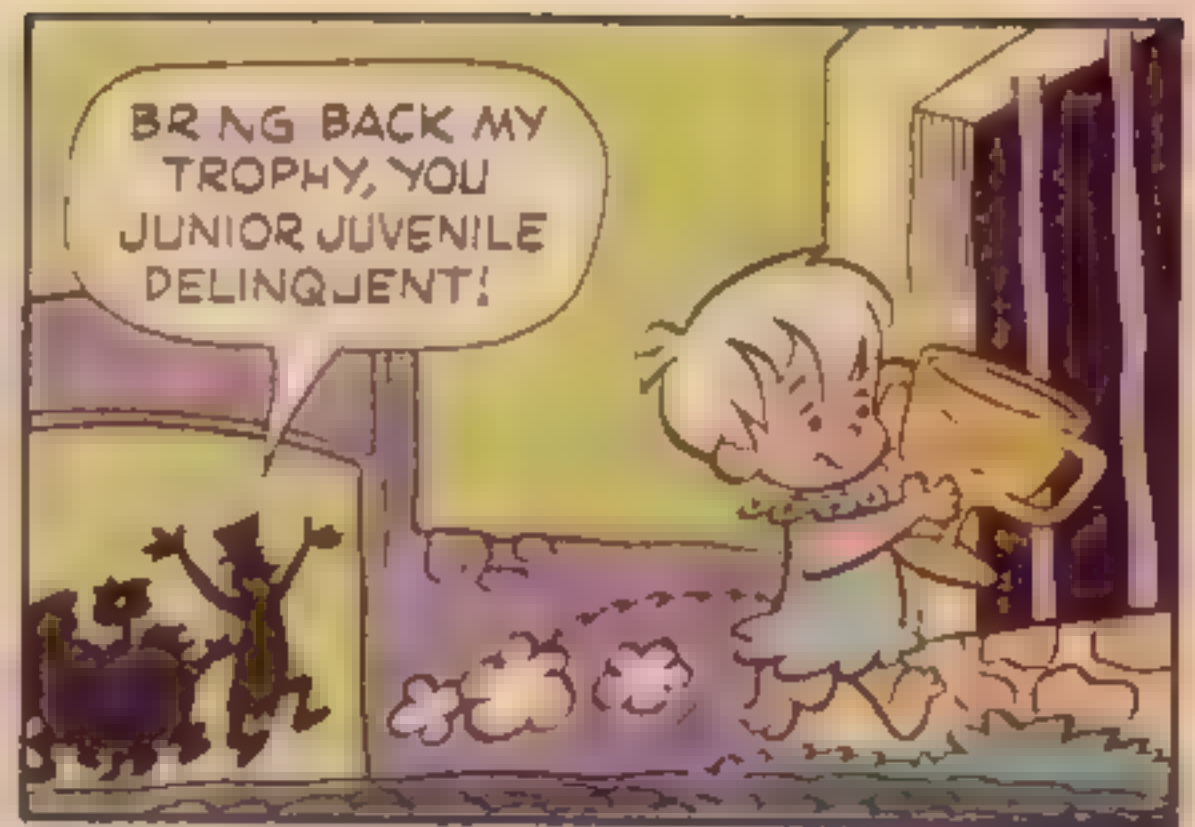
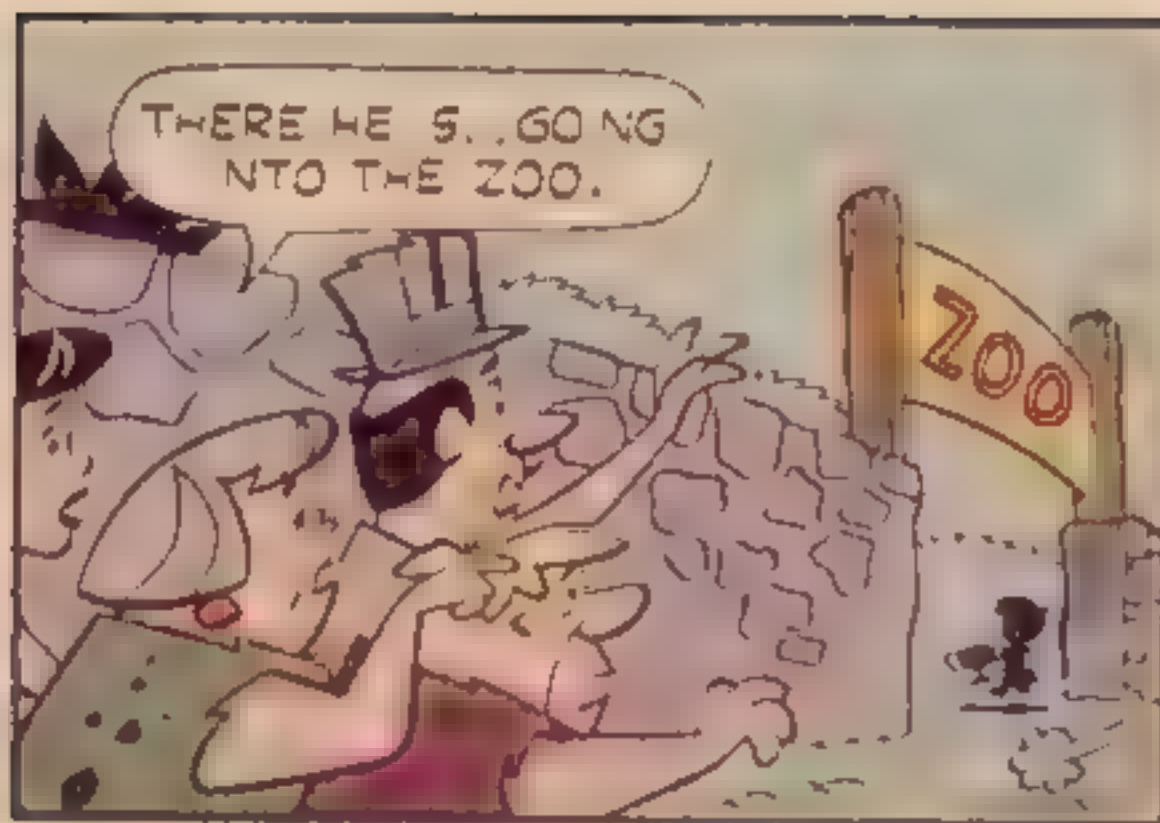
AT THE BABY SHOW...

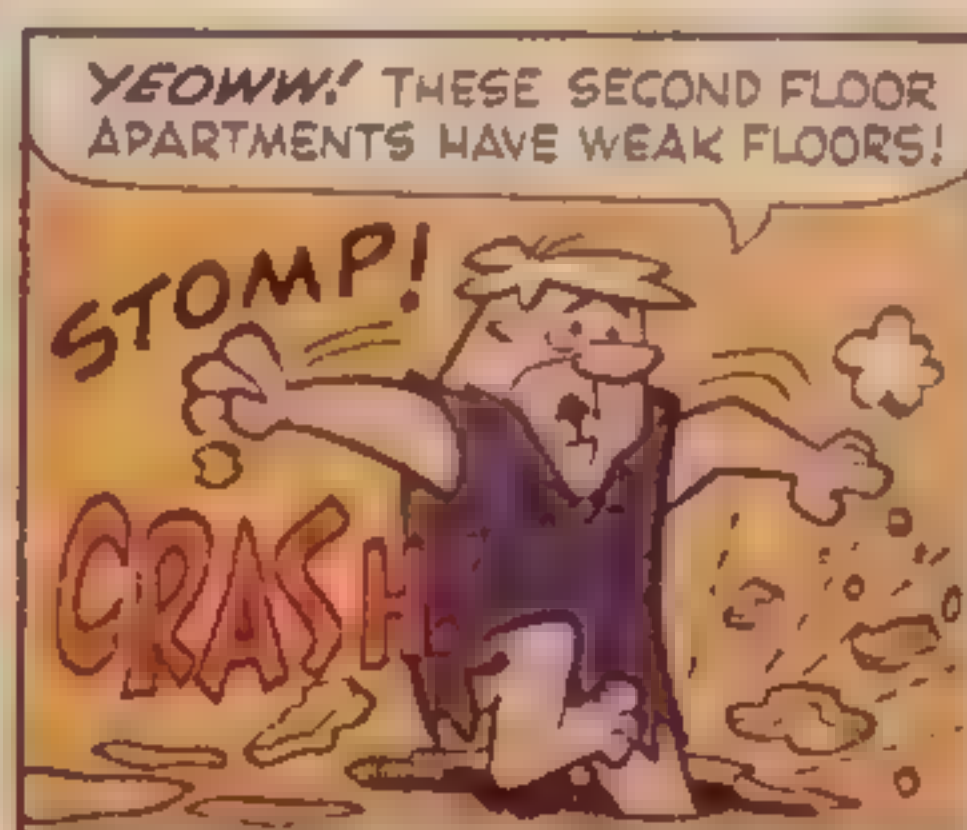
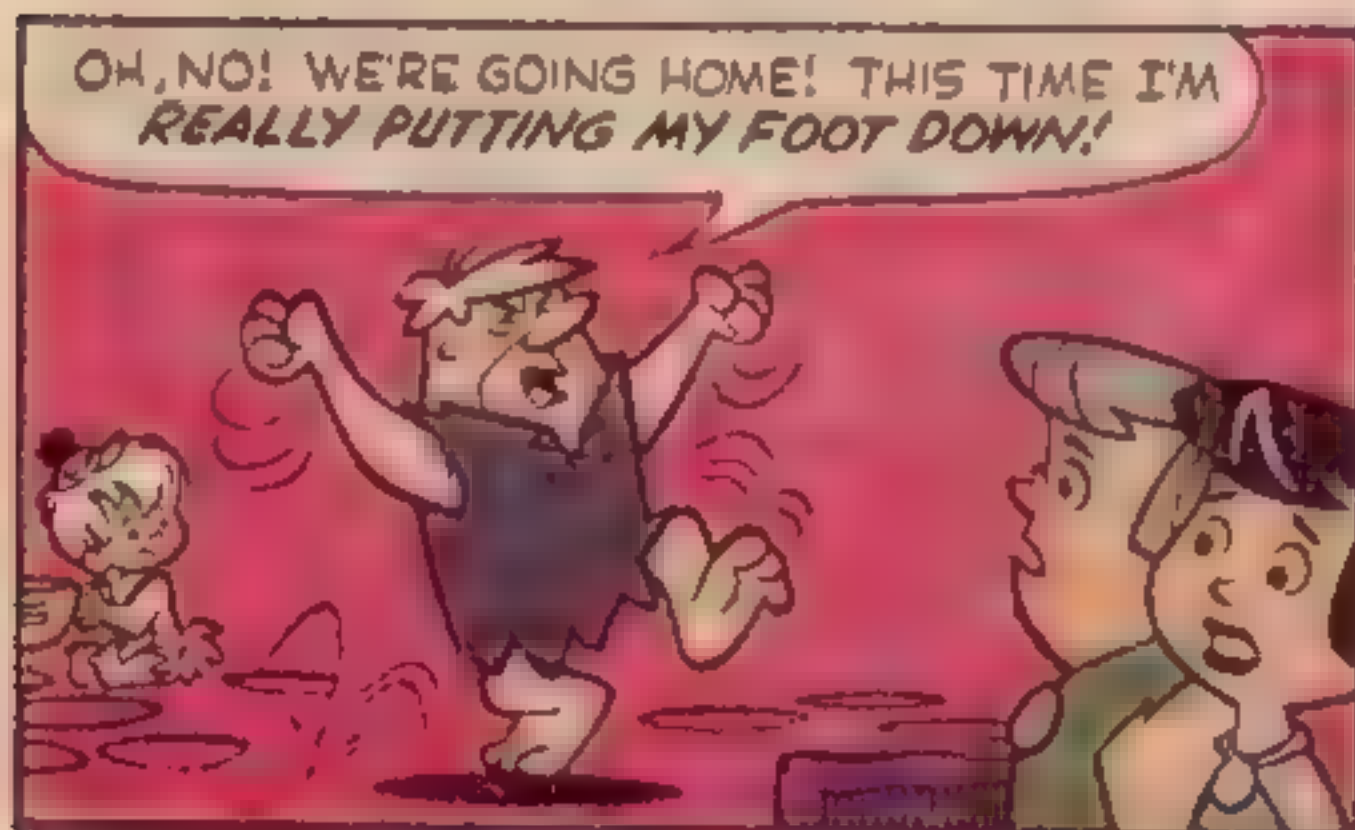
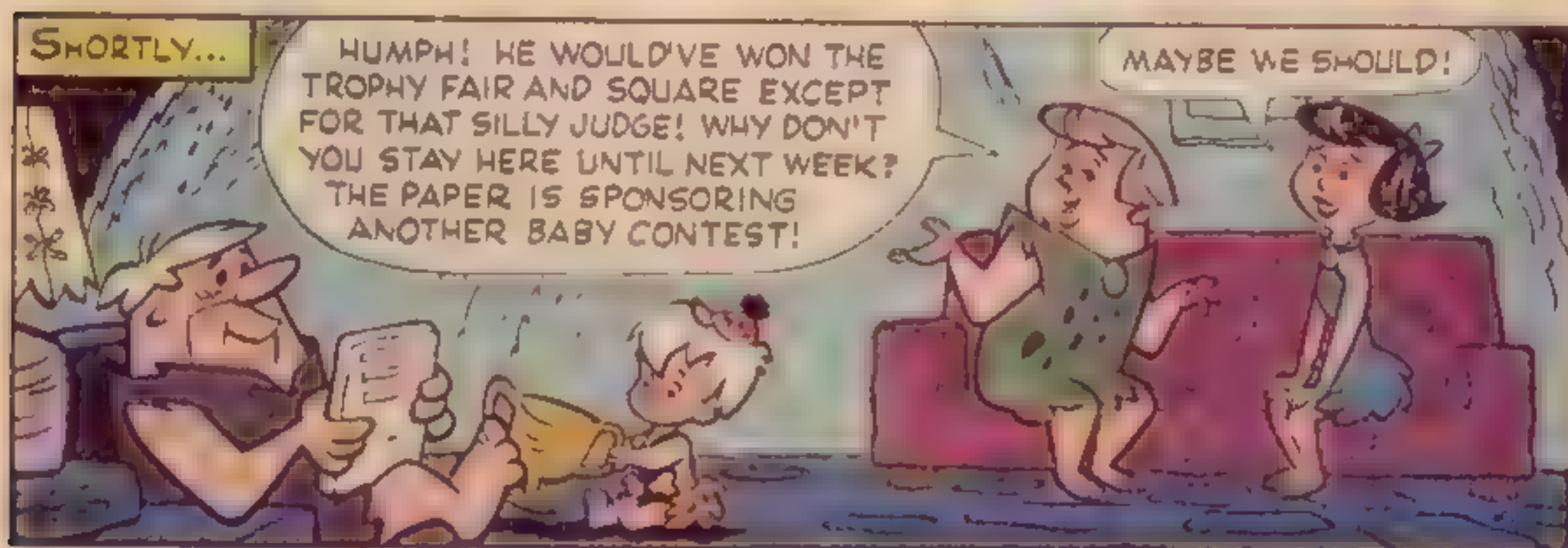
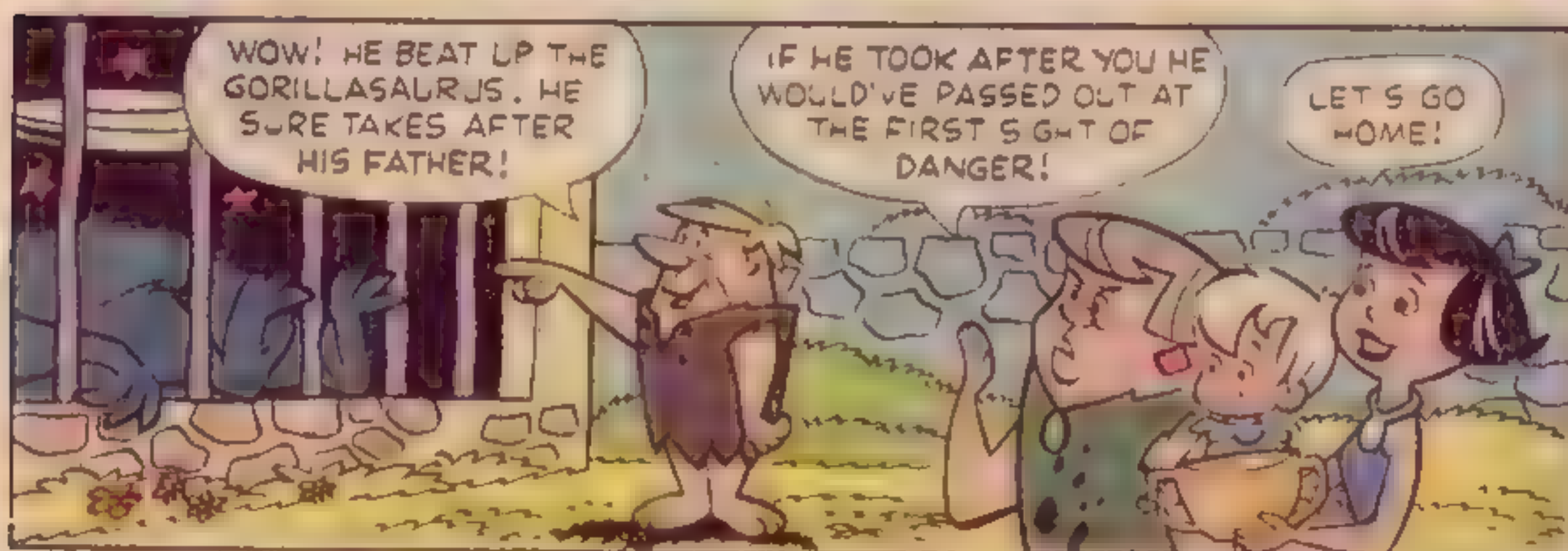
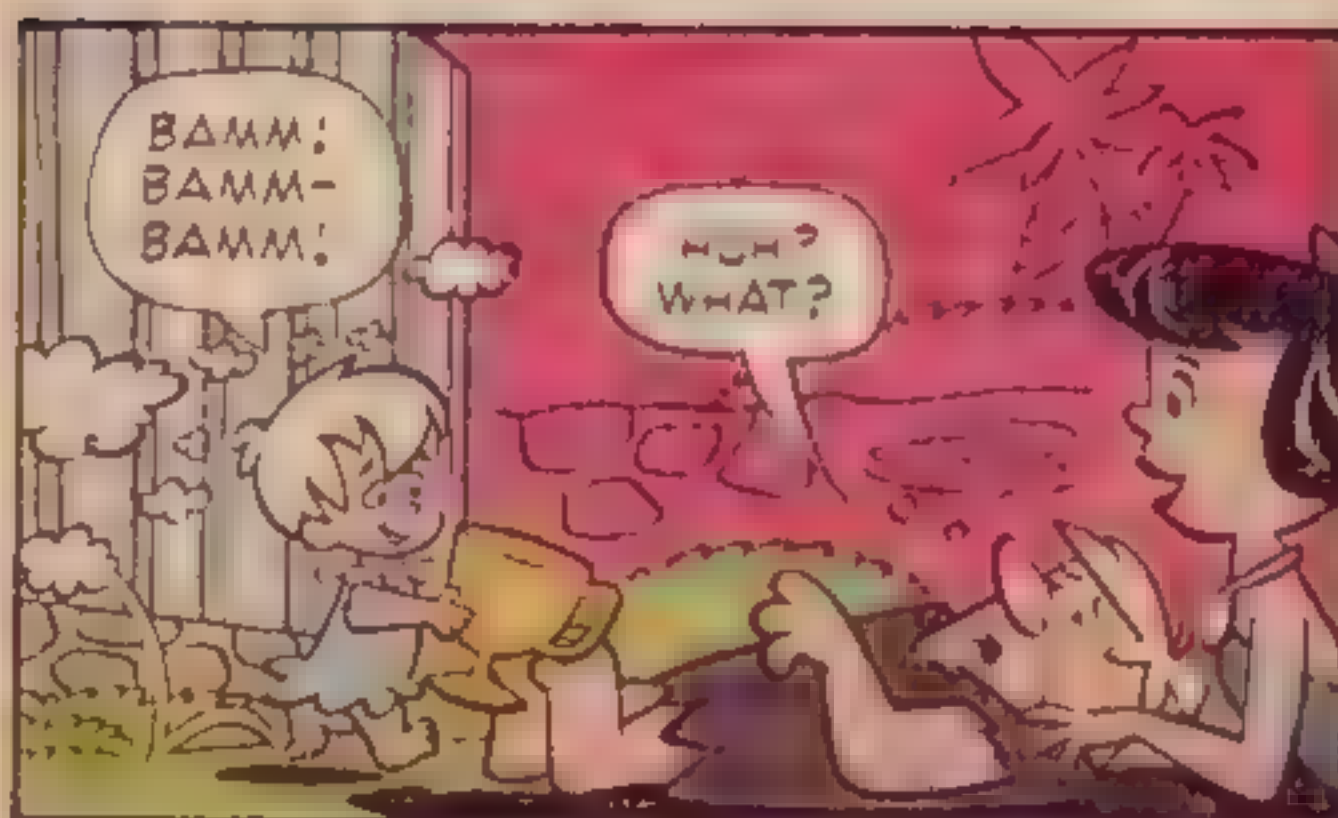
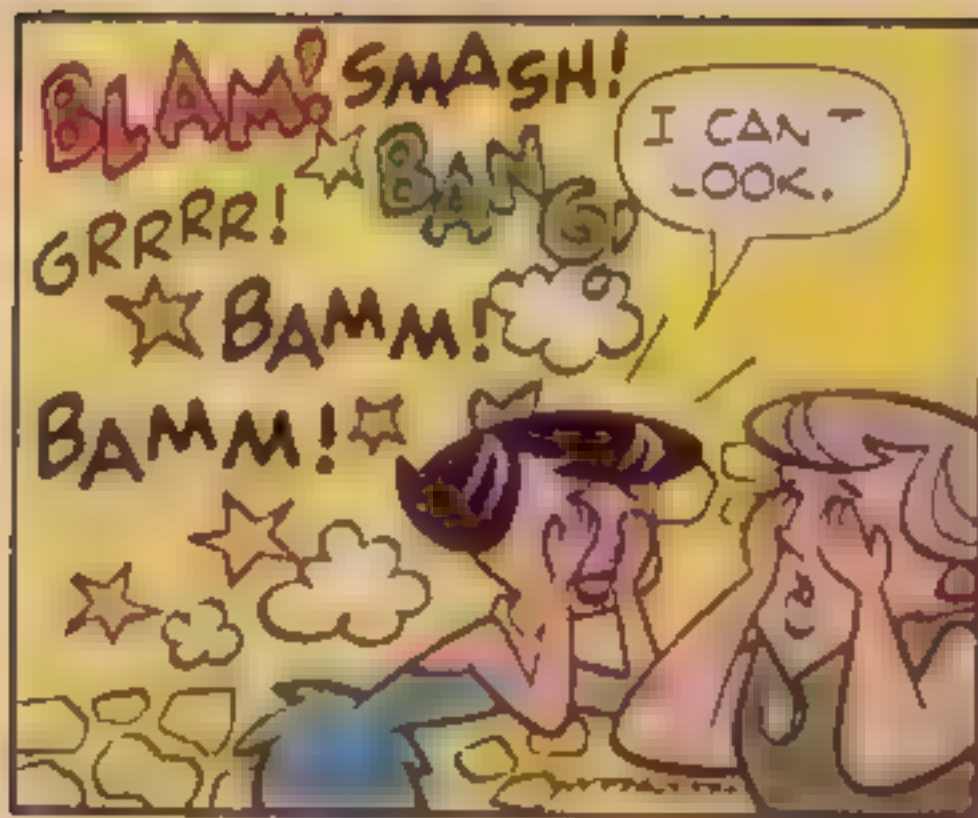
SALT ROCK CITY BEAUTIFUL BABY CONTEST

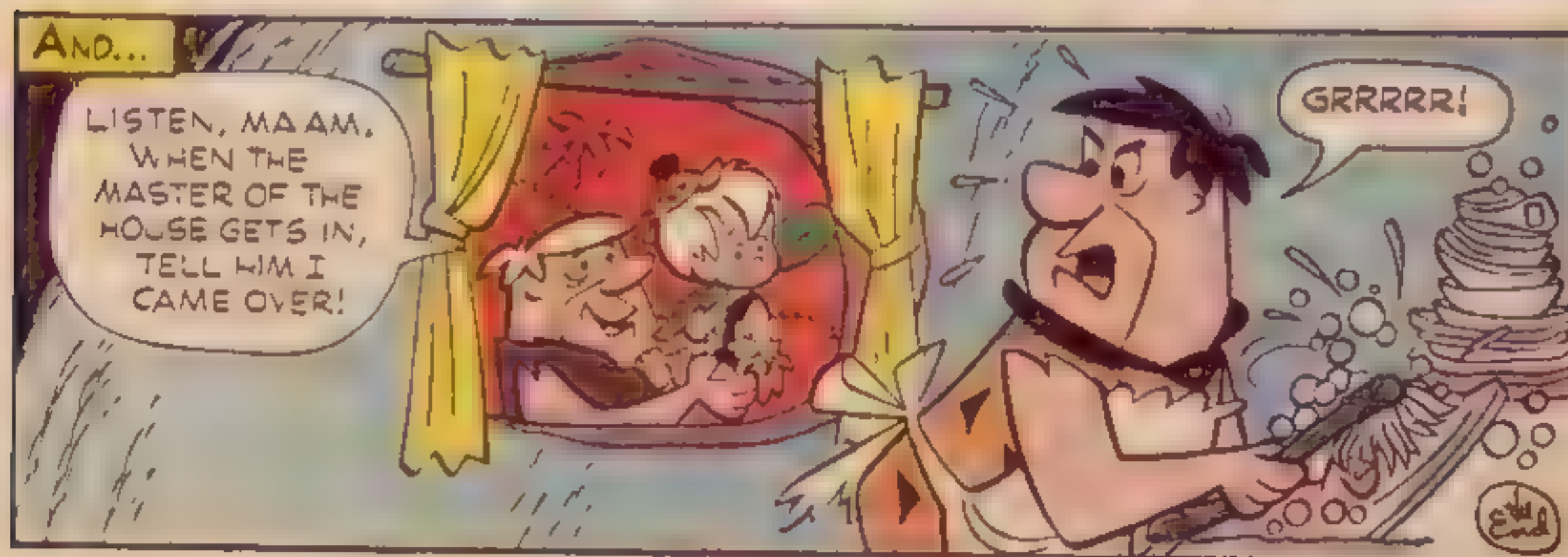
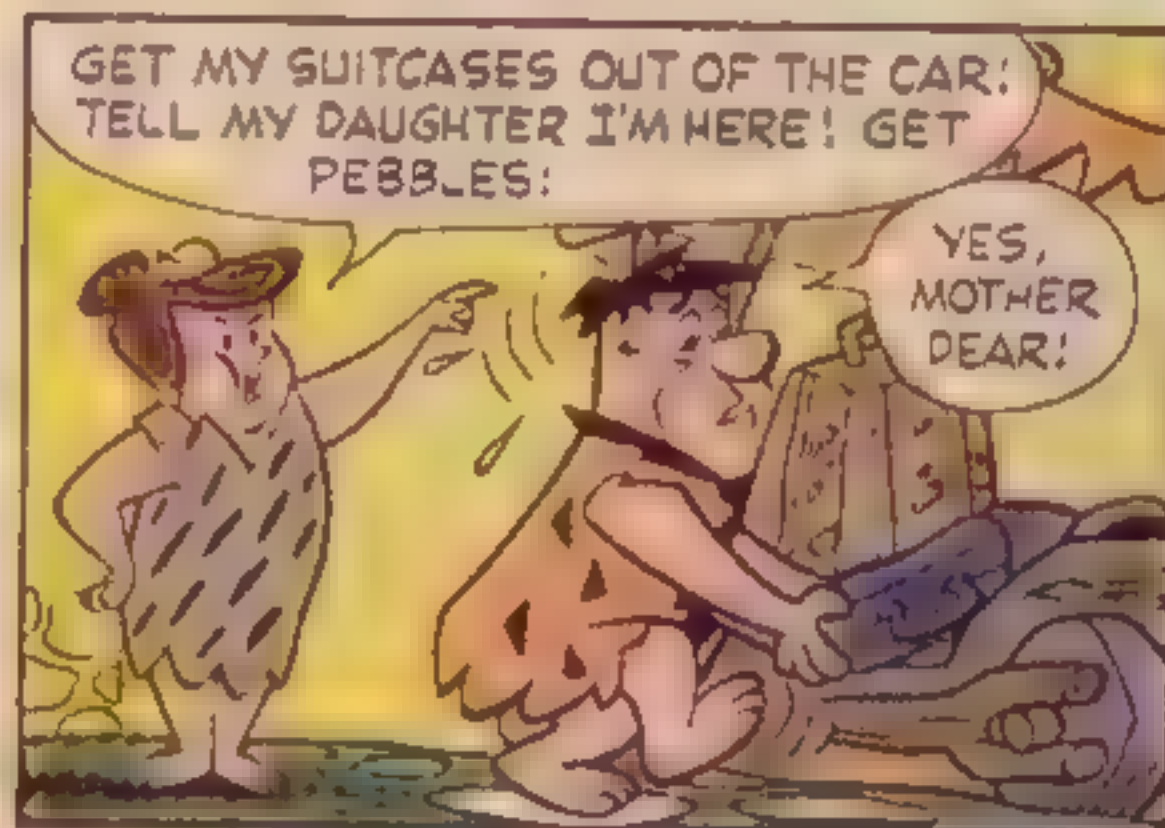
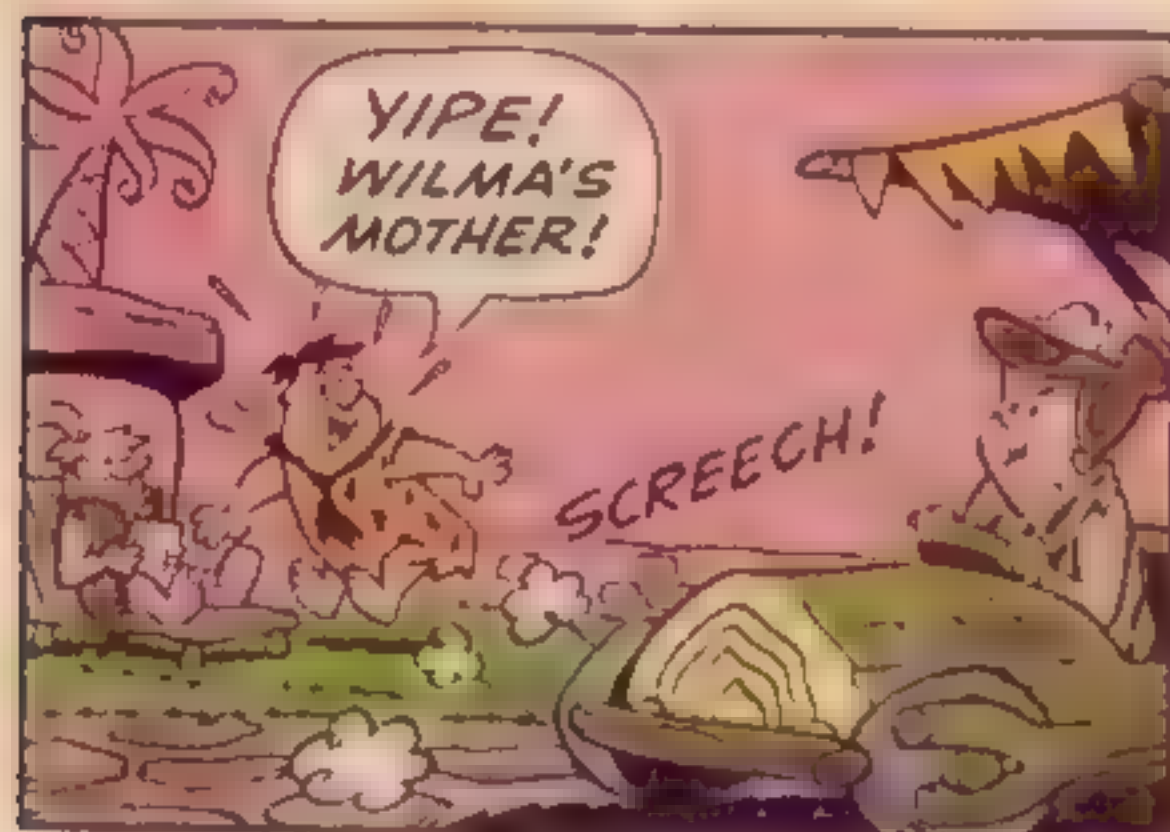
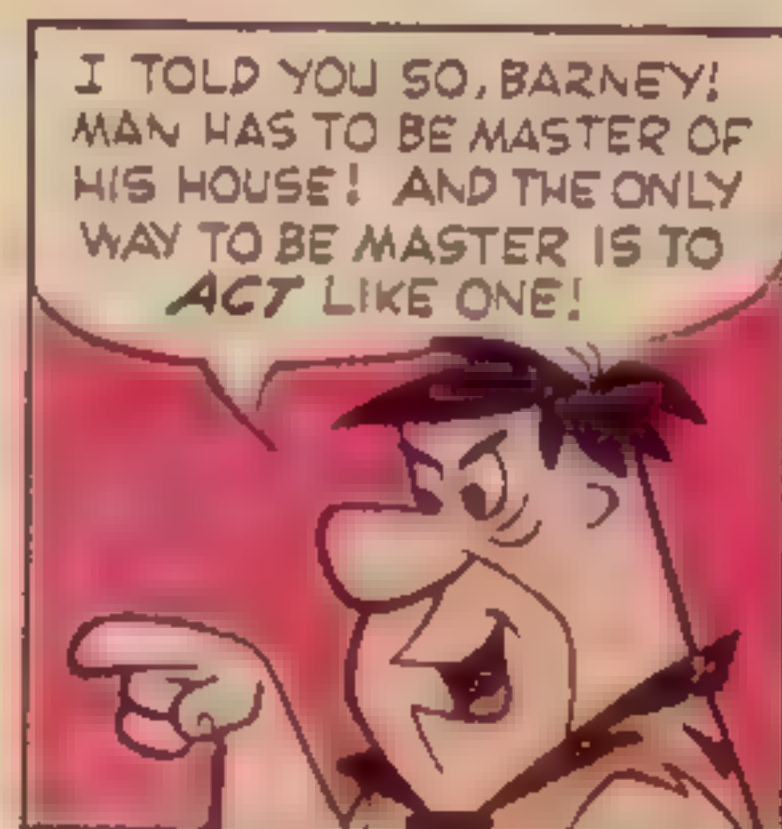
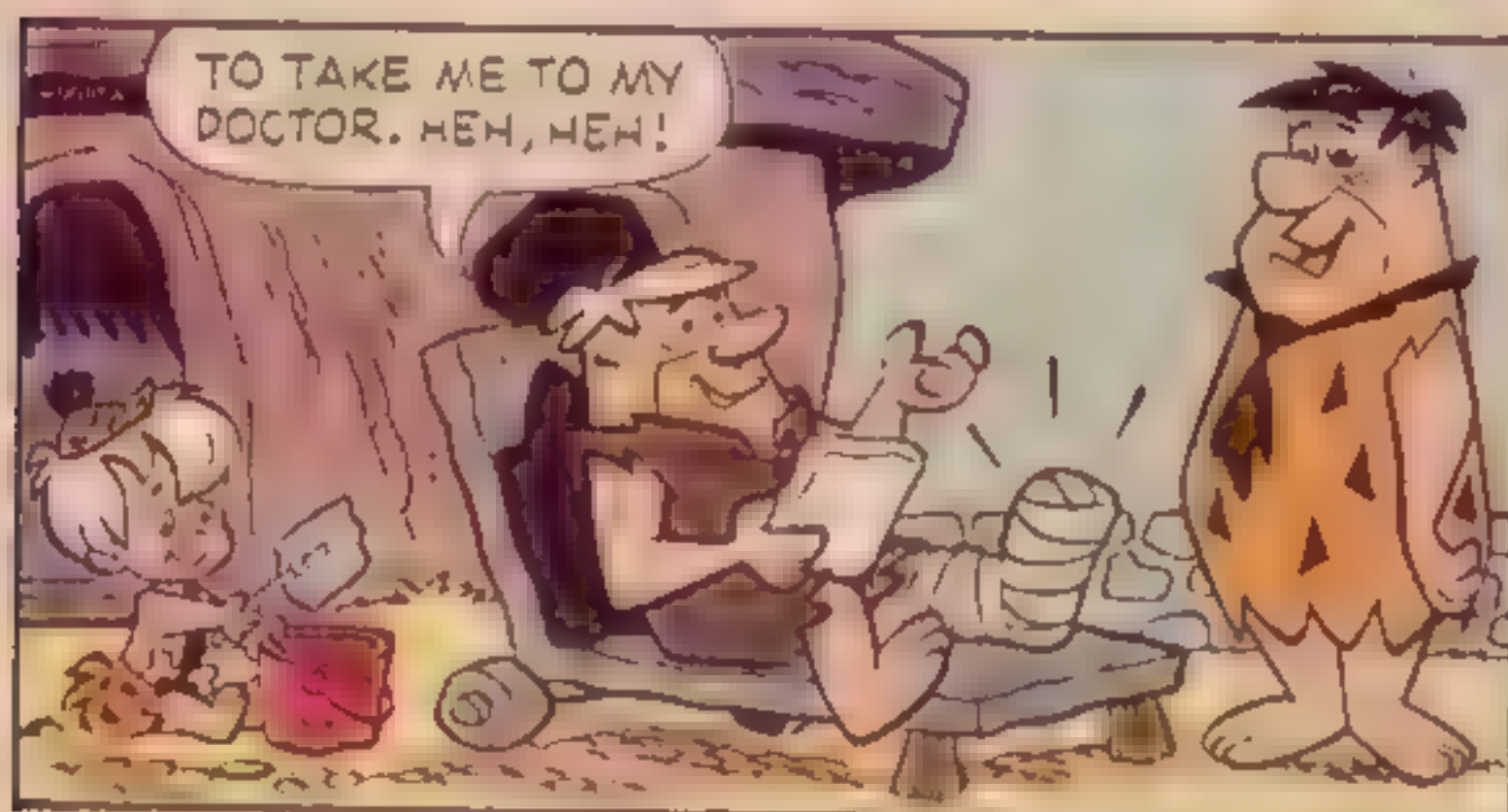
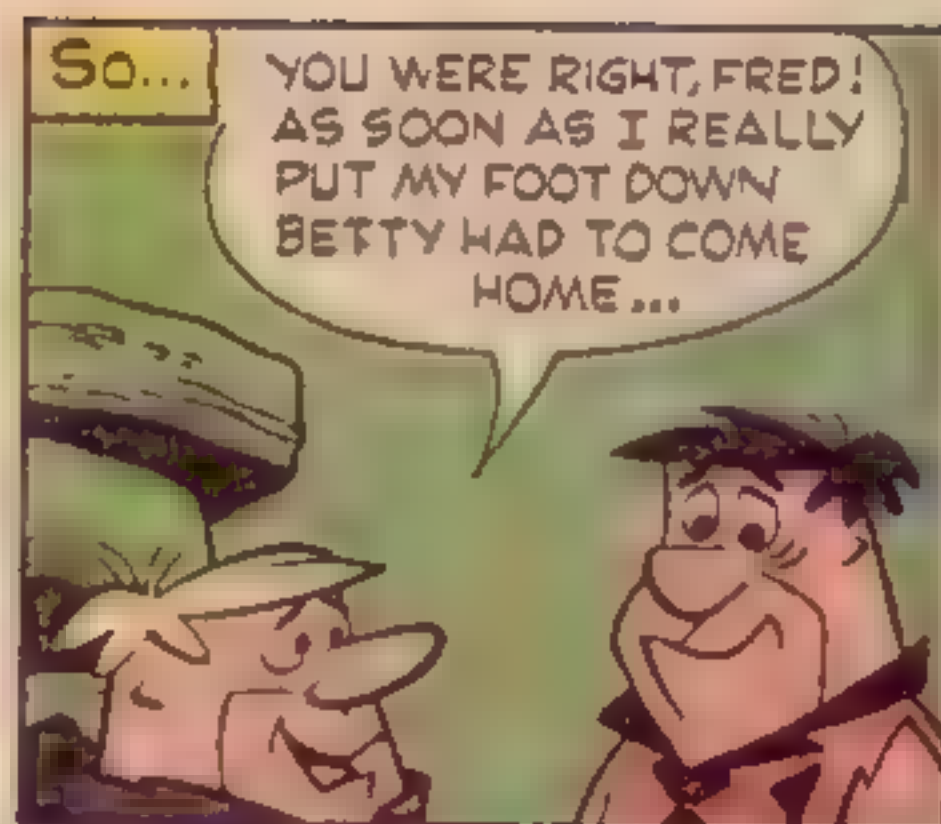
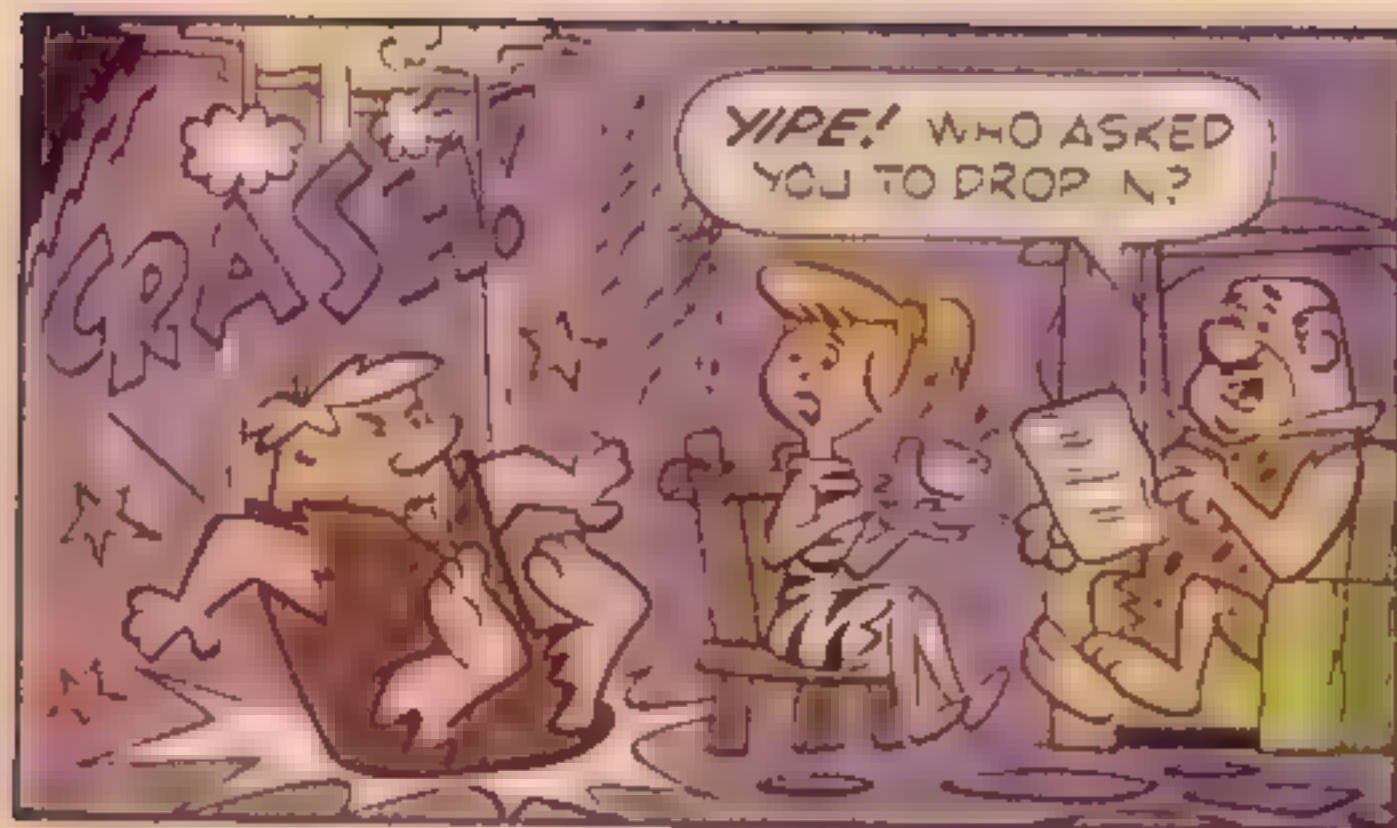
FIRST PRIZE TO RICKY ROCK AS THE CUTEST BOY BABY!

WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME!









DIARY OF A PRIVATE EYE



8:20 A.M.—Captured a gang of international smugglers and received a ten-thousand-dollar reward.

8:30 A.M.—The alarm clock woke me up from my dream. Jumped out of bed.

8:36 A.M.—Stubbed toe on edge of bed as I rushed across room to turn off alarm.

8:36 to 8:55 A.M.—Cried and yelled.

8:56 A.M.—Threw alarm clock out.

9:00 A.M.—Put two three-minute eggs on to cook for my breakfast.

9:30 A.M.—Took the eggs off the stove and ate them. Tasted slightly overdone.

9:52 A.M.—Strapped on my gun and my badge and put on my hat. Left my apartment to go to the office.

9:52½ A.M.—Ran back to apartment. Took off my bathrobe and put on my suit.

10:10 A.M.—Arrived at the office and began my day's work.

4:45 P.M.—Just finished my fifth crossword puzzle . . . a pretty good day's work.

4:46 P.M.—A man walked into my office with a very big case for me.

4:52 P.M.—Case closed. The man opened it and filled my cooler with twenty-four bottles of soda pop.

5:29 P.M.—Started to slam the office door. Another day over. Slammed the door on Mrs. Winthrop \$. Gotdough's foot.

5:29 P.M. to 6:11 P.M.—She cried and yelled a lot about her sore foot.

6:11 P.M. to 6:40 P.M.—She cried and yelled a lot about losing her pet puppy. Offered me a hundred-dollar reward to find the lost puppy.

6:40¼ P.M.—Started looking for puppy.

9:30 P.M.—Combed the city looking for the dog. Broke all the teeth in my comb.

9:42 P.M.—Saw a poodle and grabbed it. Found out it belonged to a very tall man with a very short temper. He hit me in the mouth for grabbing his poodle.

9:43 to 10:00 P.M.—Cried and yelled a lot. New teeth cost money.

10:20 P.M.—Began searching the woods on edge of town. Saw a cute black puppy with a white stripe down its back. Grabbed it and discovered it wasn't a puppy at all.

10:30 P.M.—Rushed home and burned my suit. Had to!

11:00 P.M.—Put on clean suit and then hurried to Mrs. Gotdough's house.

11:15 P.M.—Told Mrs. Gotdough that I could not find her puppy. She told me that she hadn't said "puppy," she had said "guppy" and that she'd found it a few minutes earlier. It was swimming with her other two thousand and four guppies in her huge fish tank. She explained she must have miscounted the fish that afternoon.

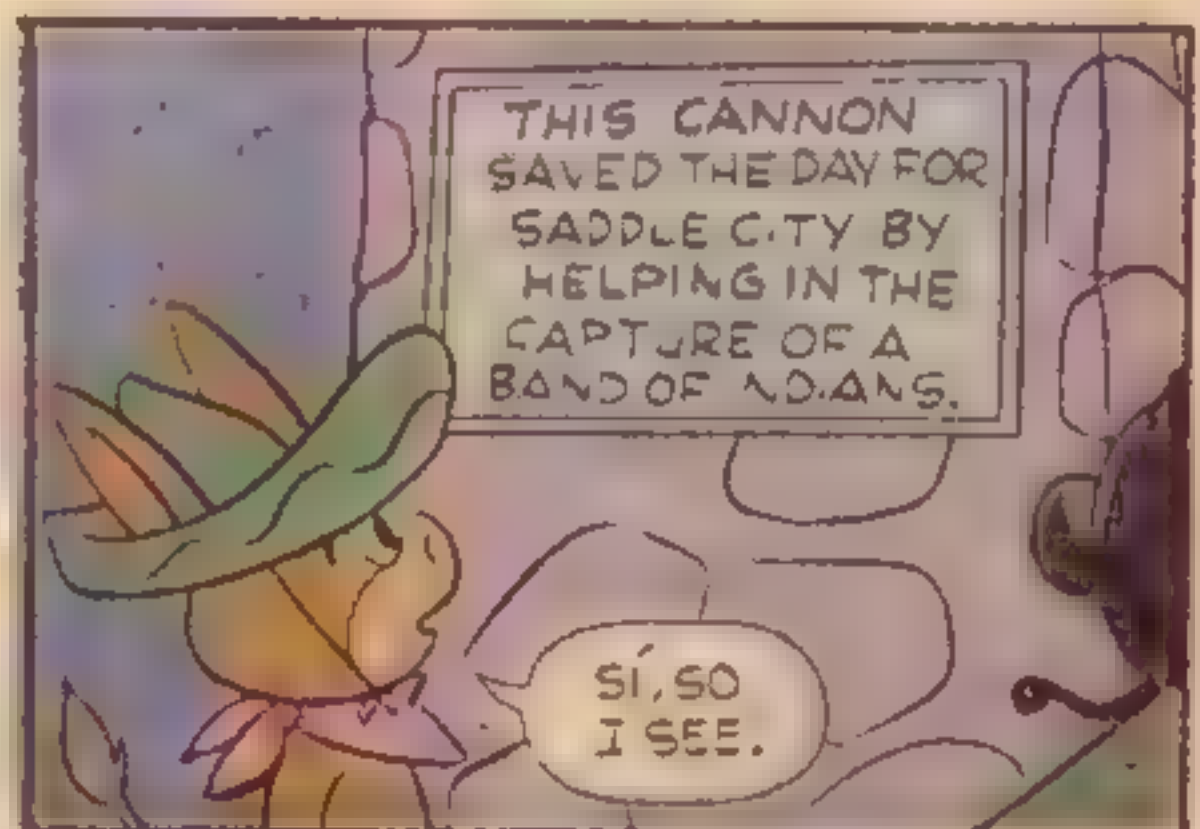
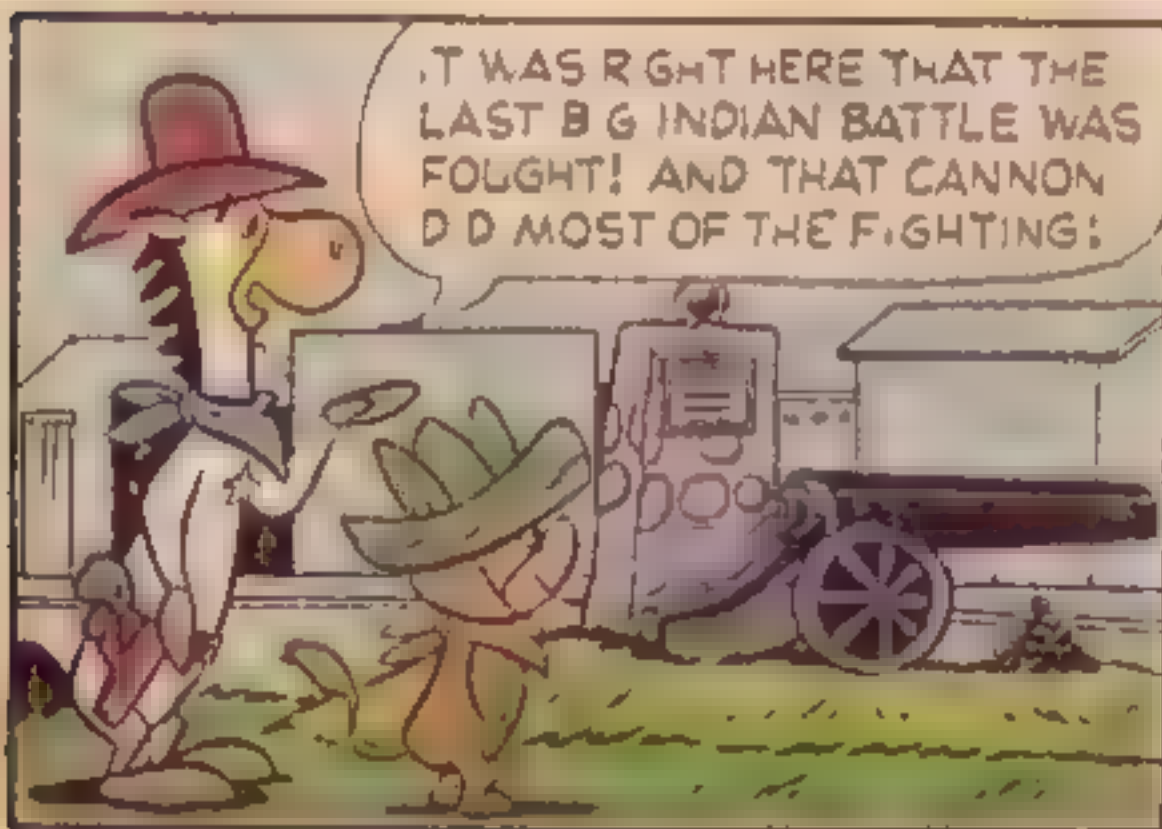
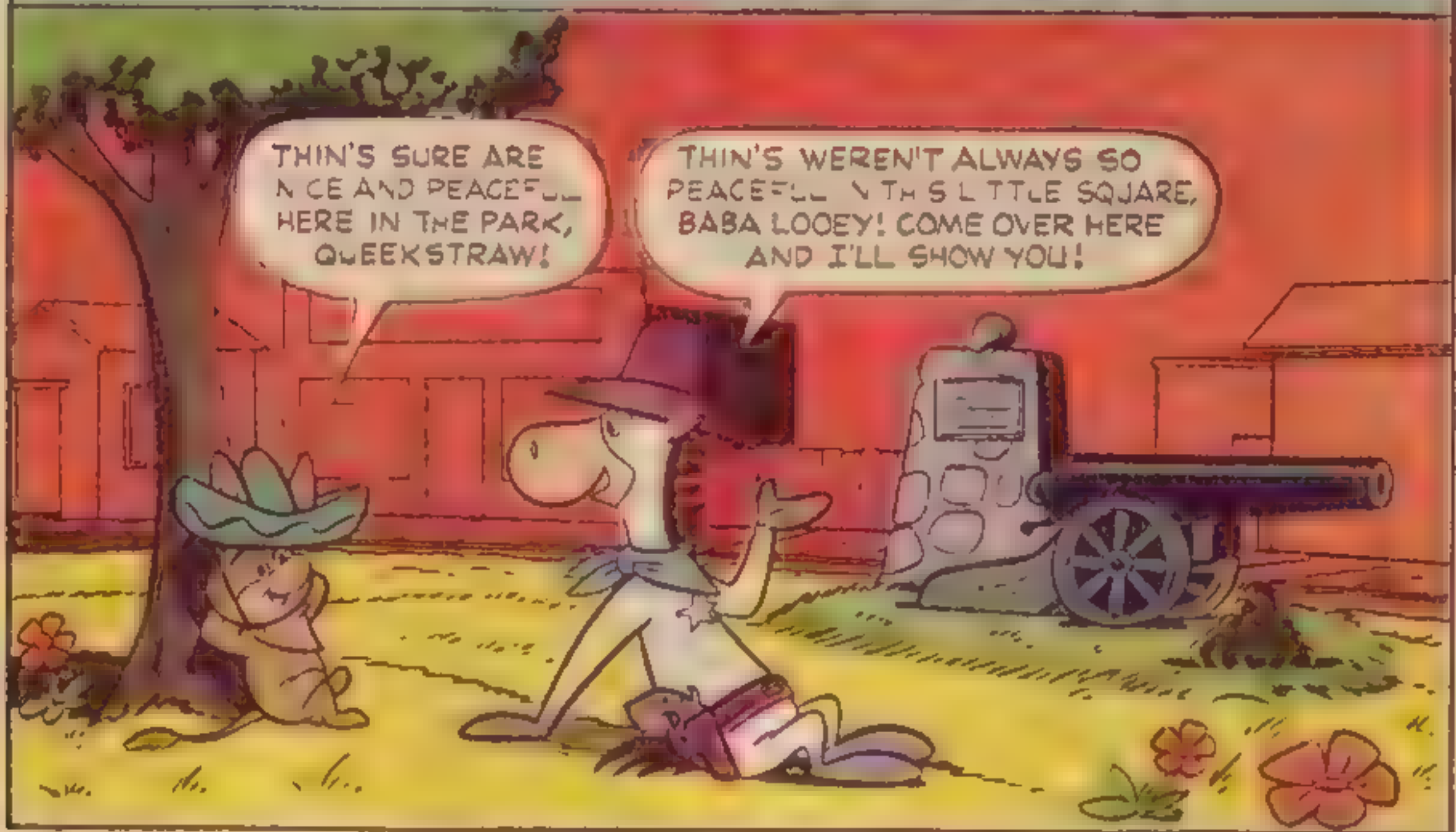
11:15 to 11:30 P.M.—I cried and yelled a lot. All that work . . . for nothing!

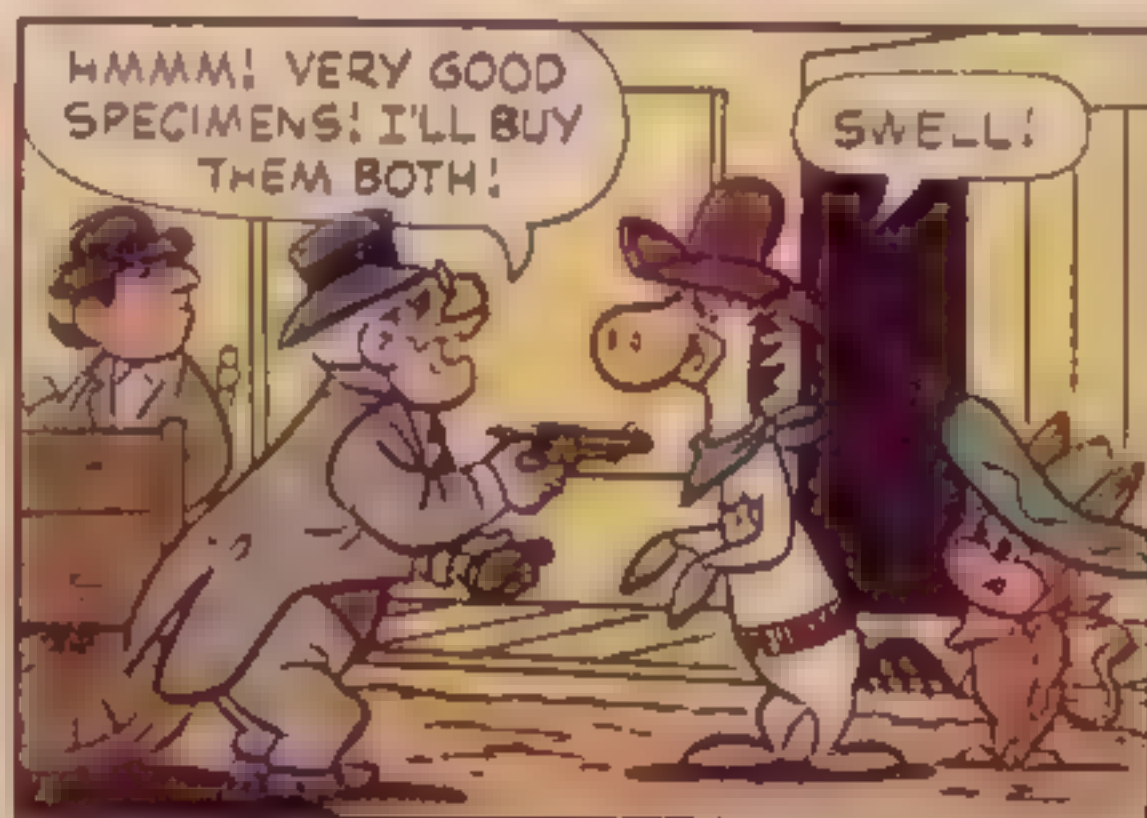
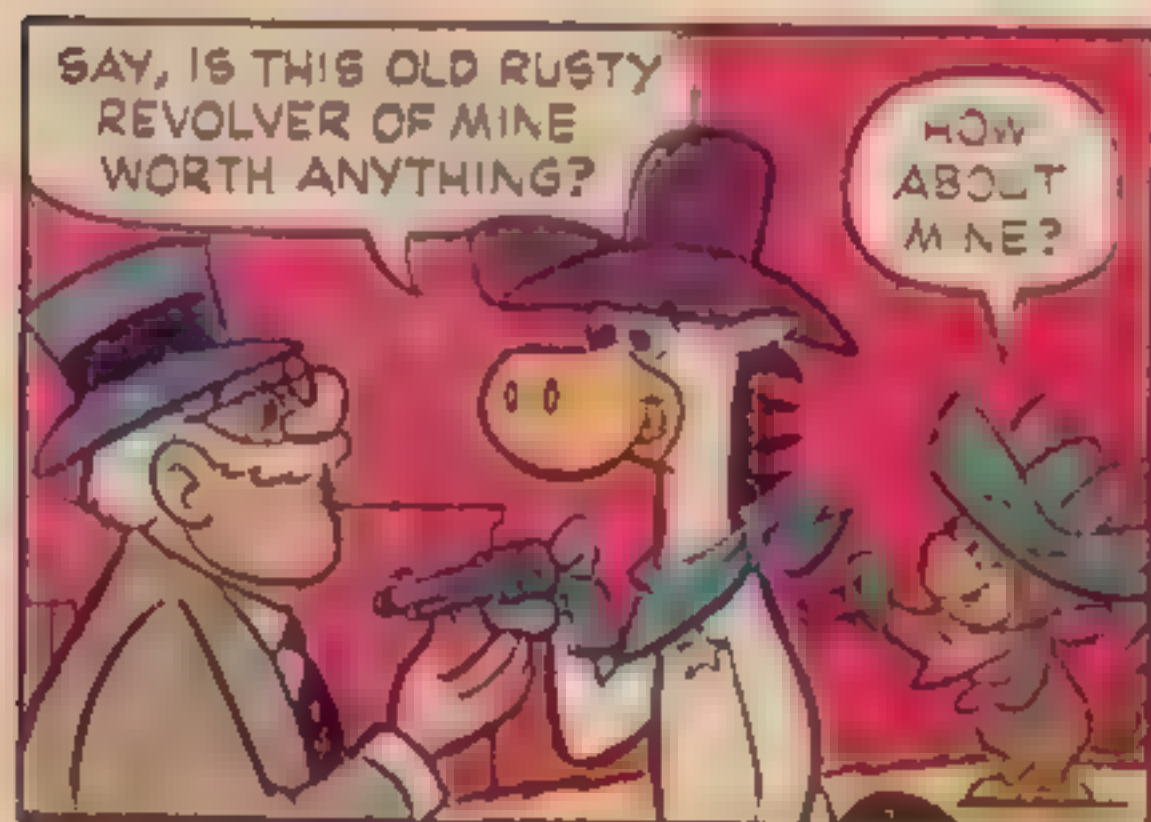
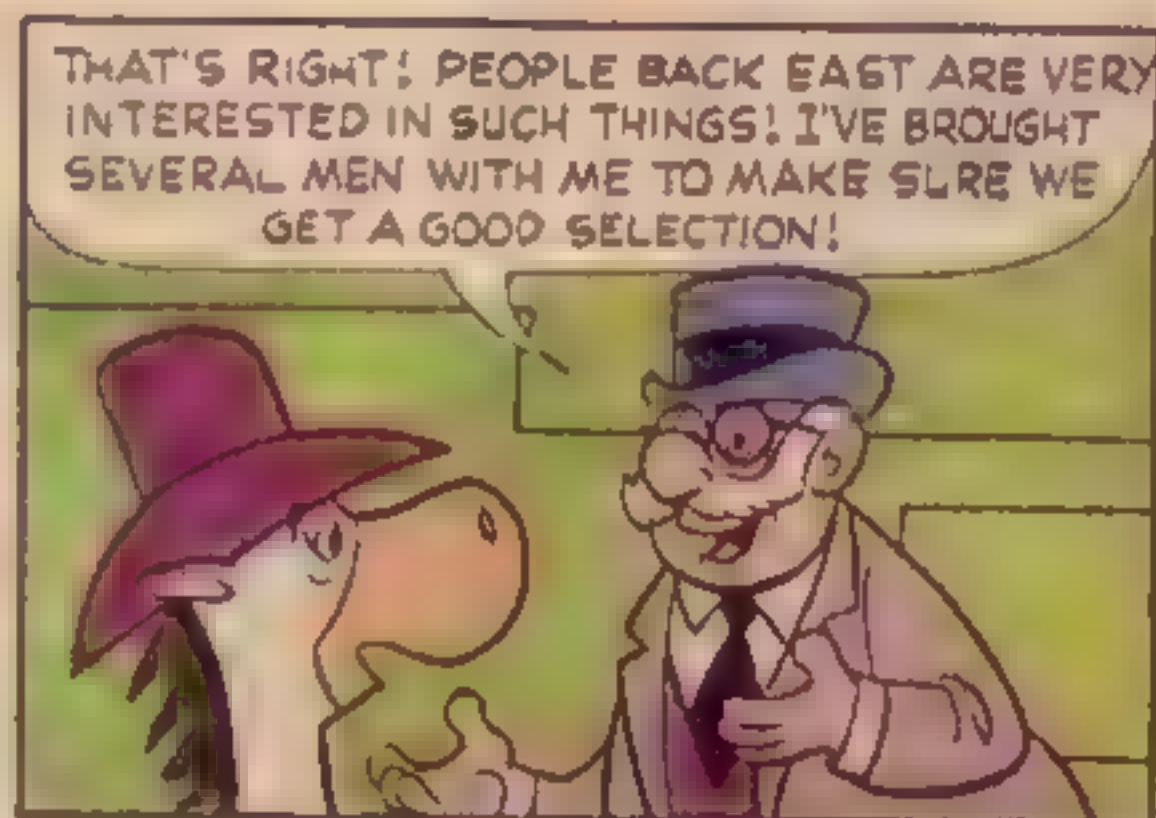
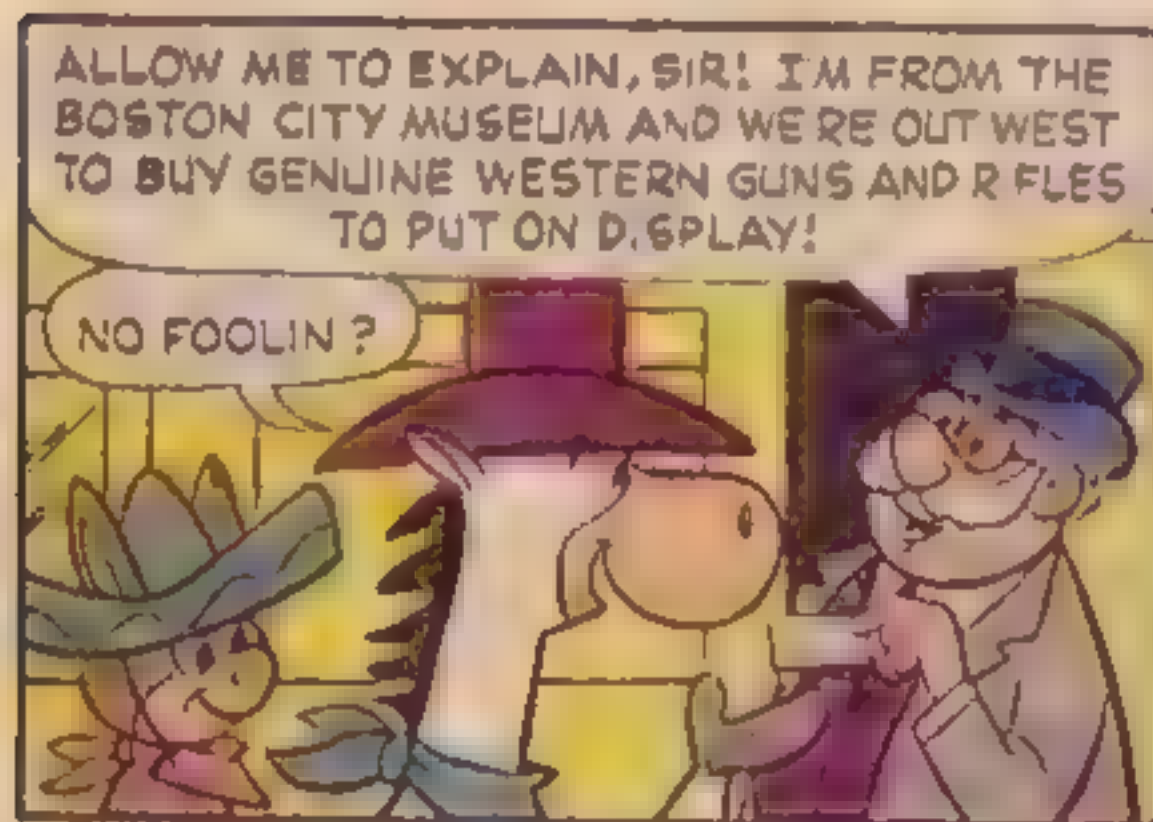
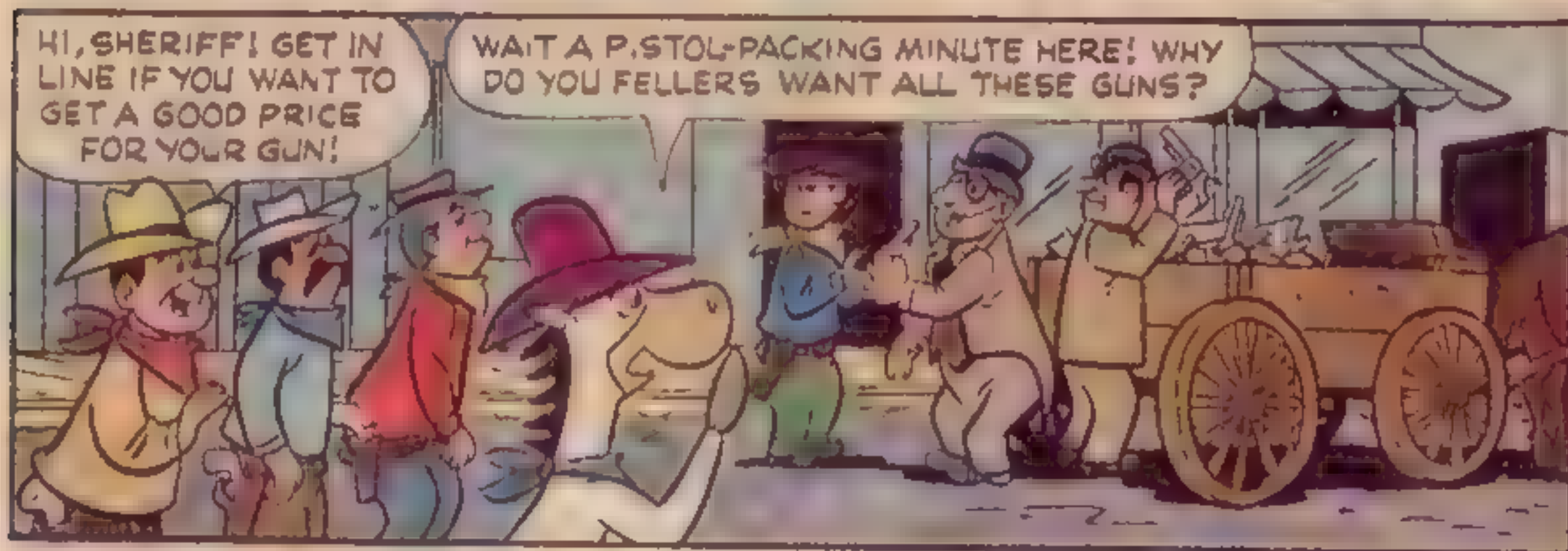
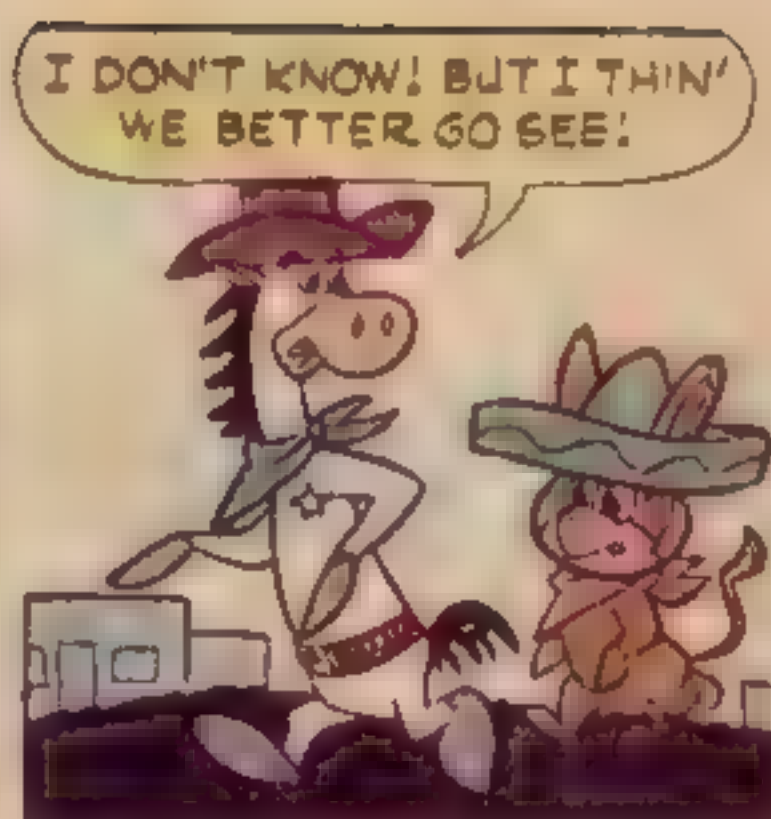
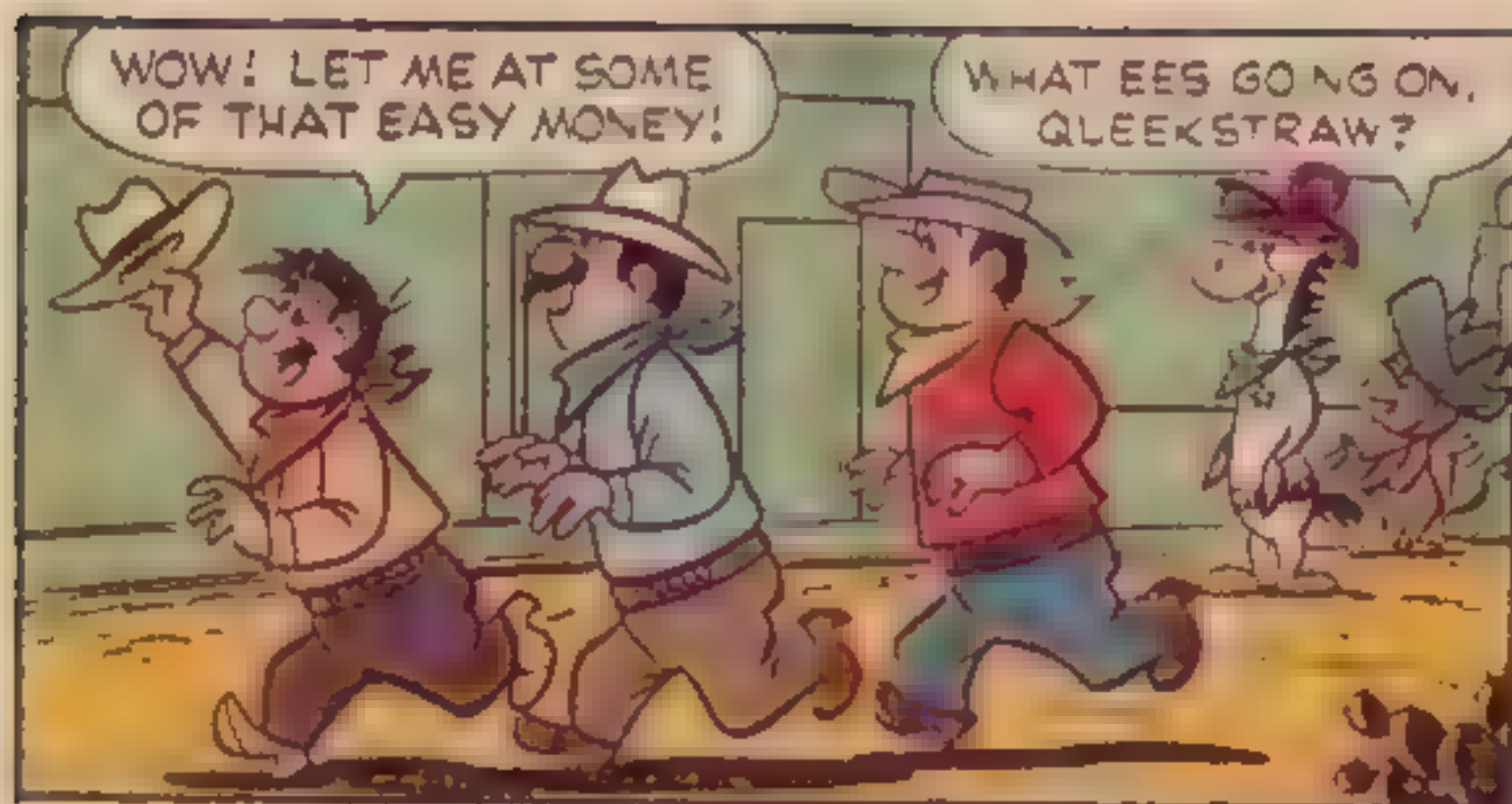
11:45 P.M.—Went home and to bed.

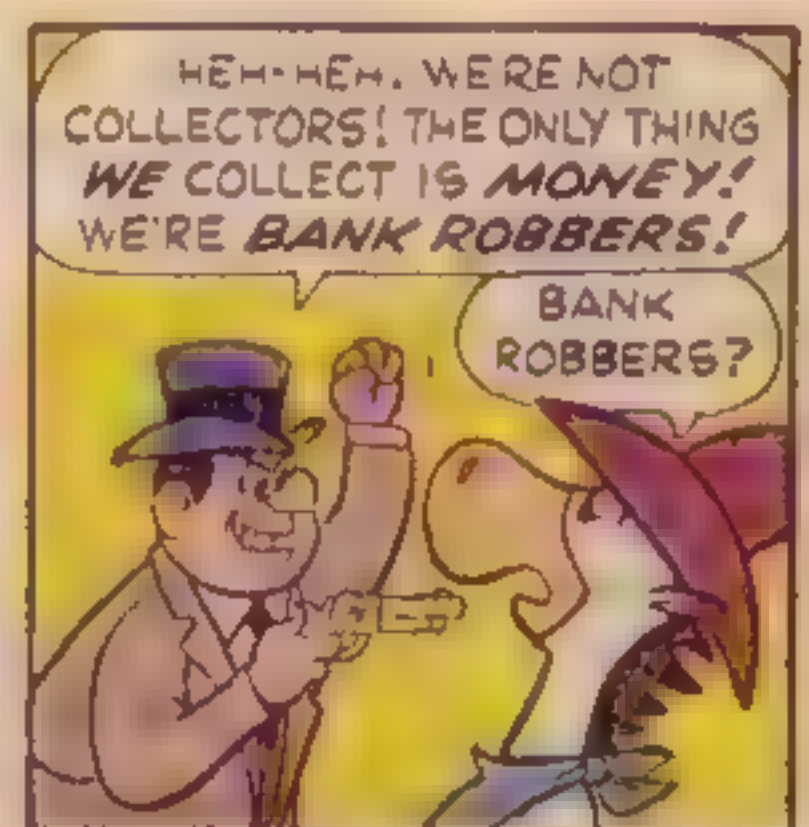
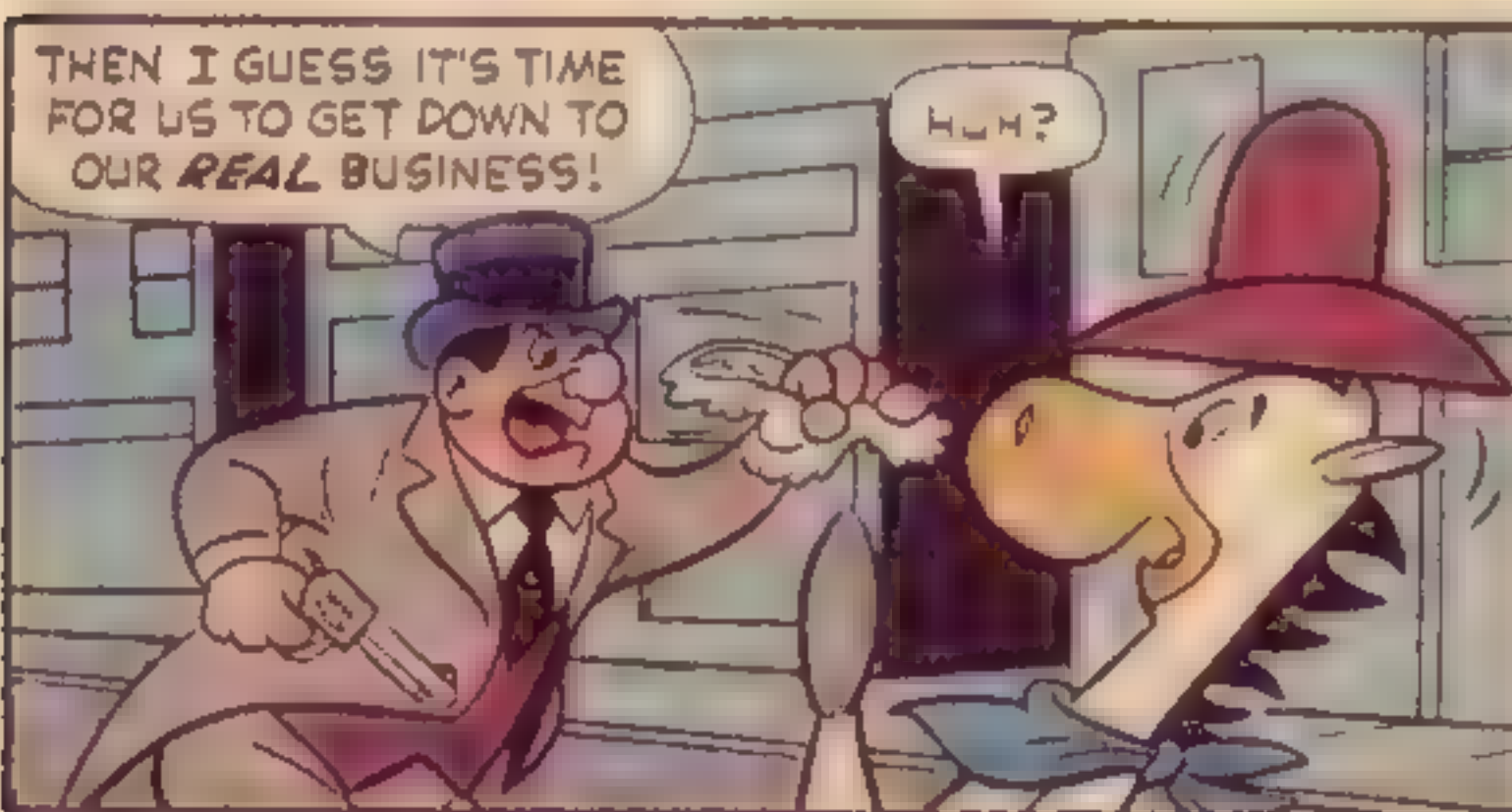
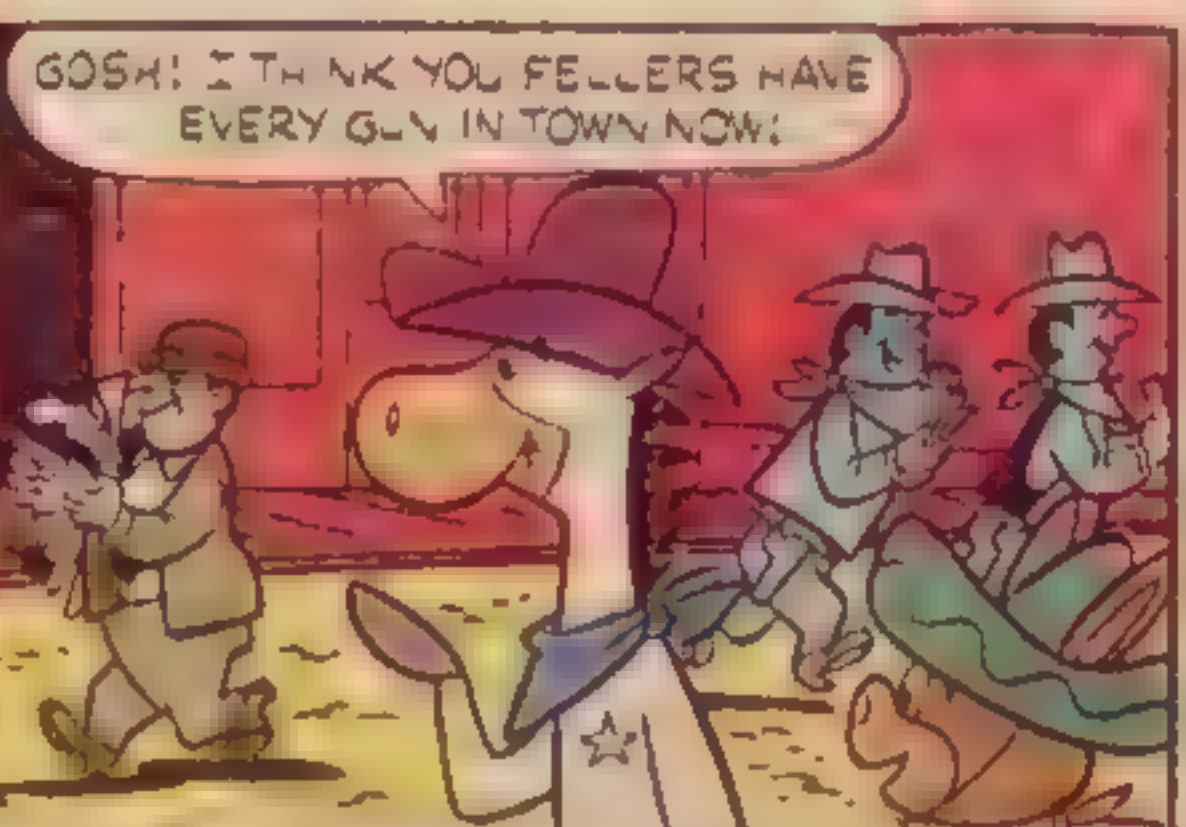
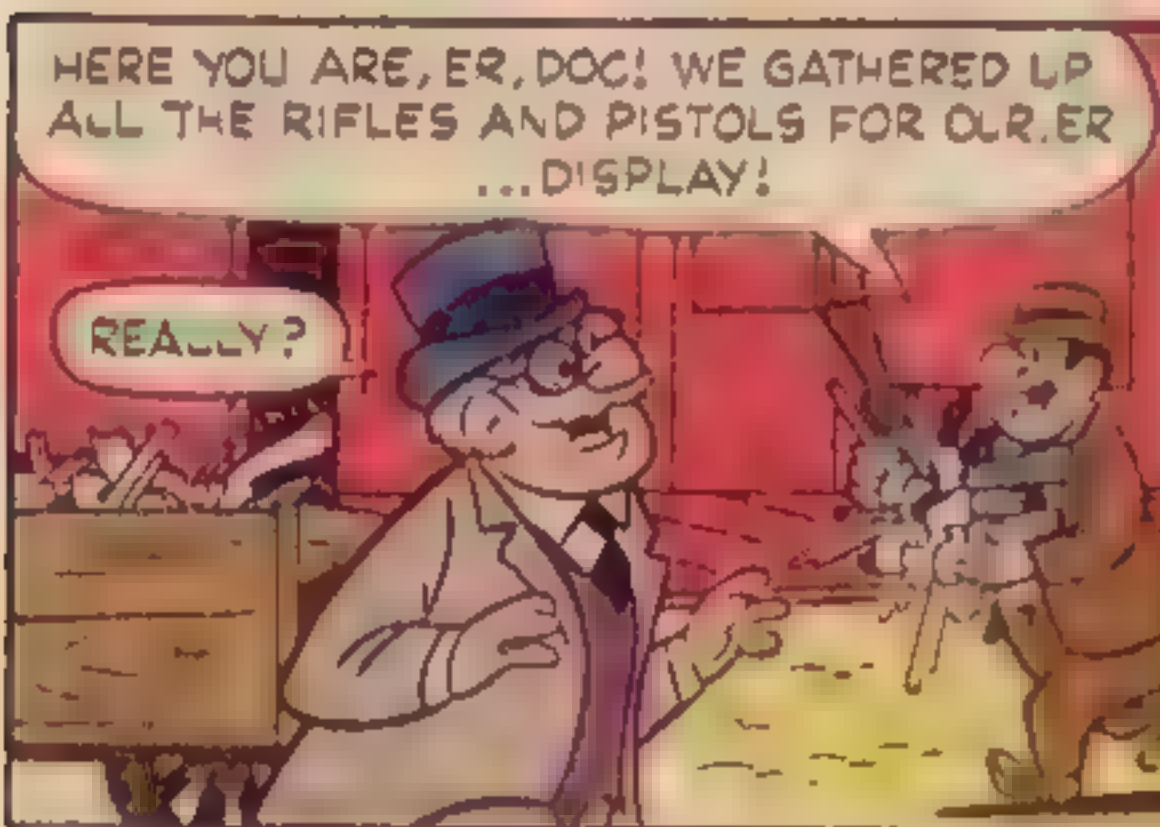
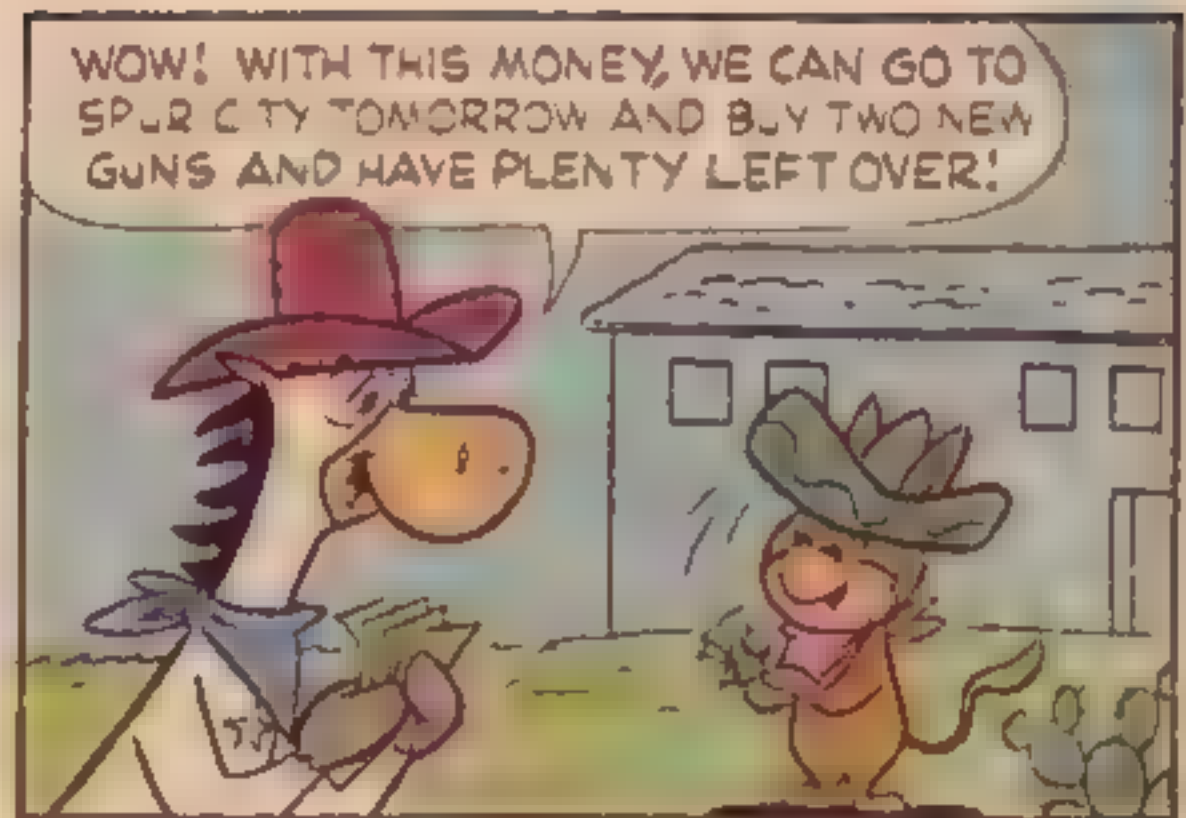
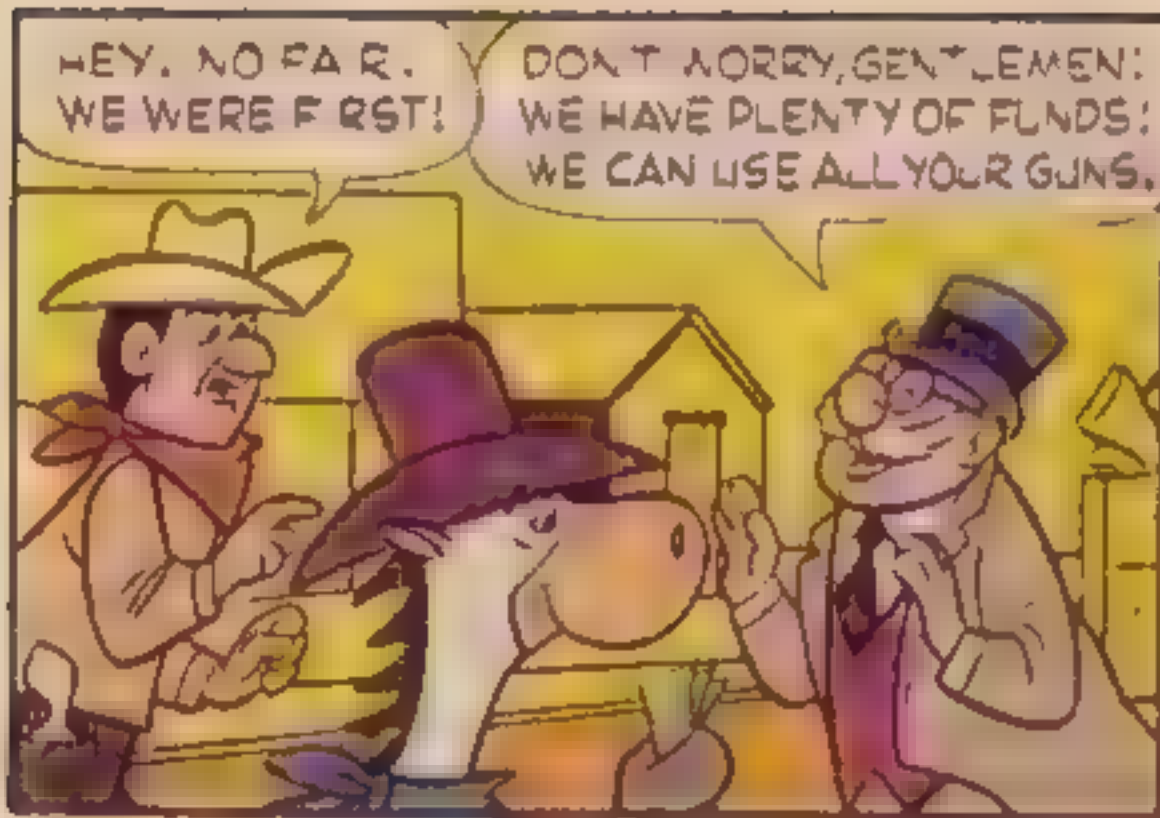
11:51 P.M.—Captured a gang of international smugglers and received a reward of ten thousand dollars!

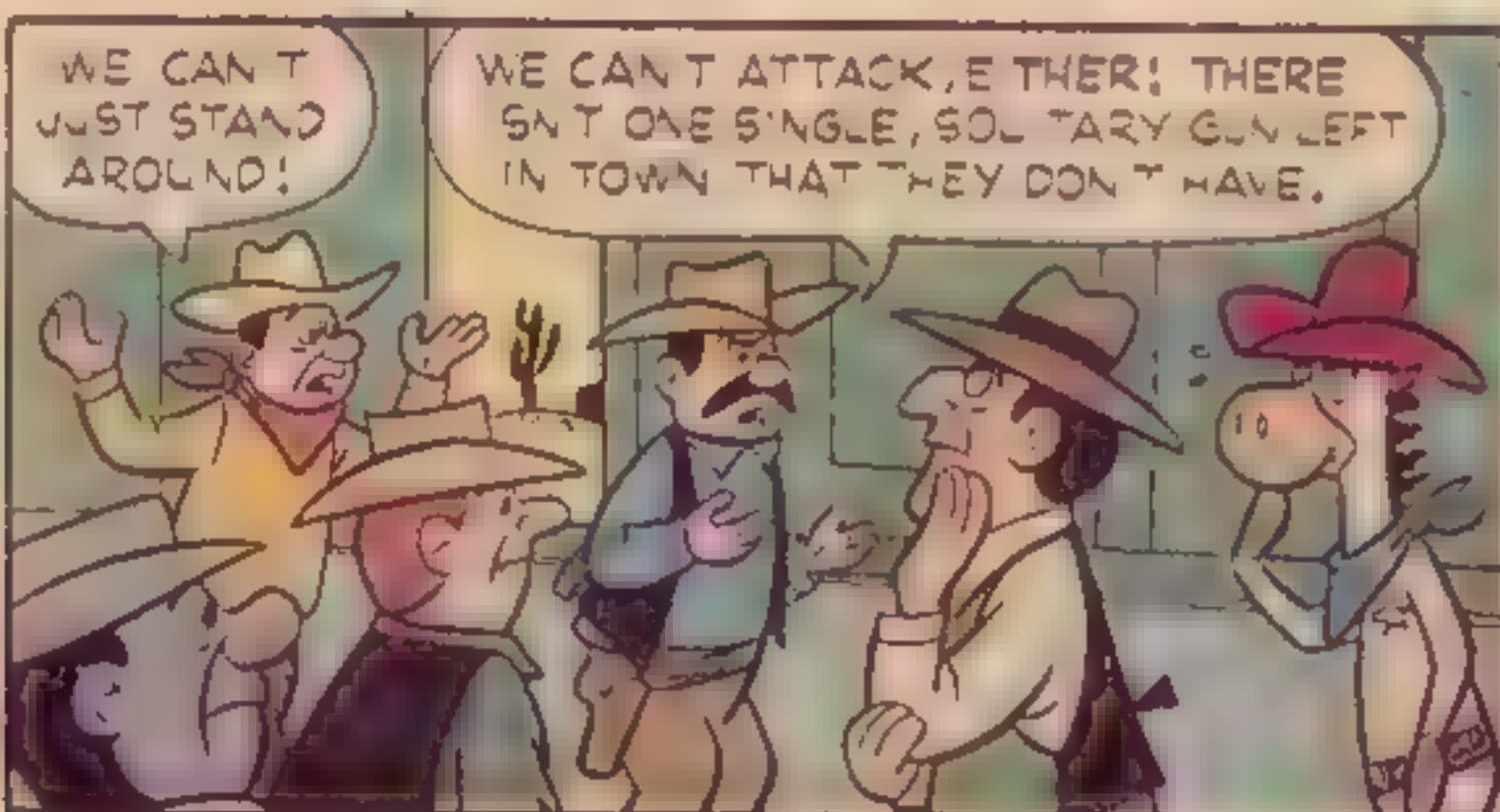
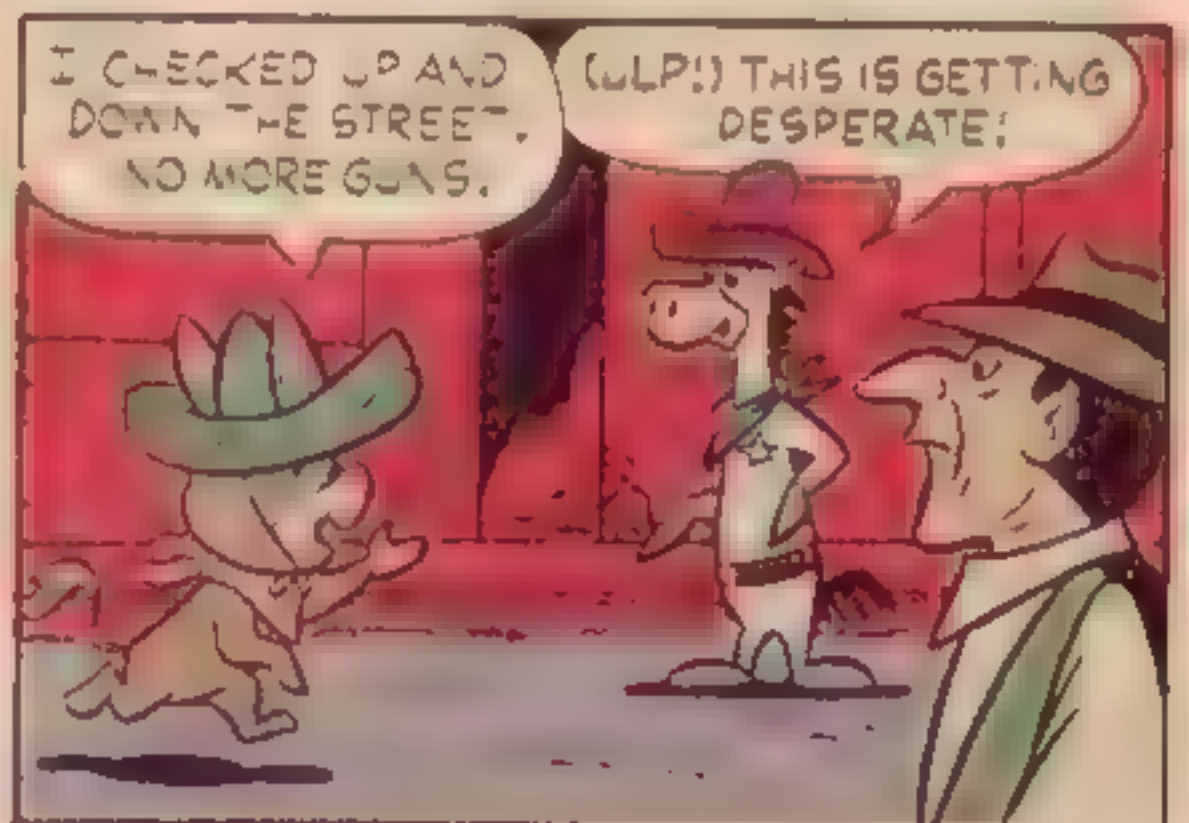
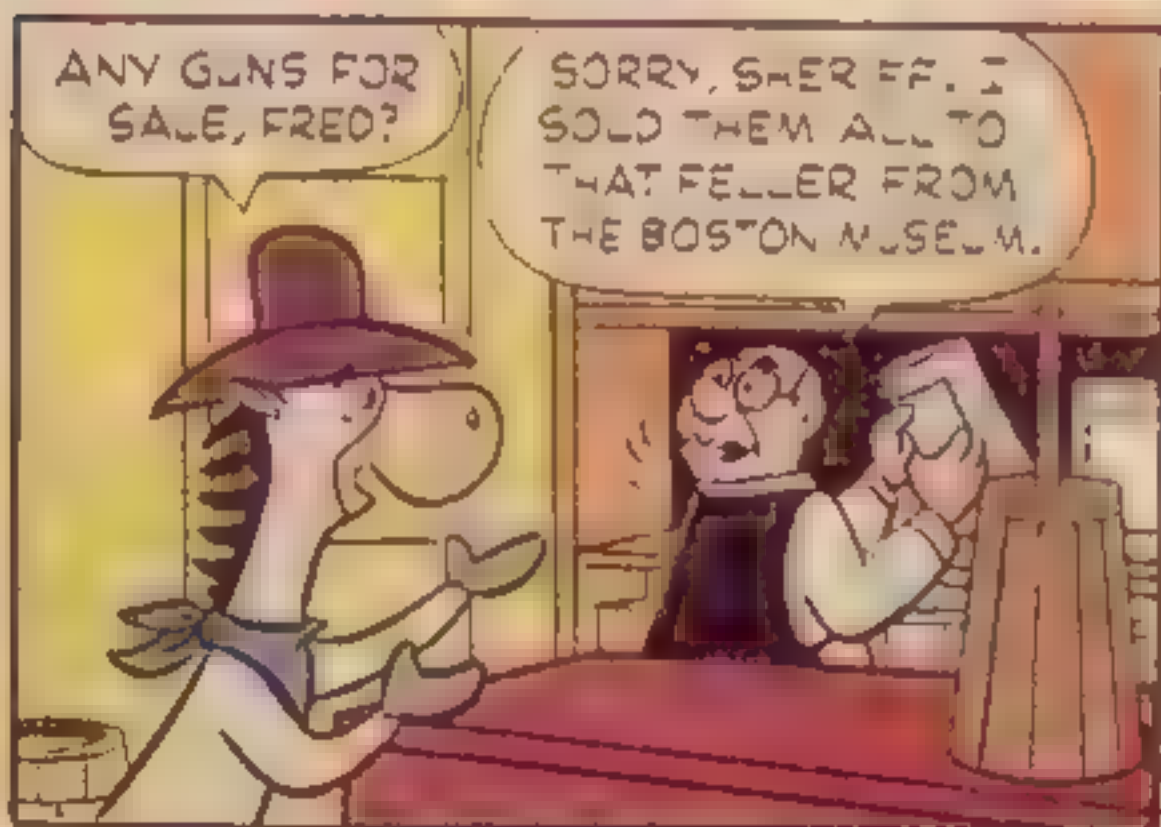
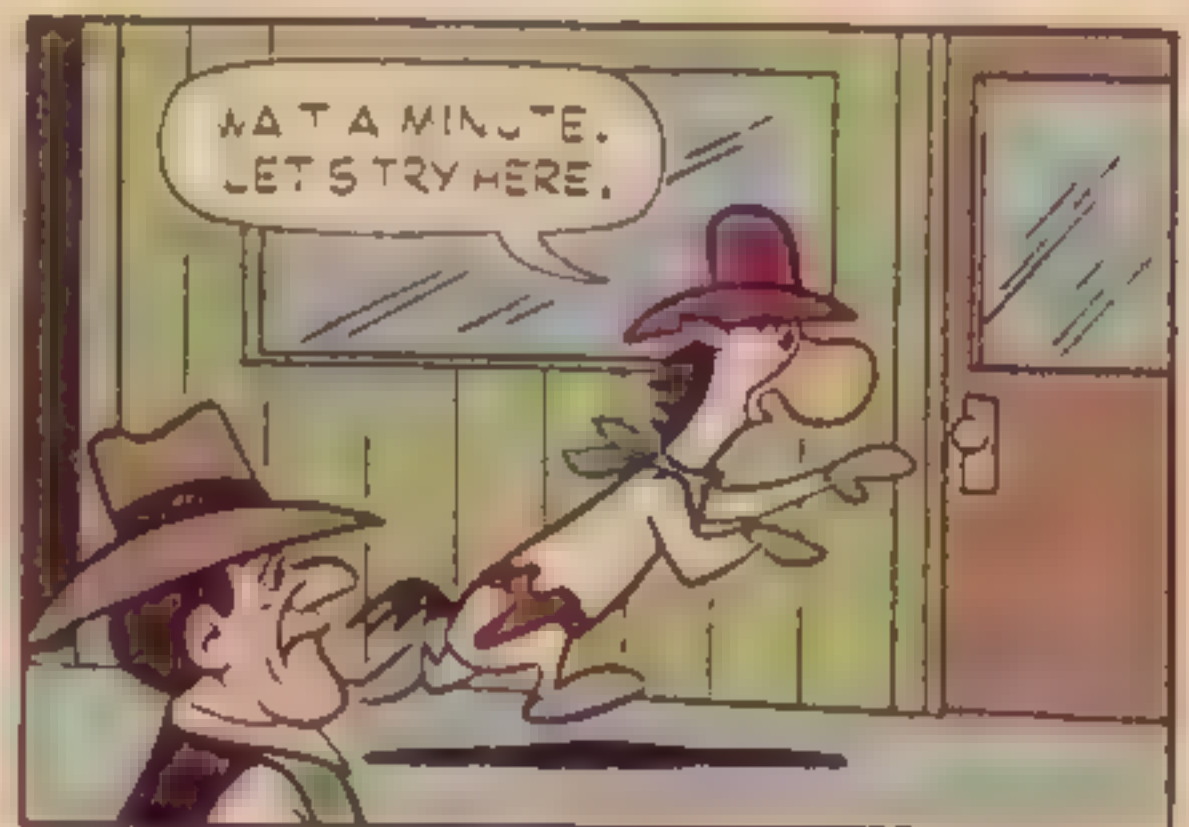
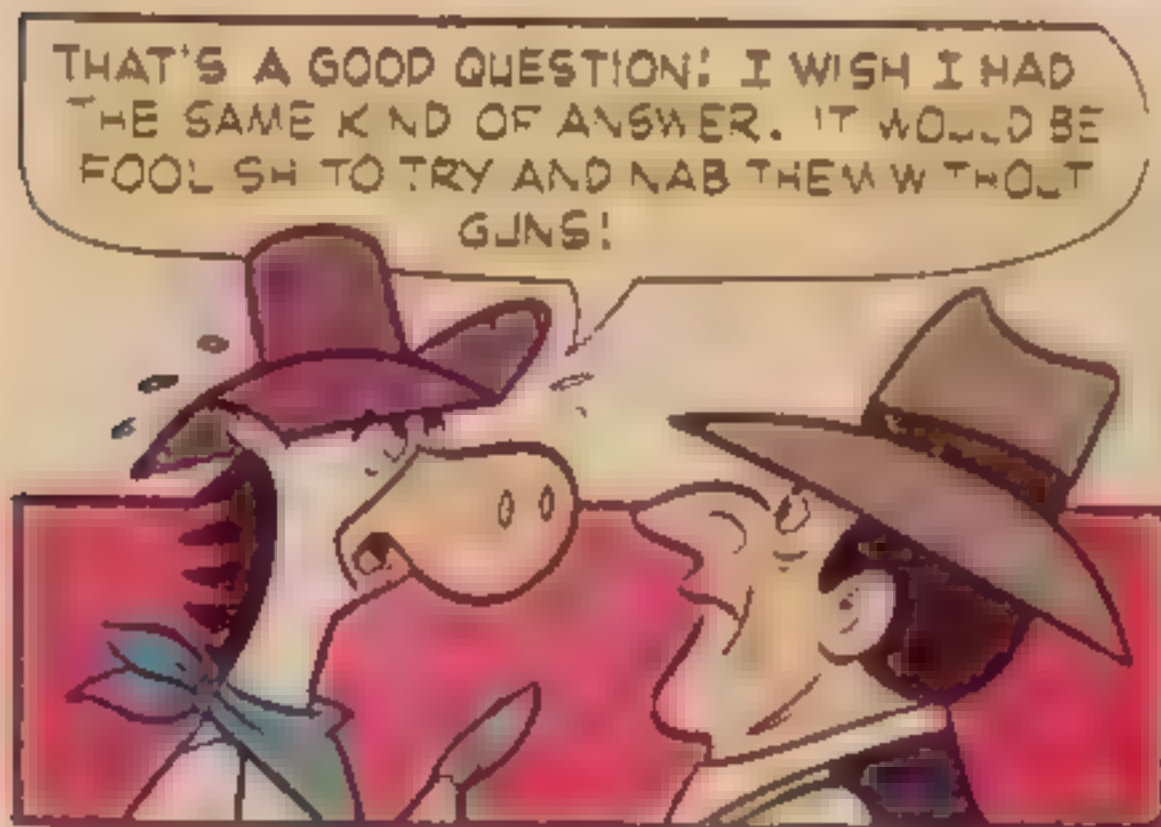
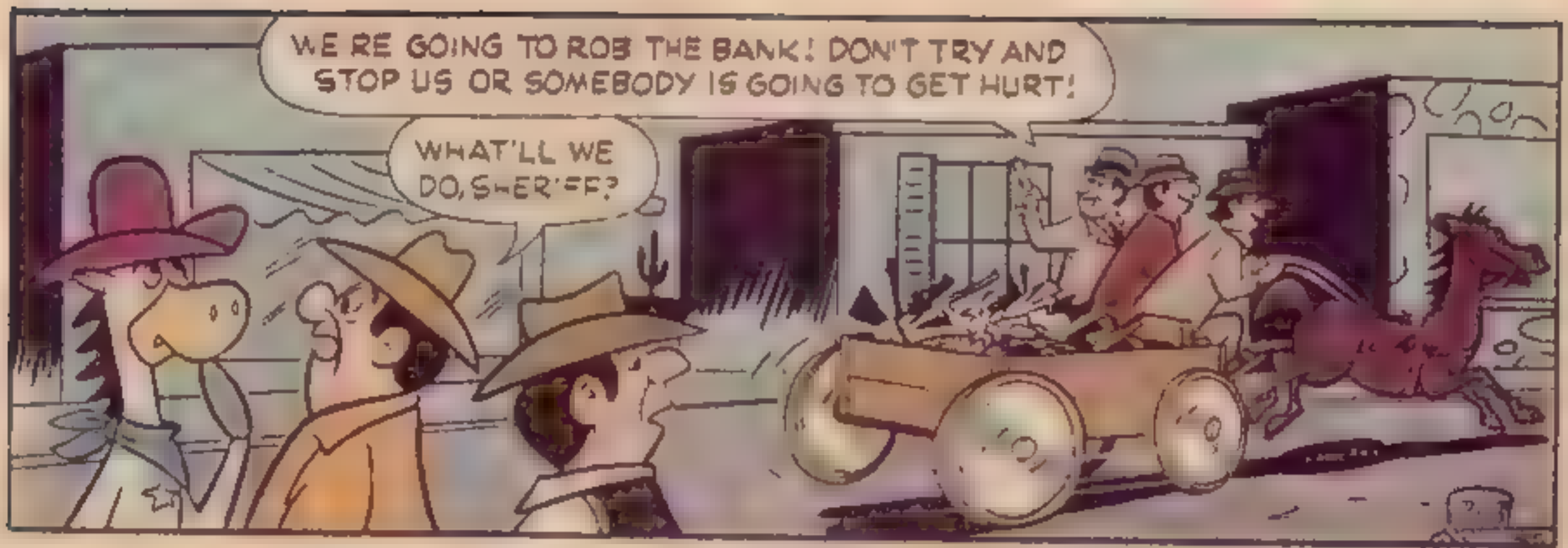
Hanna Barbers QUICK DRAW MCGRAW

TWO TON GUN

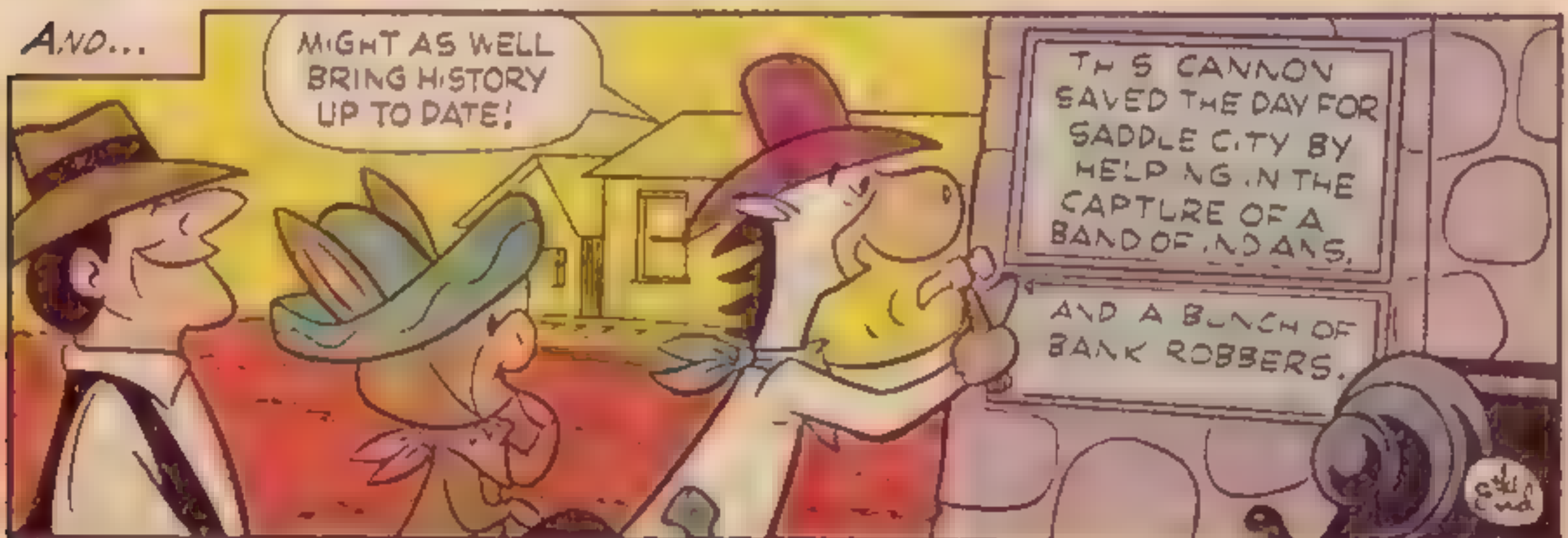
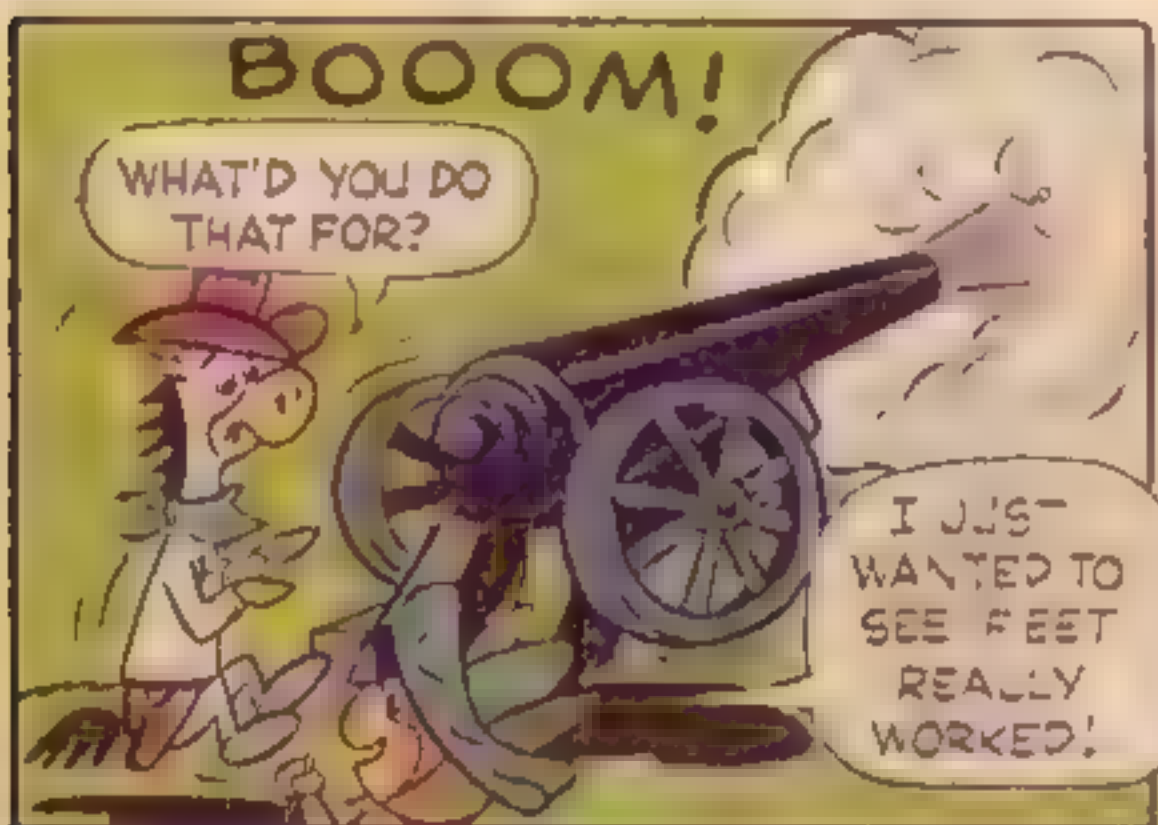
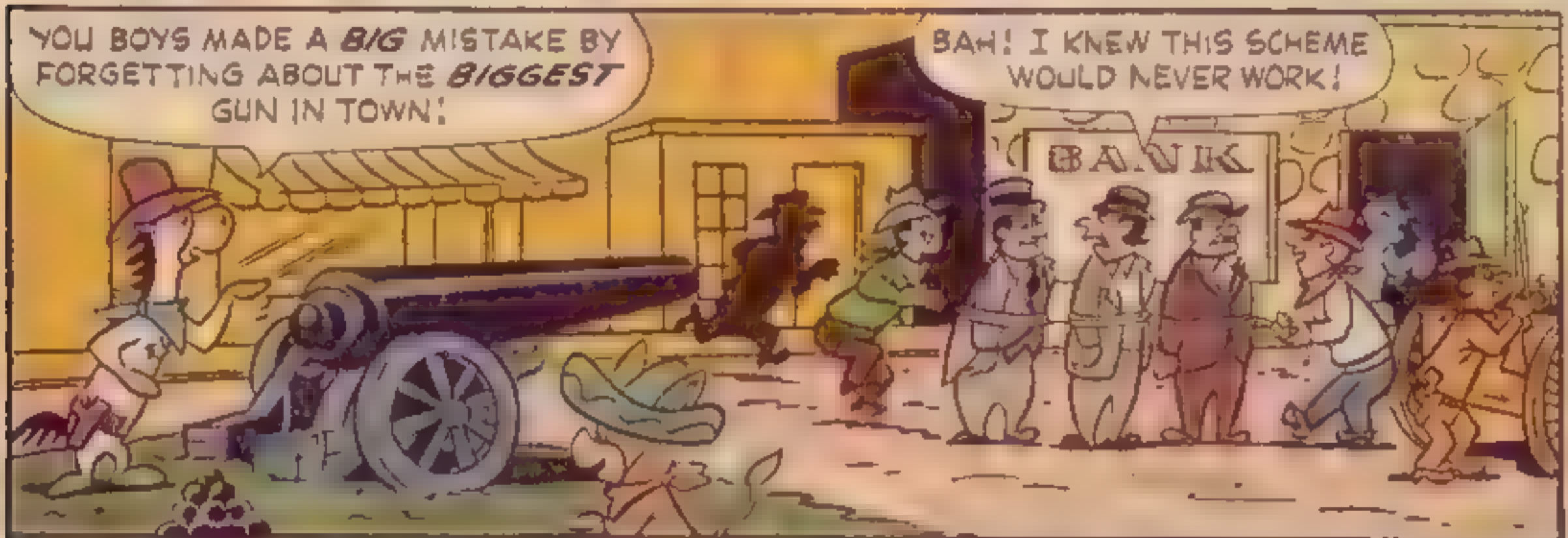
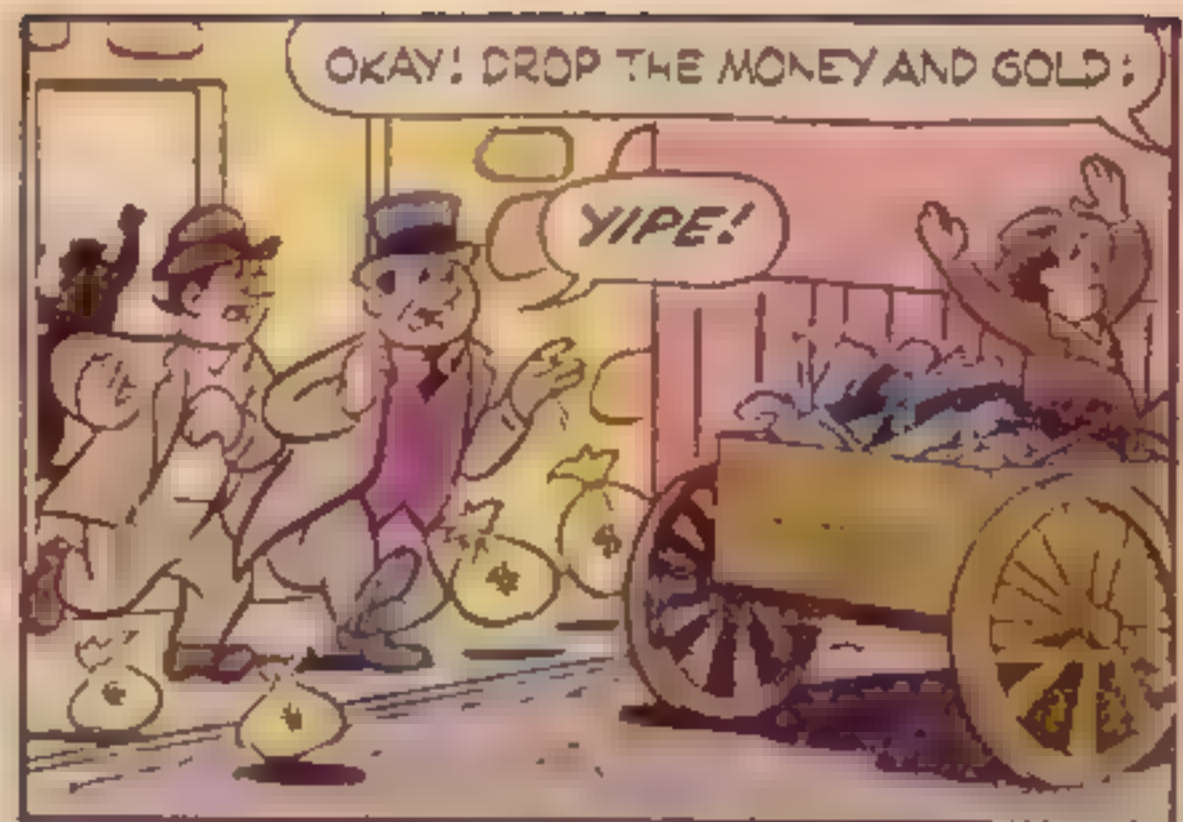
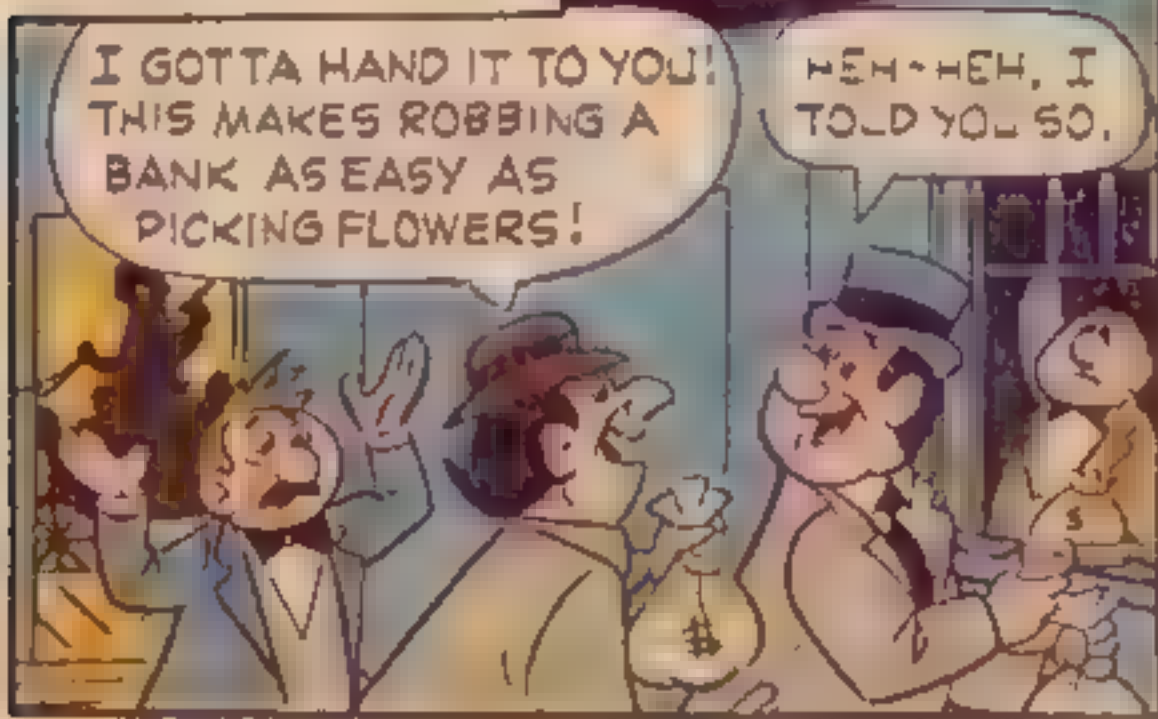






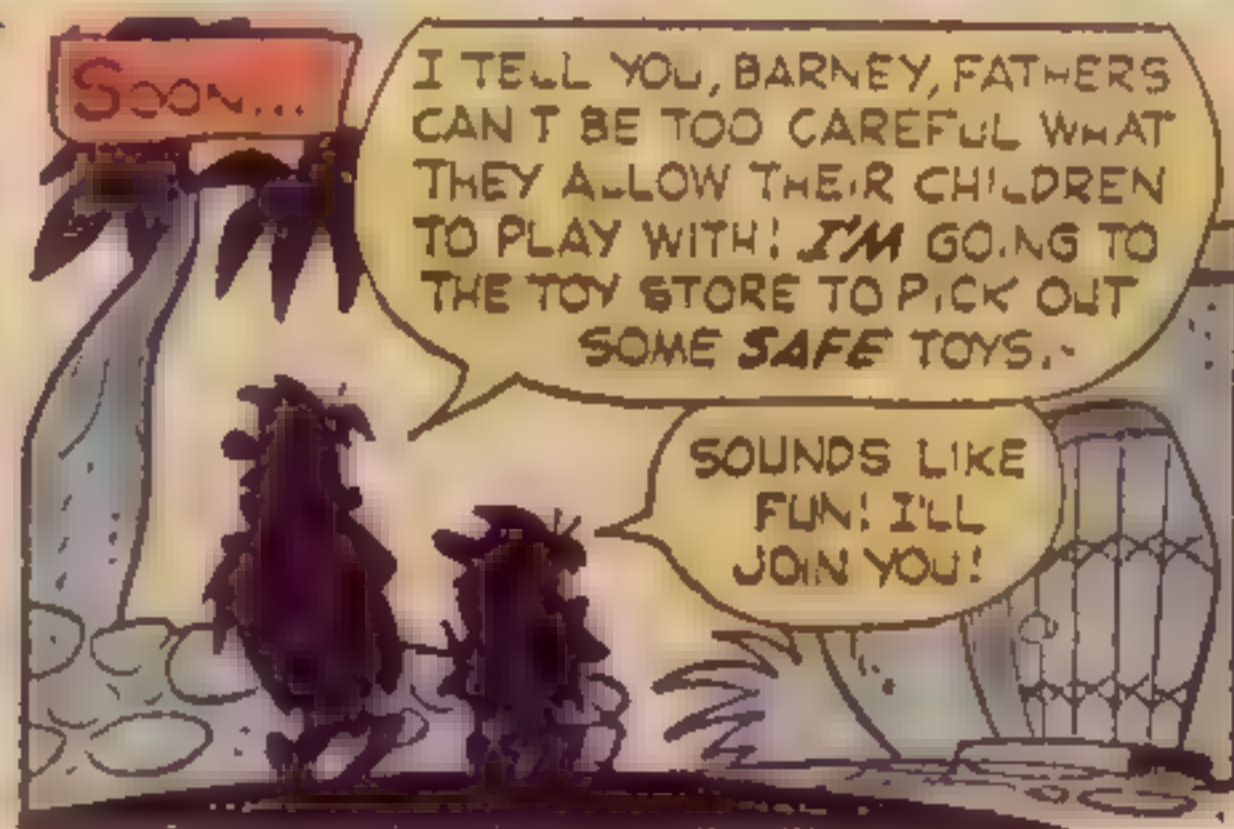
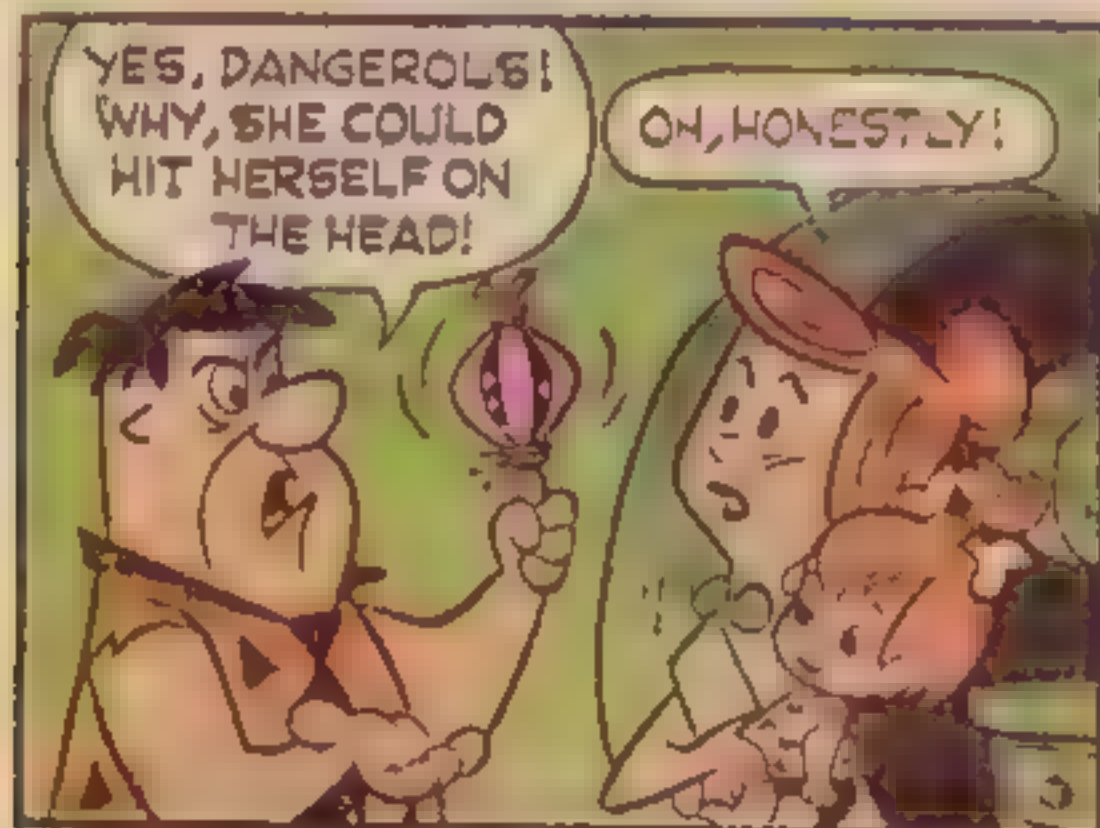
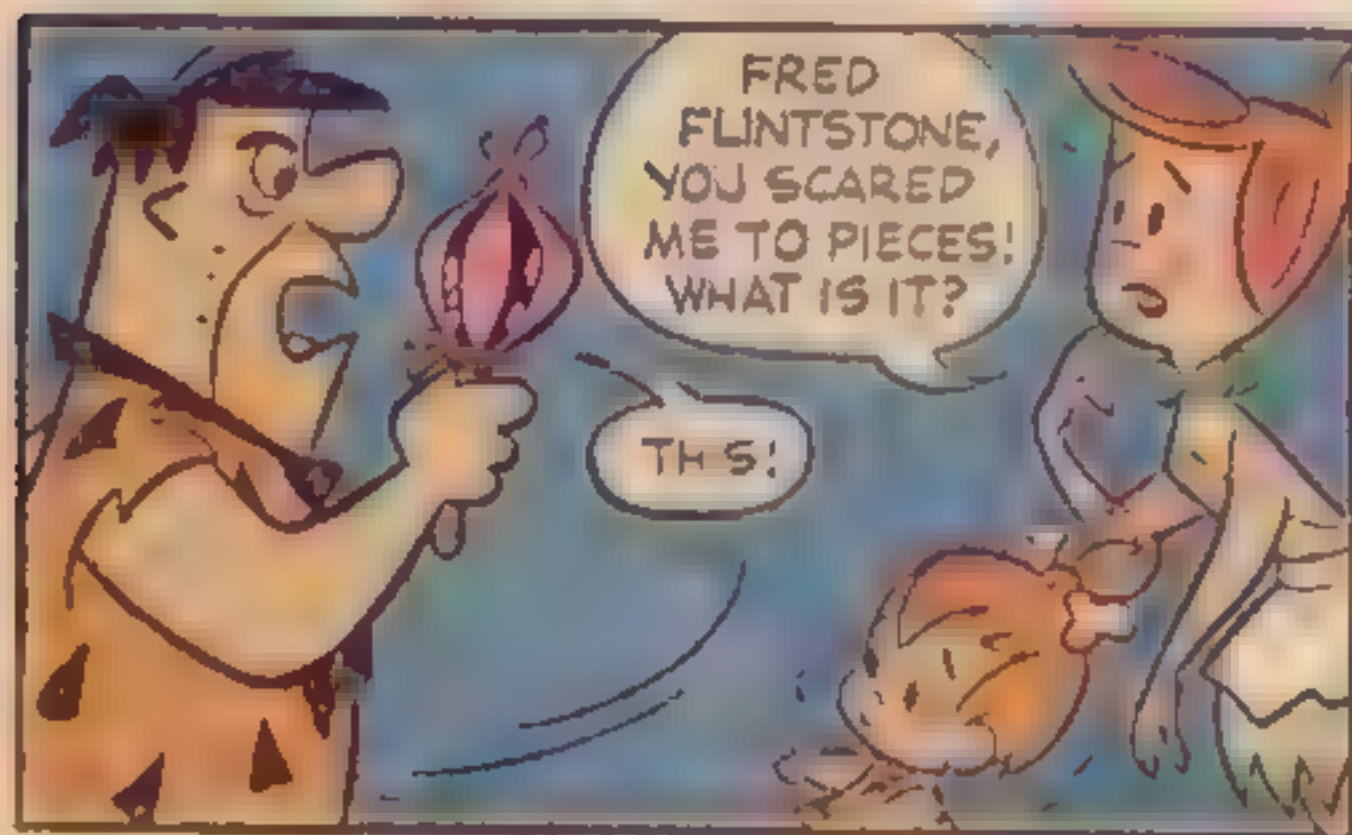
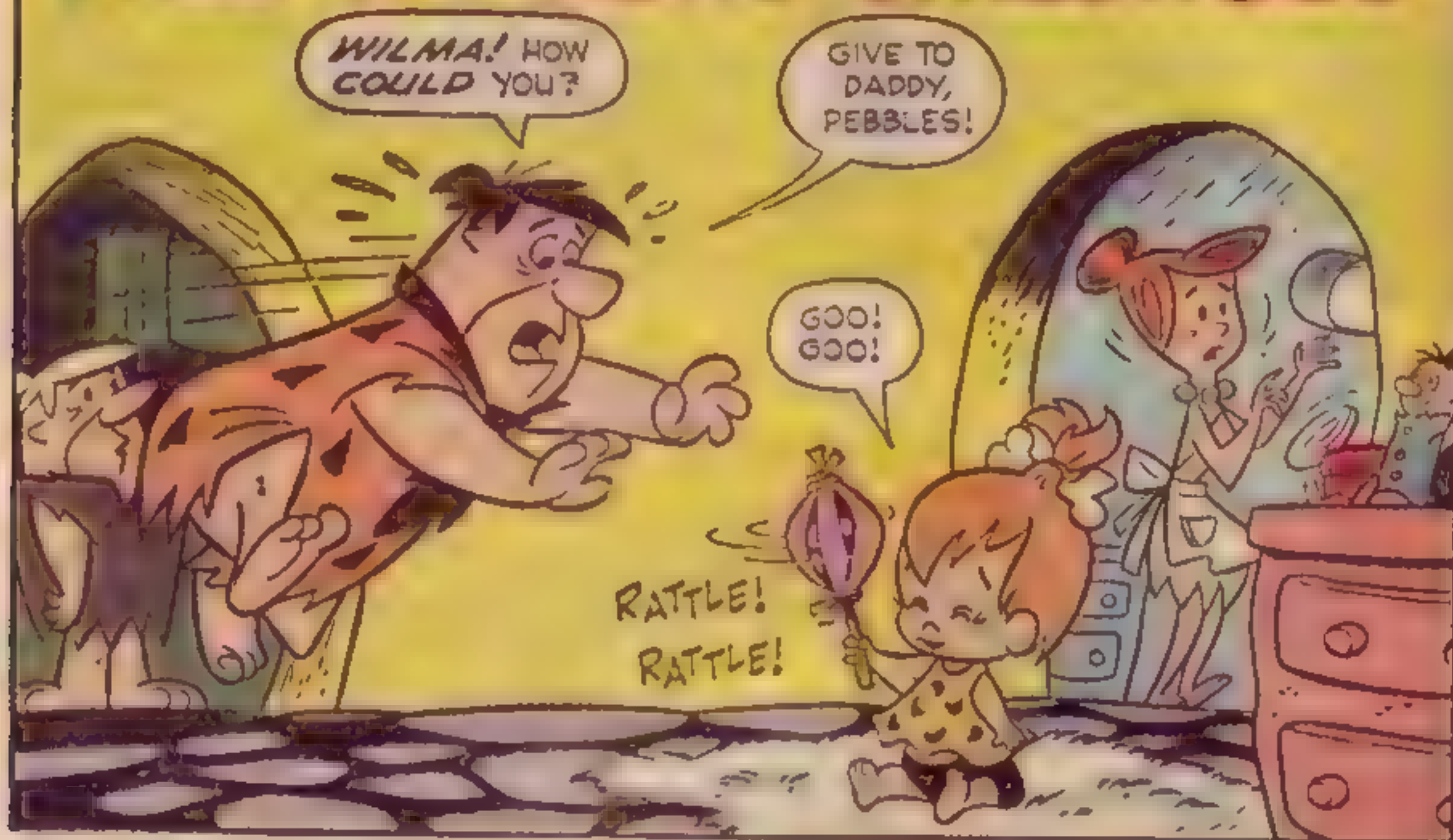


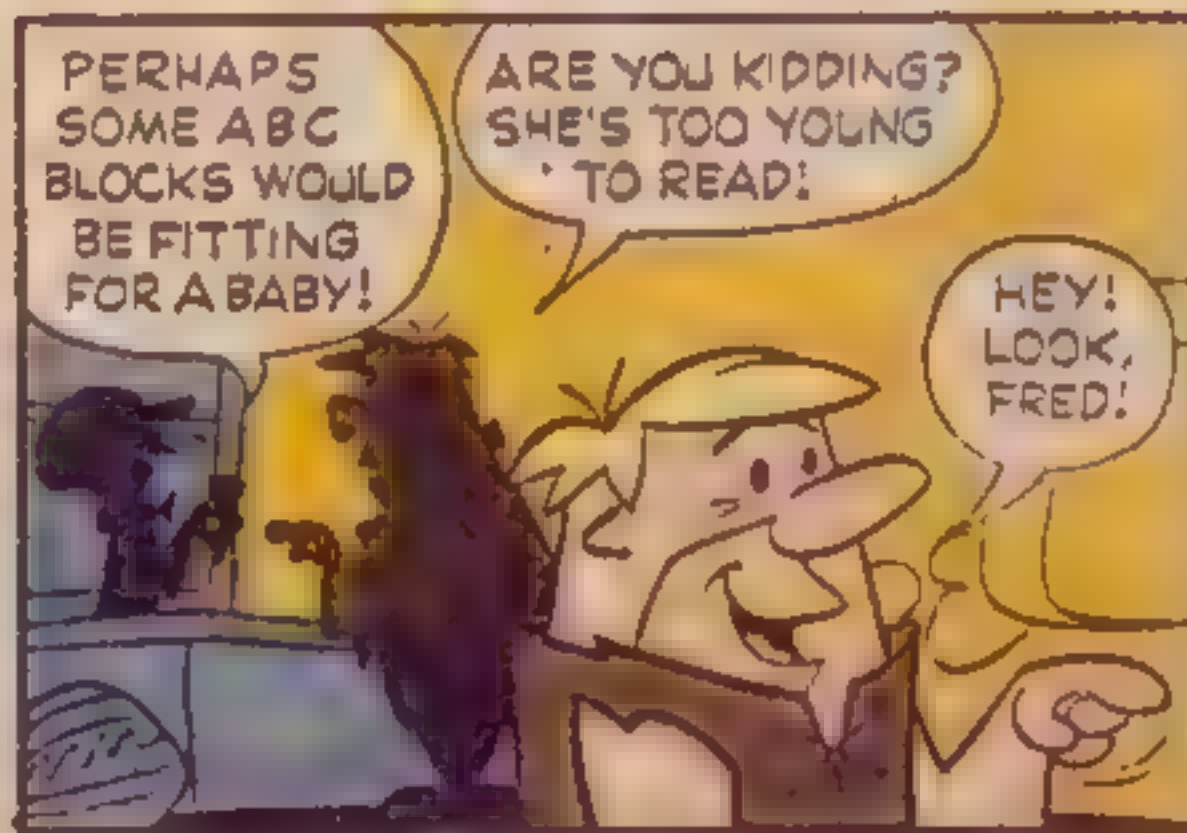
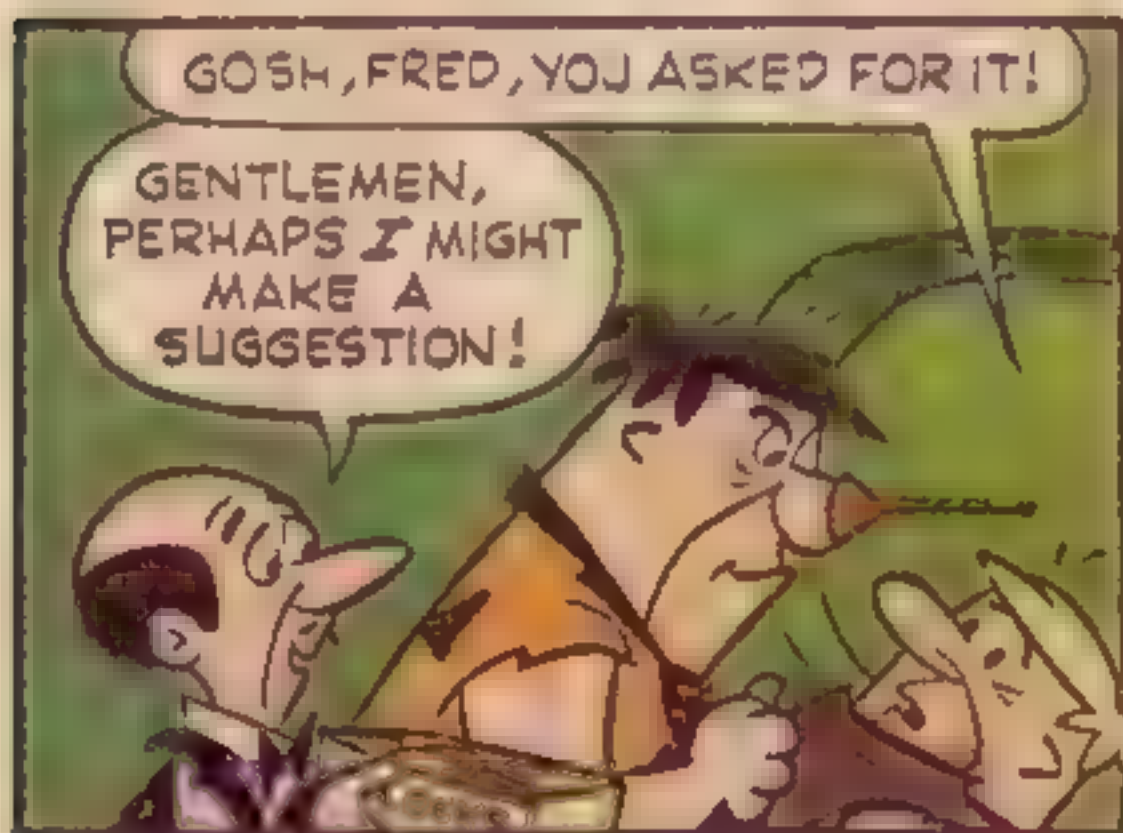
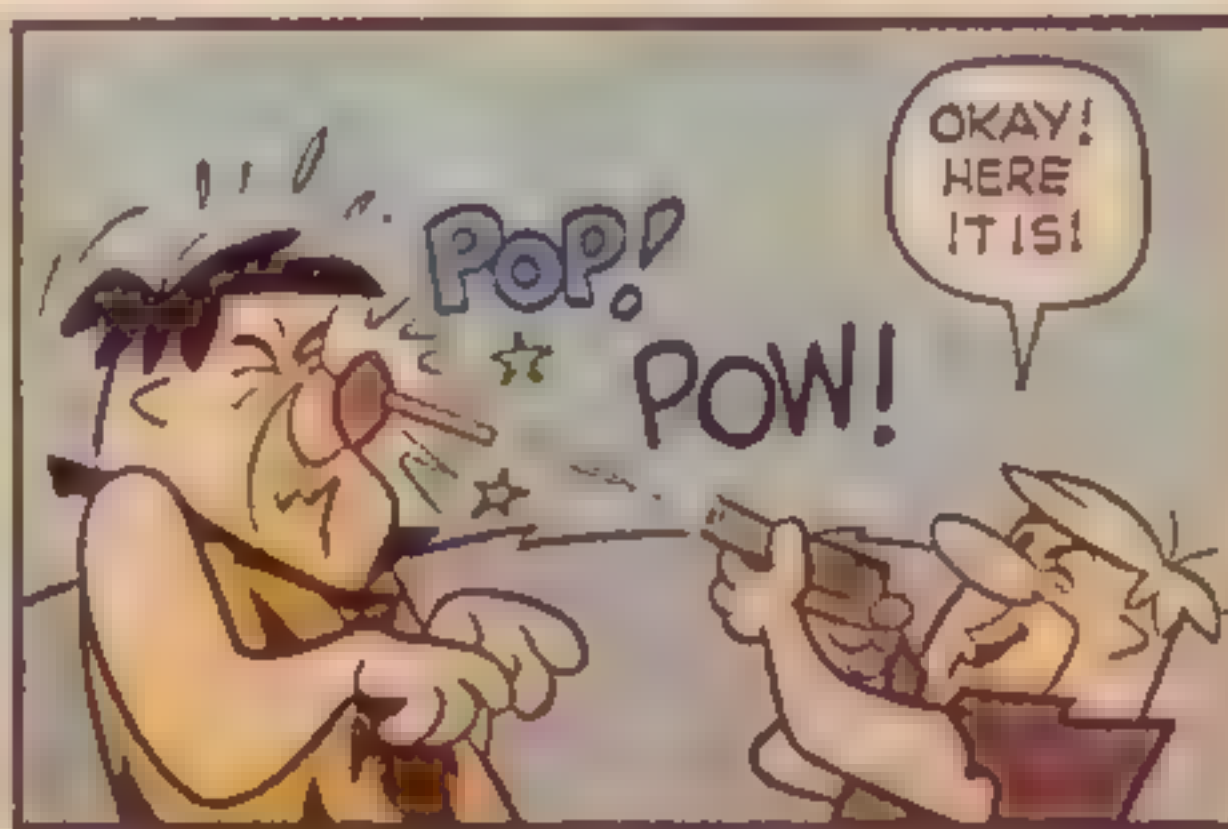
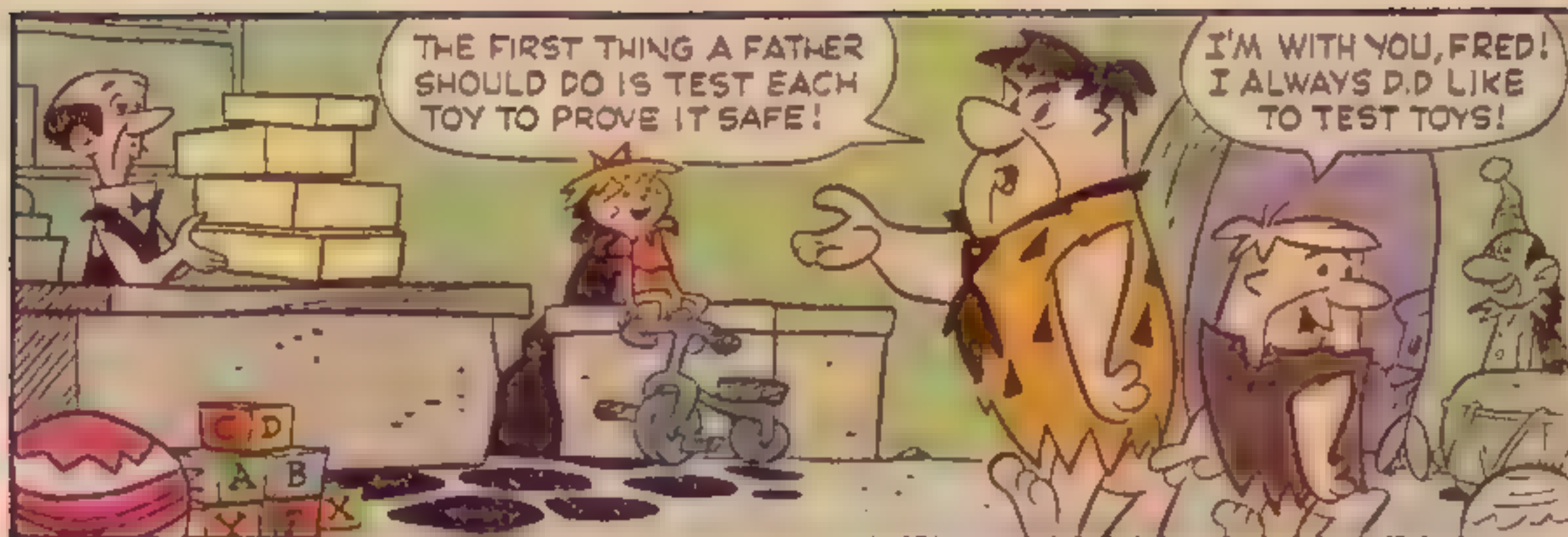
MINUTES LATER...

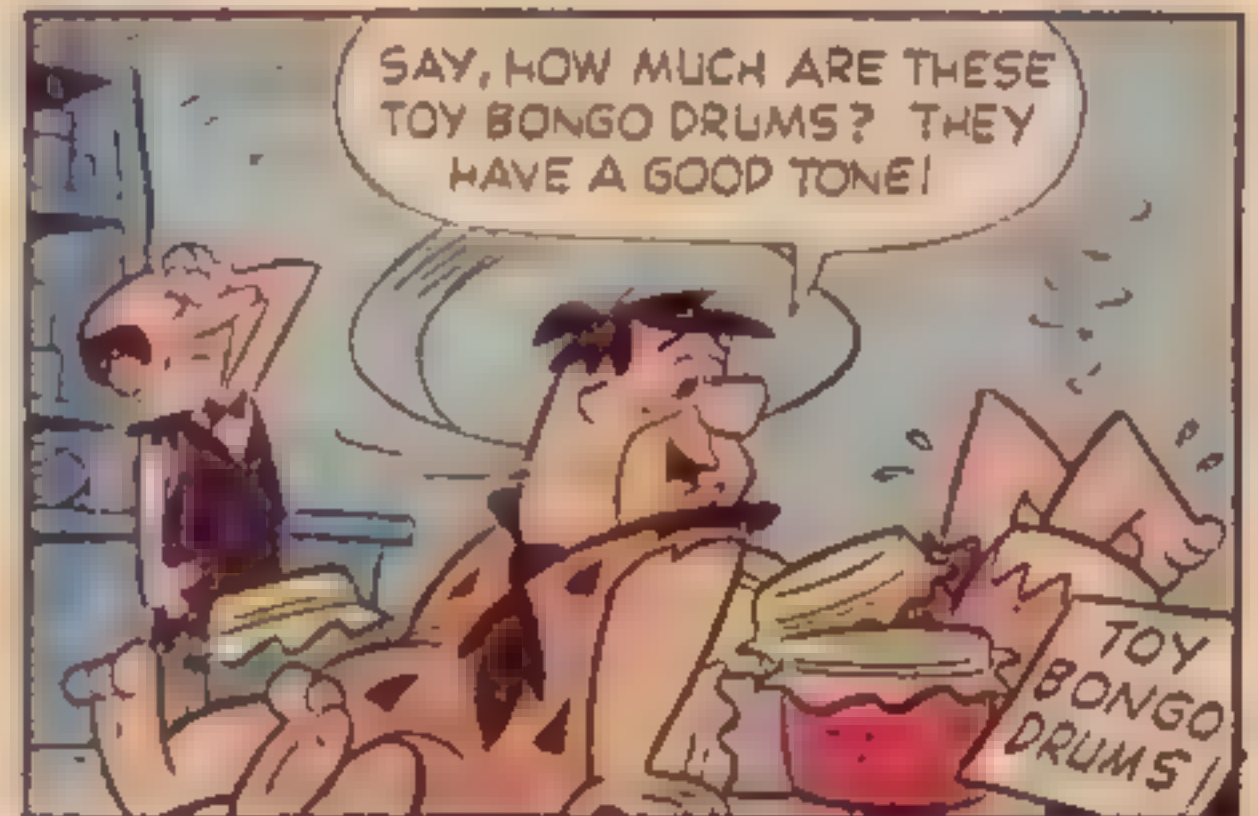
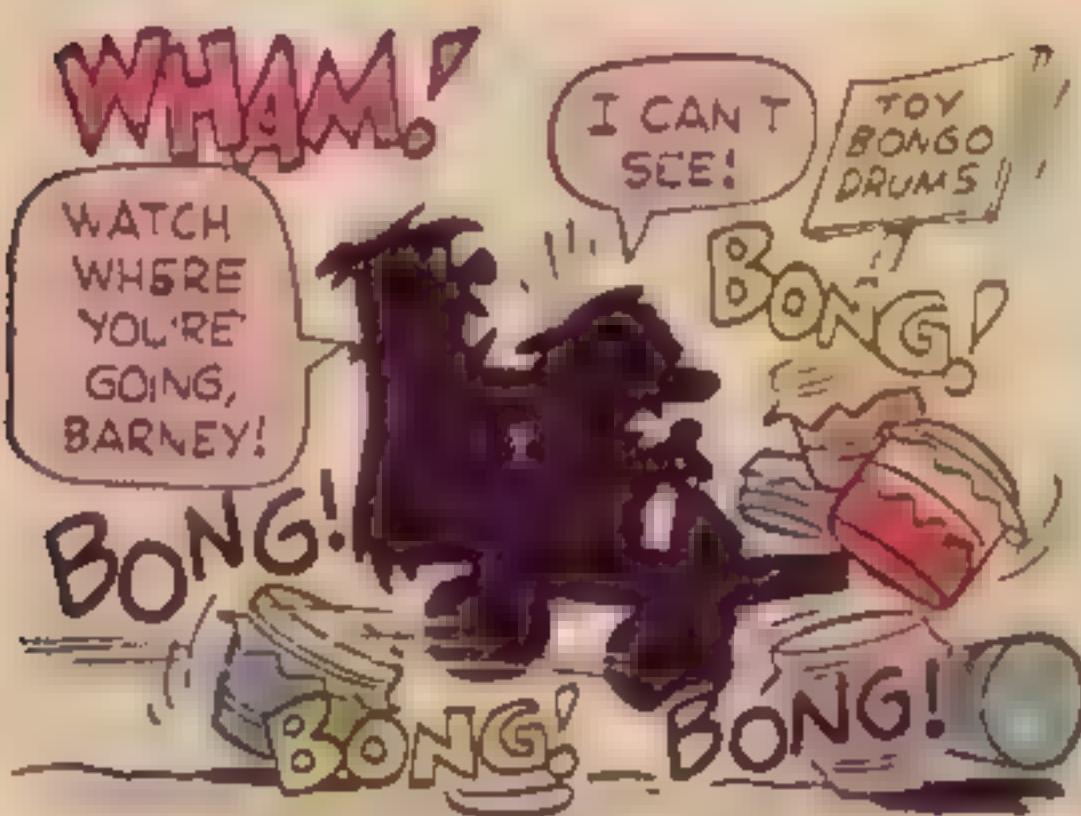
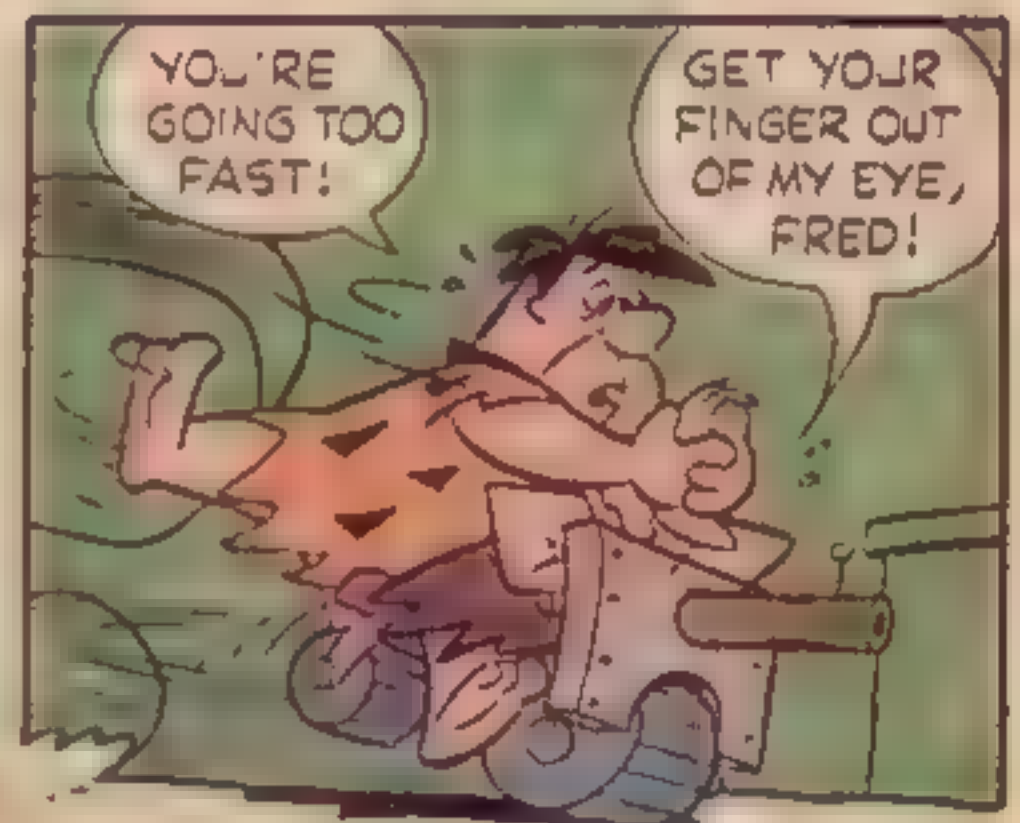
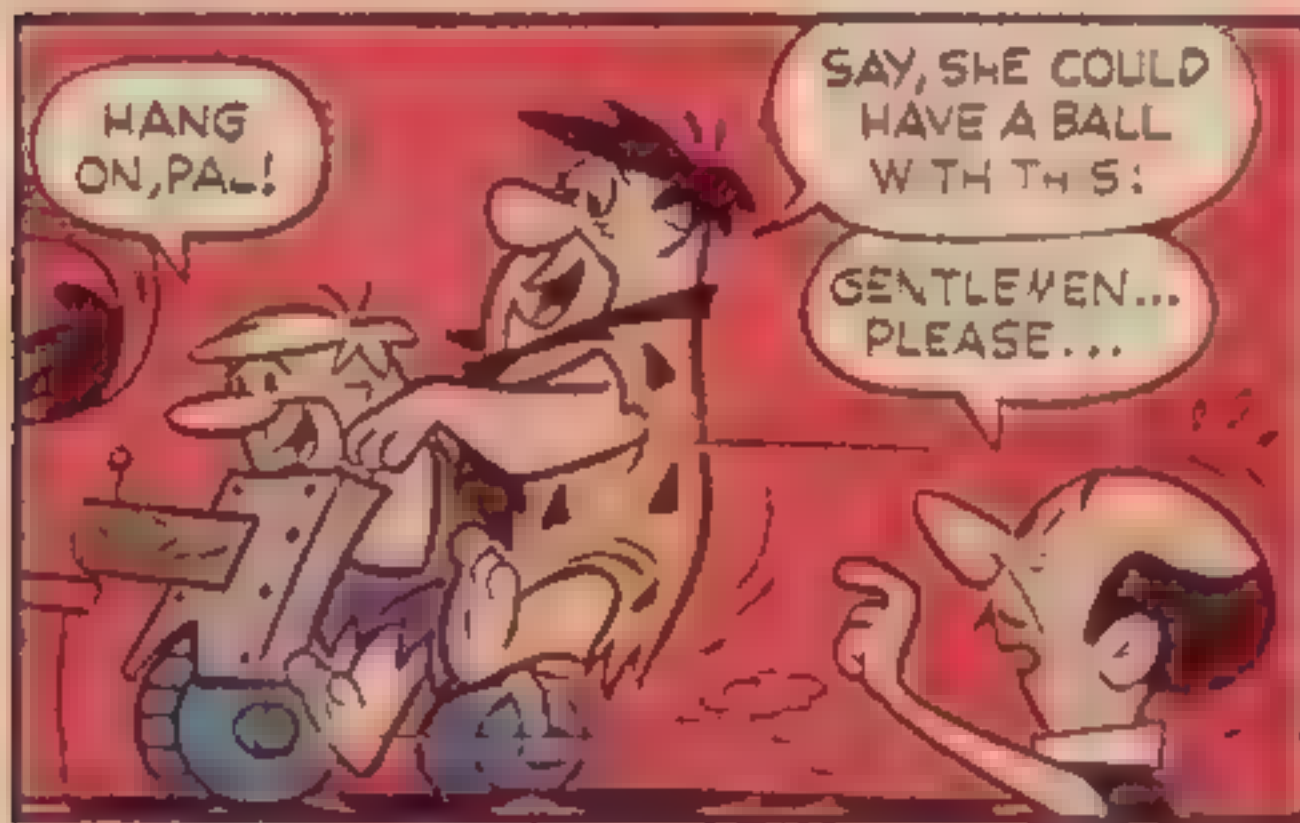
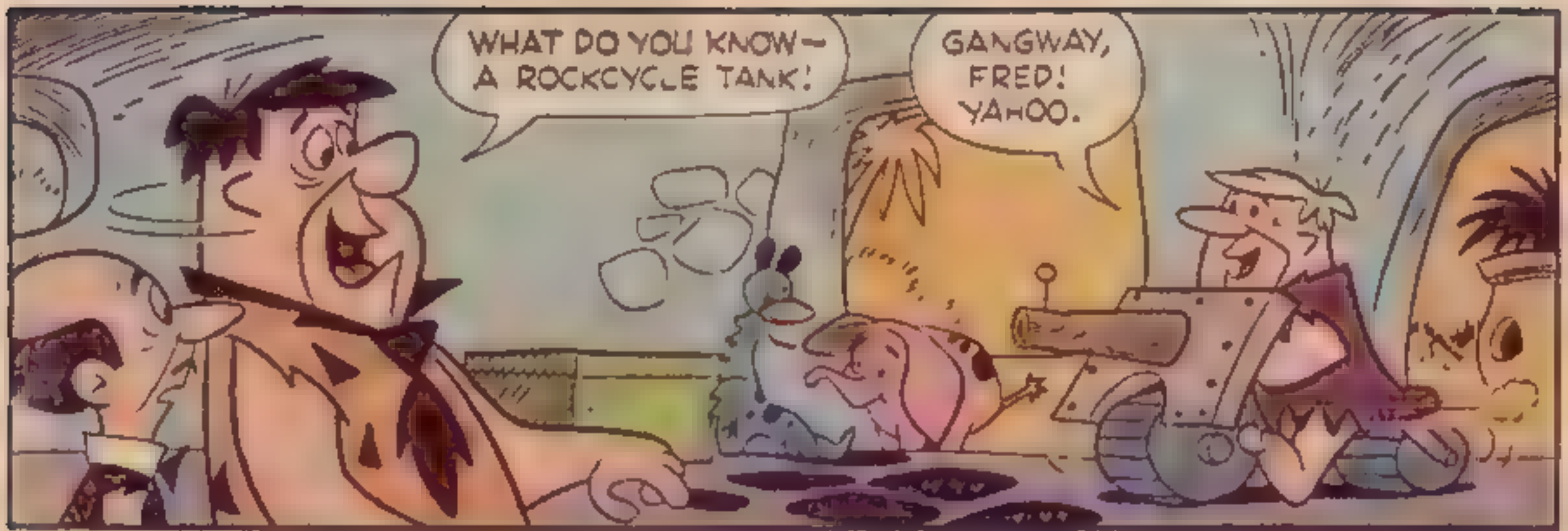


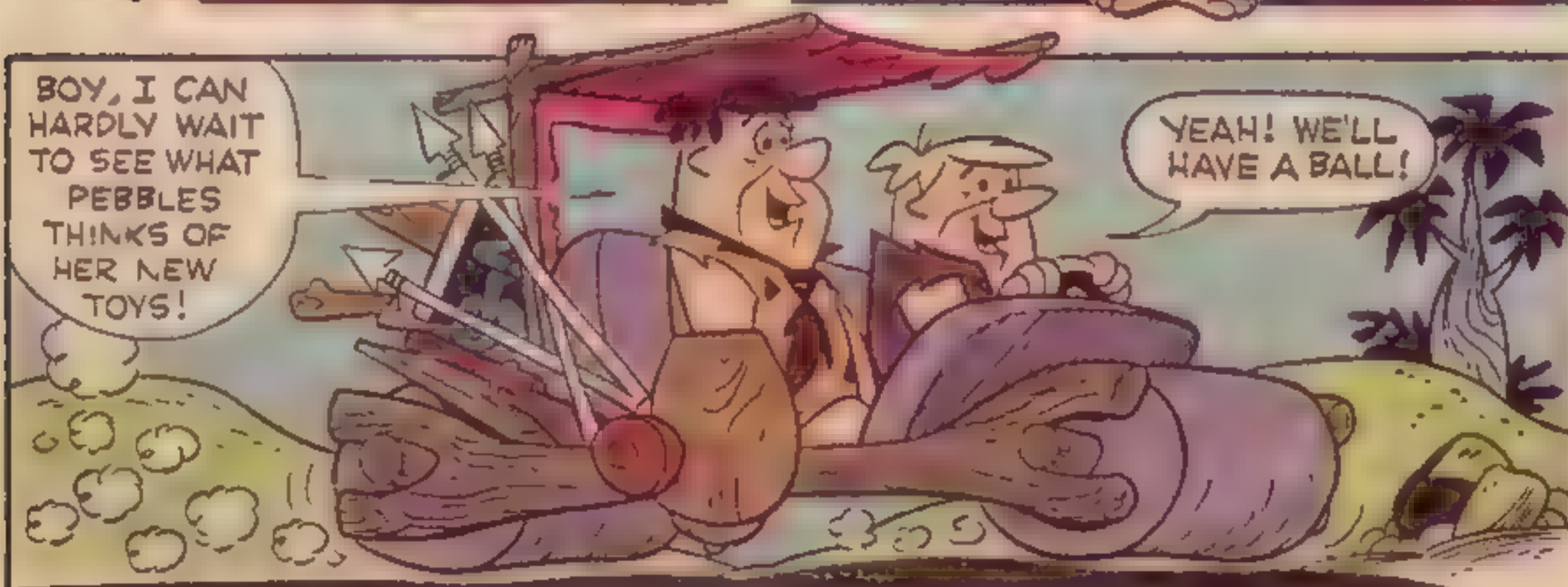
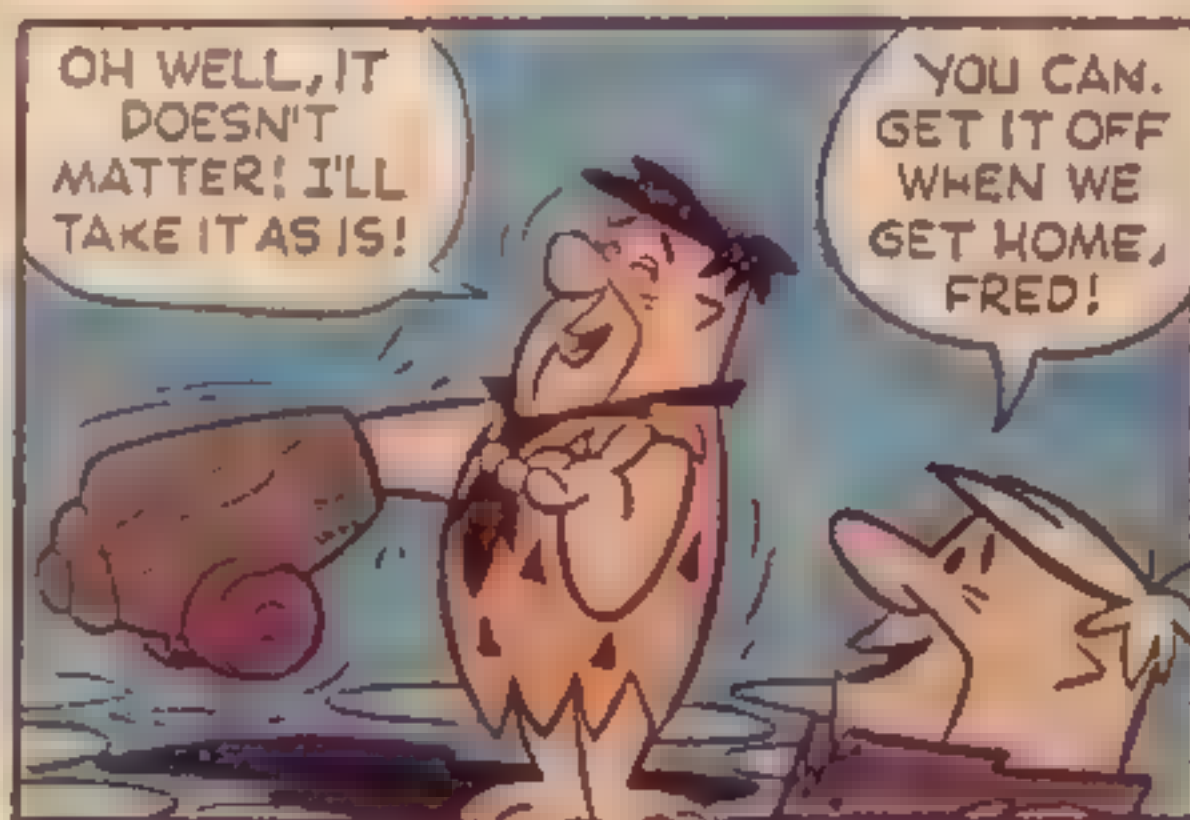
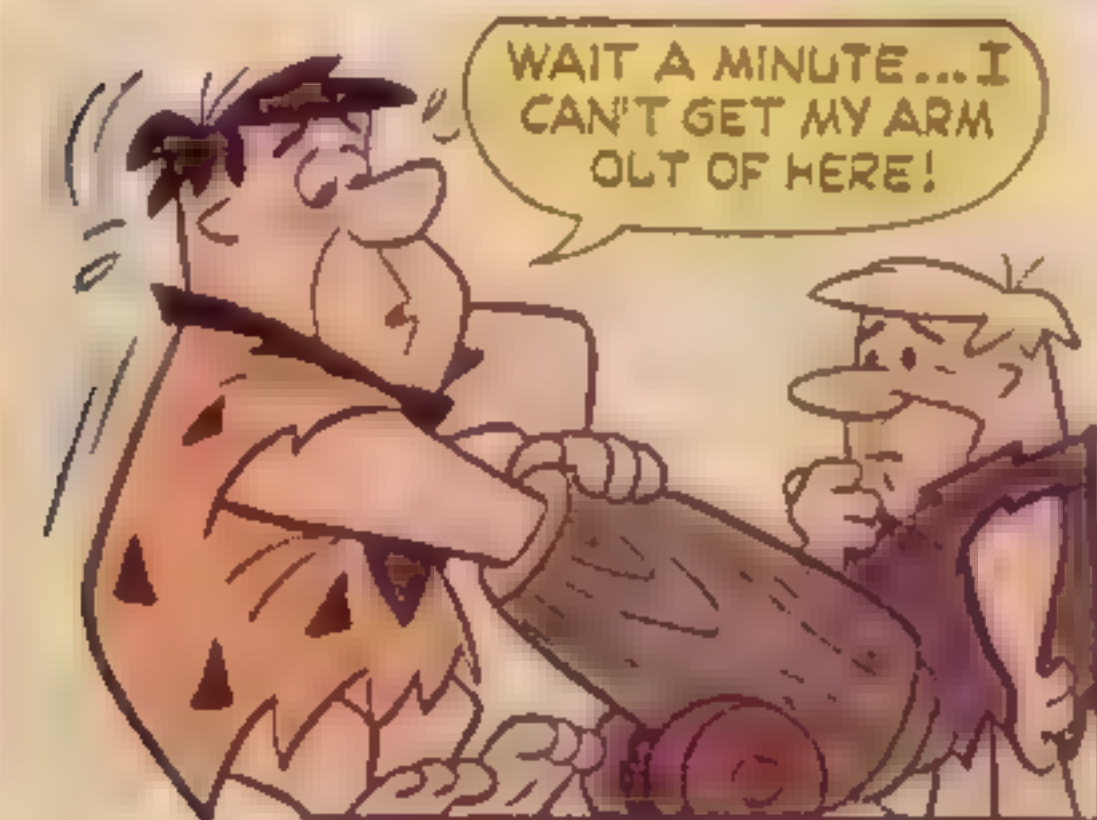
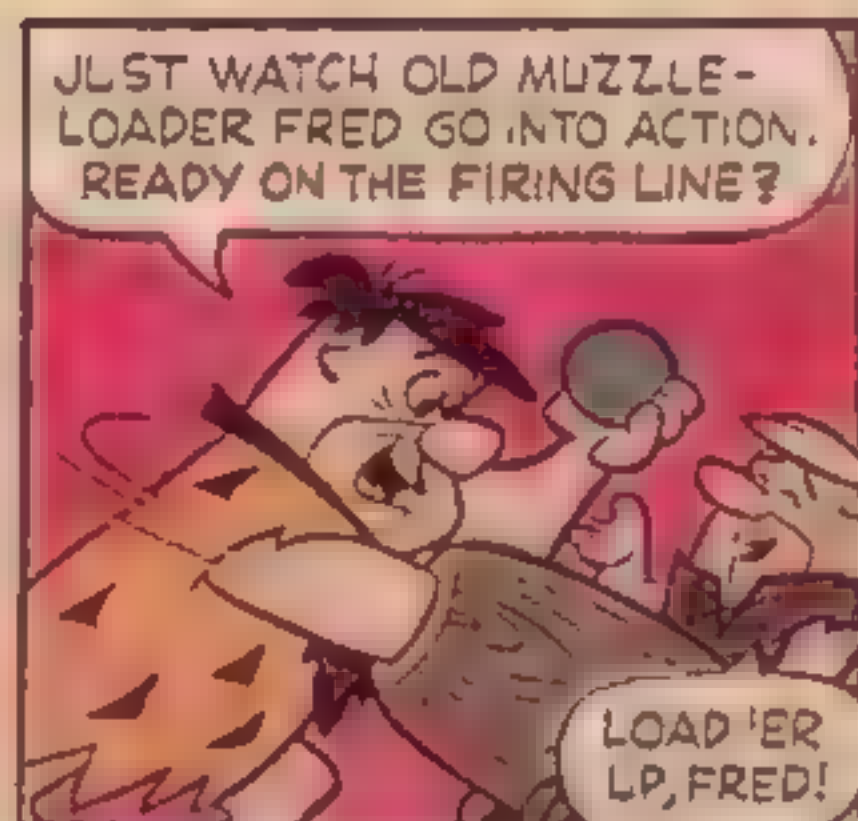
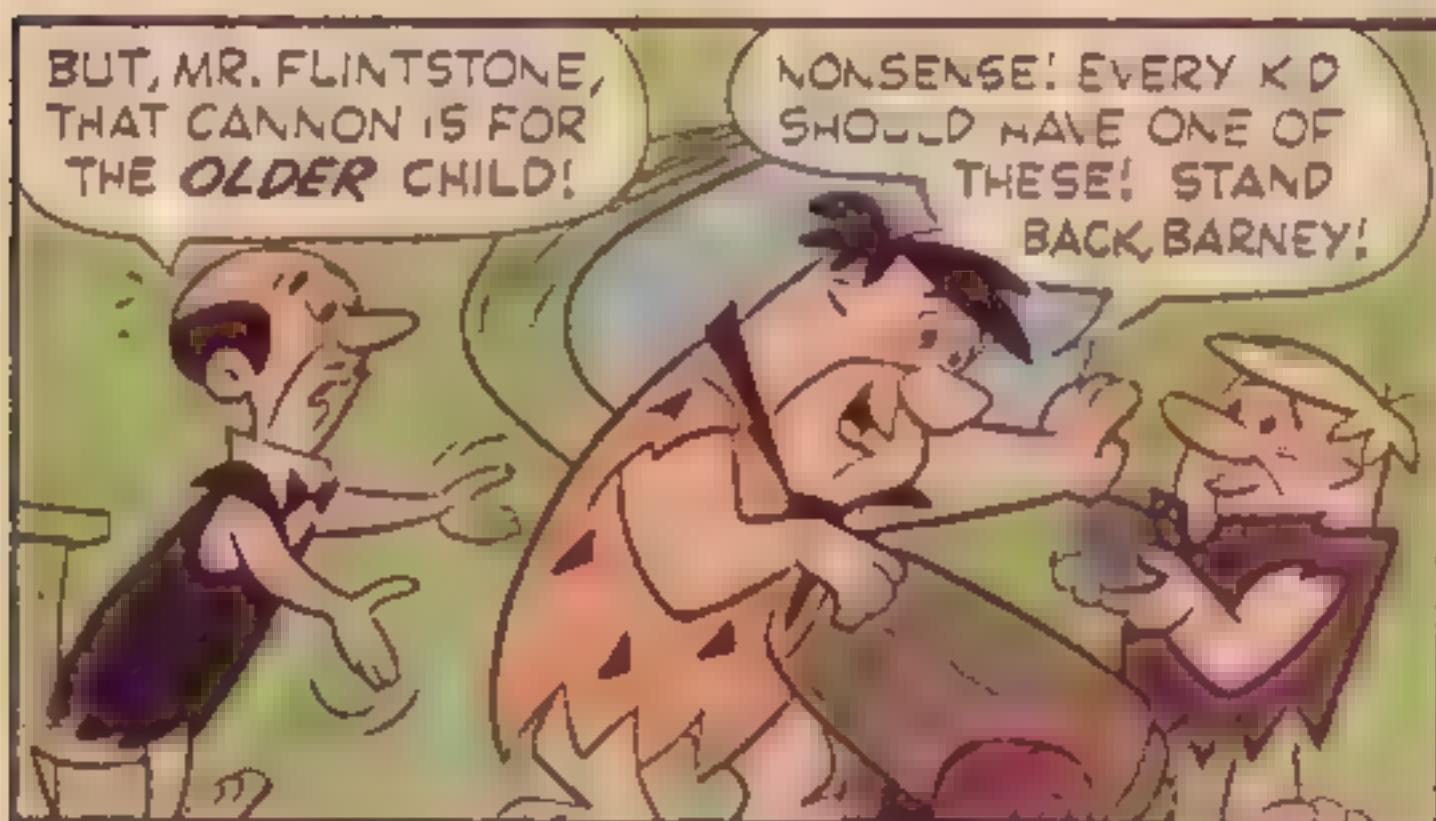
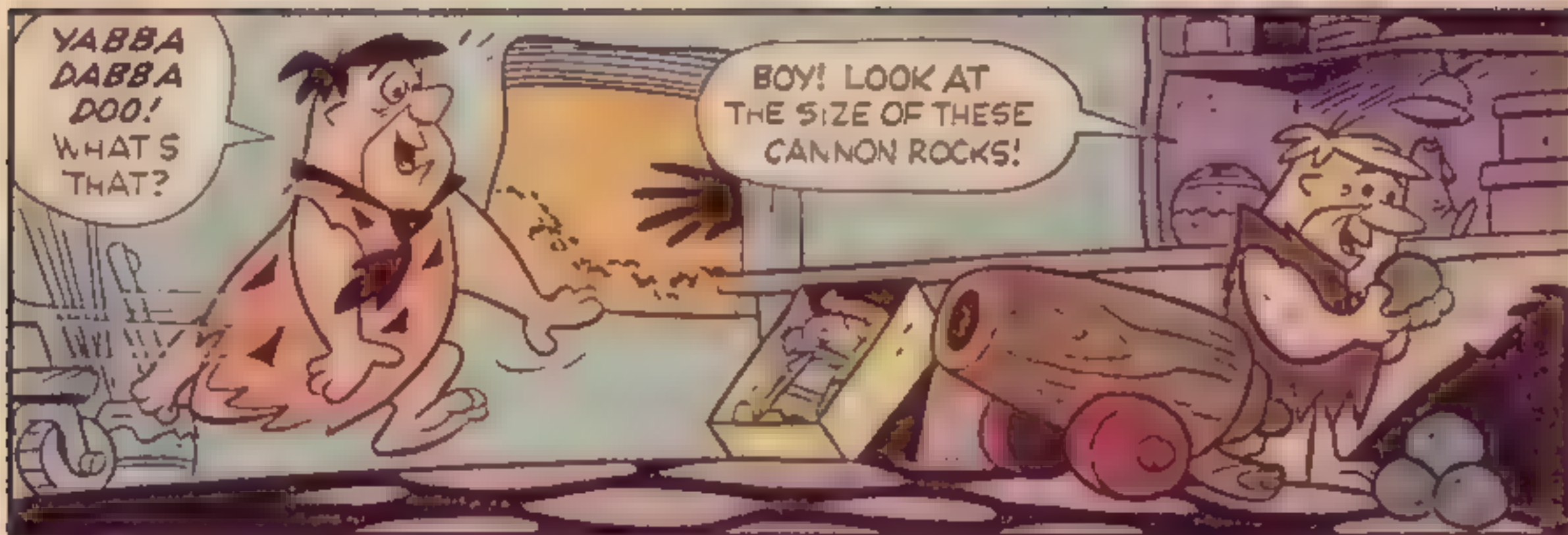
Hanna-Barbara THE FLINTSTONES

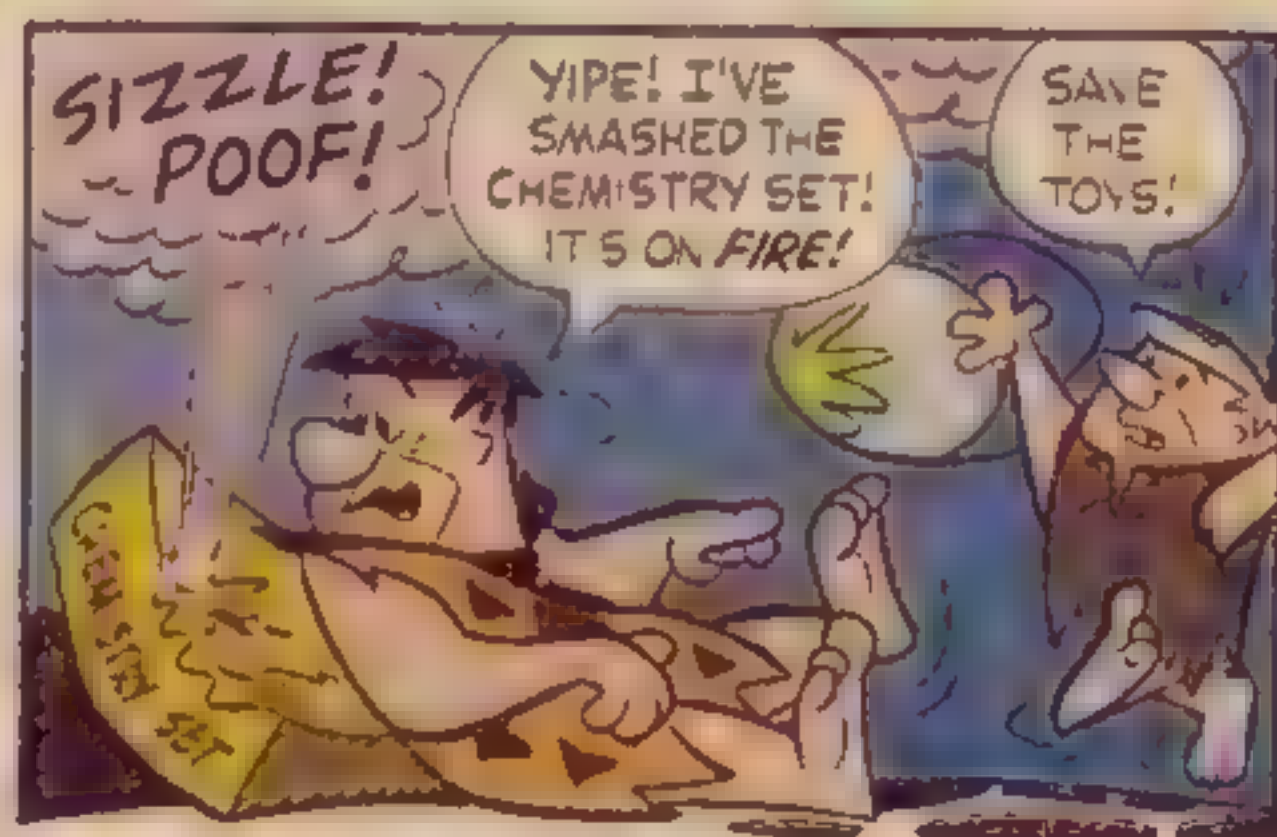
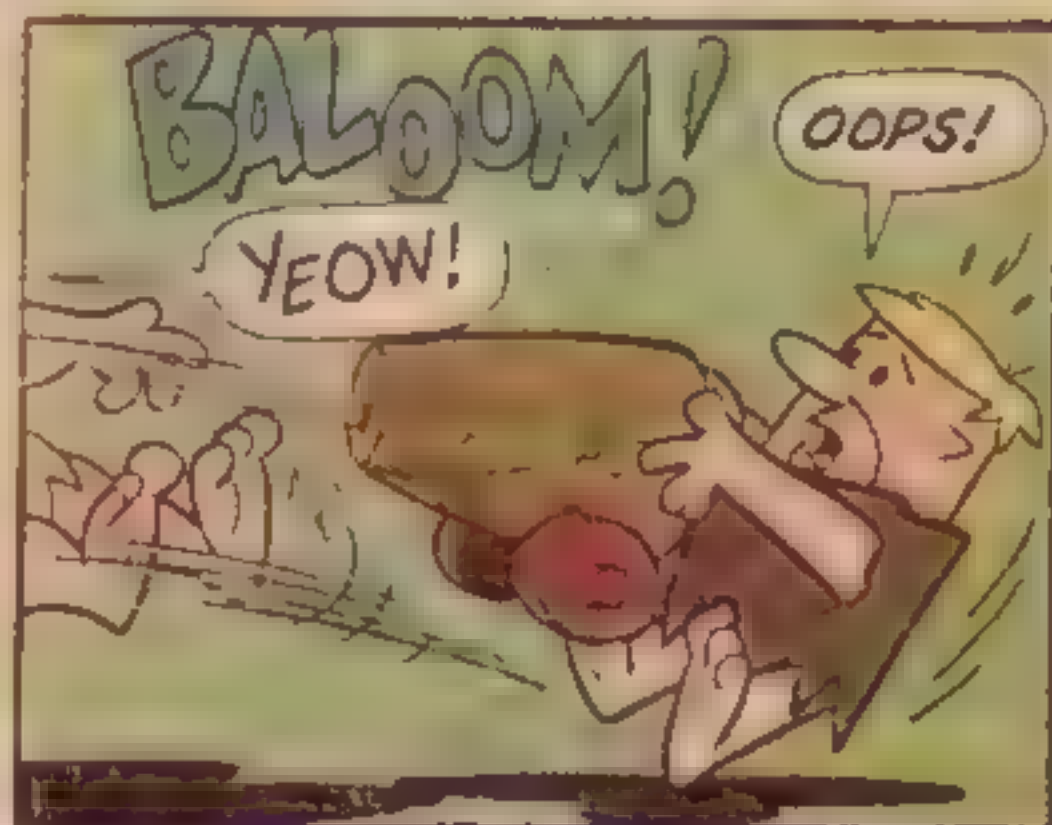
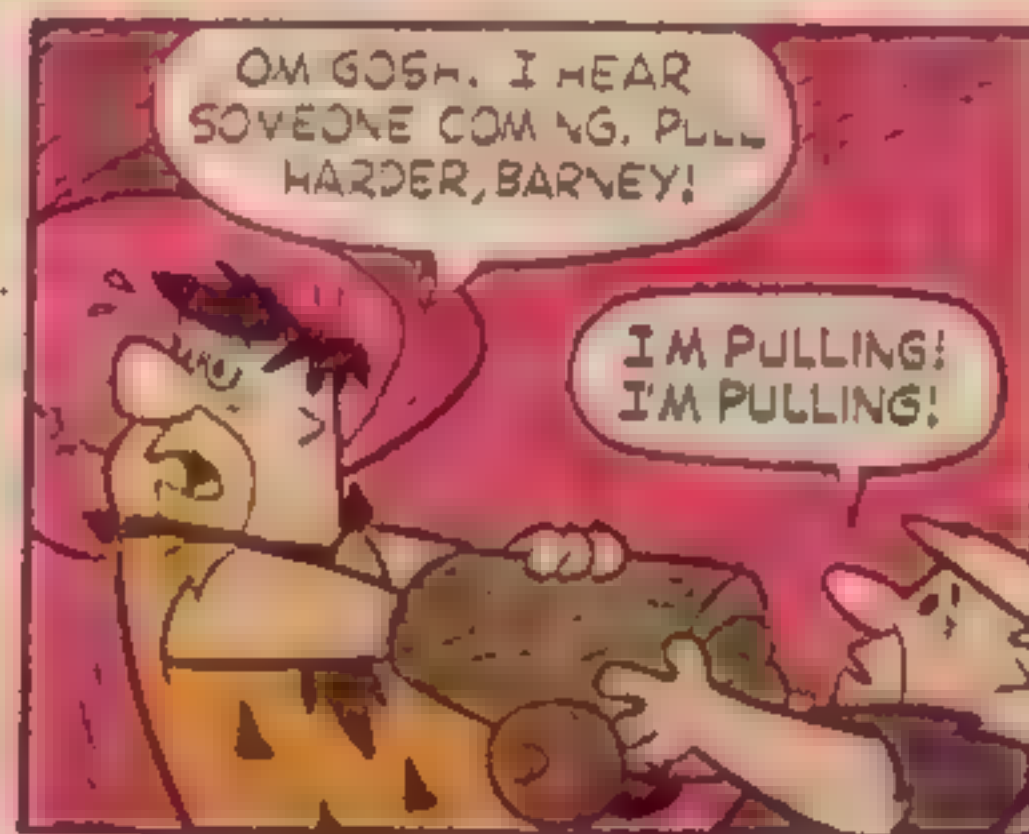
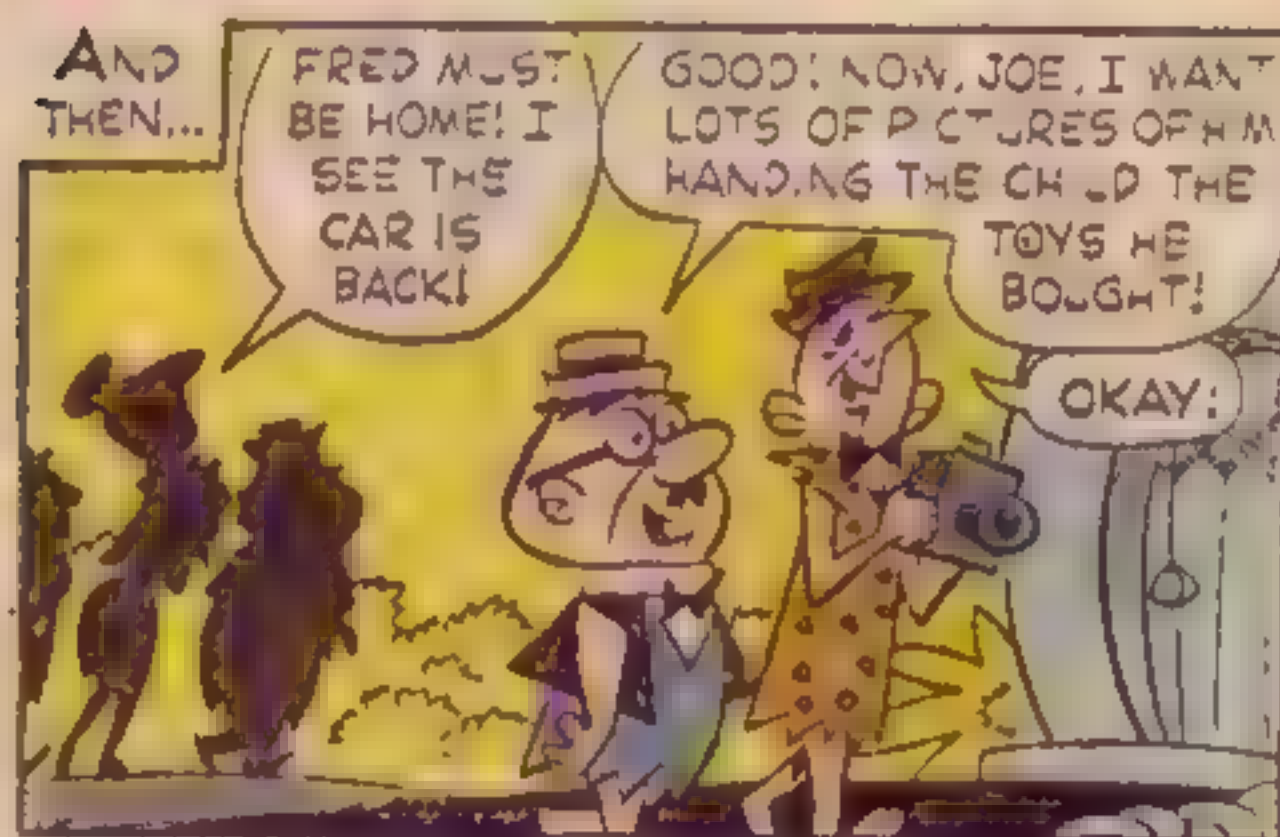
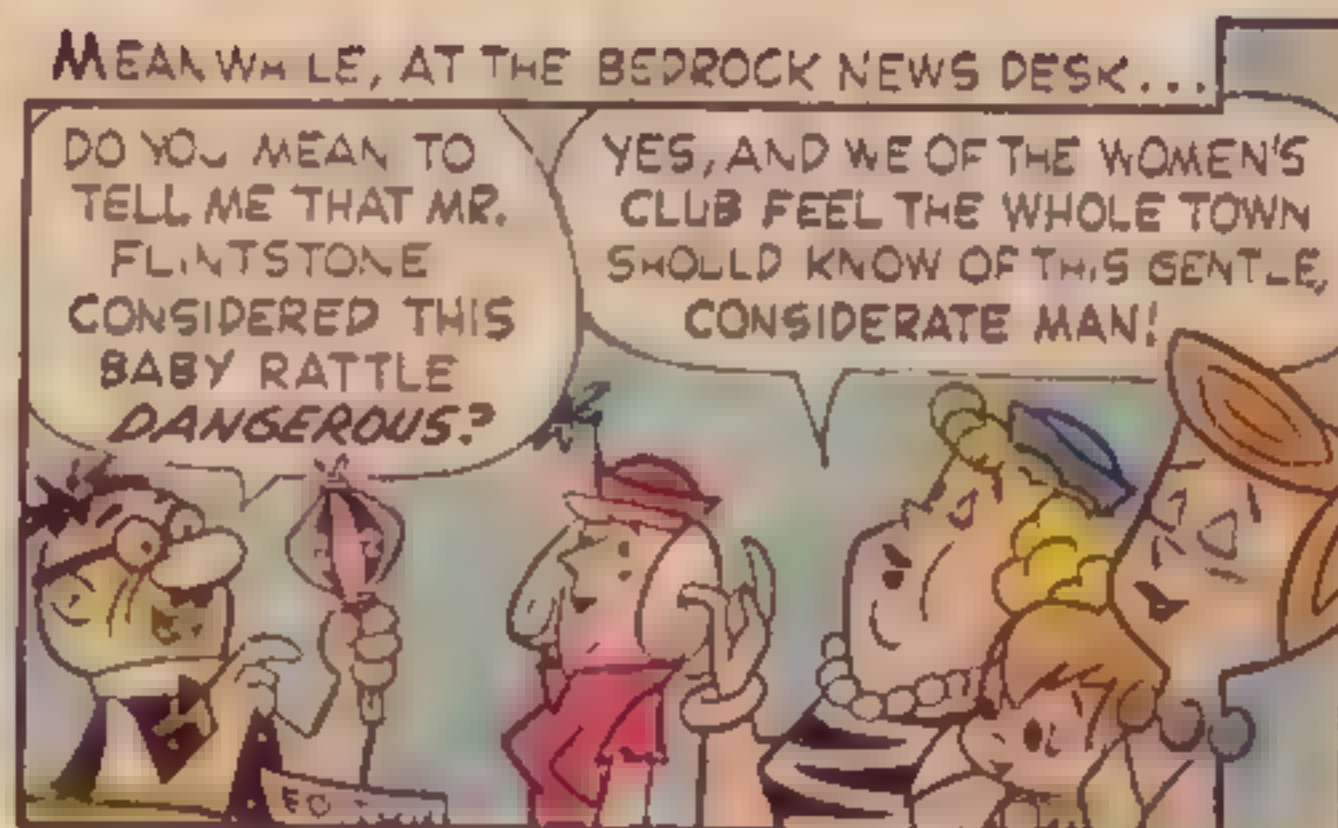
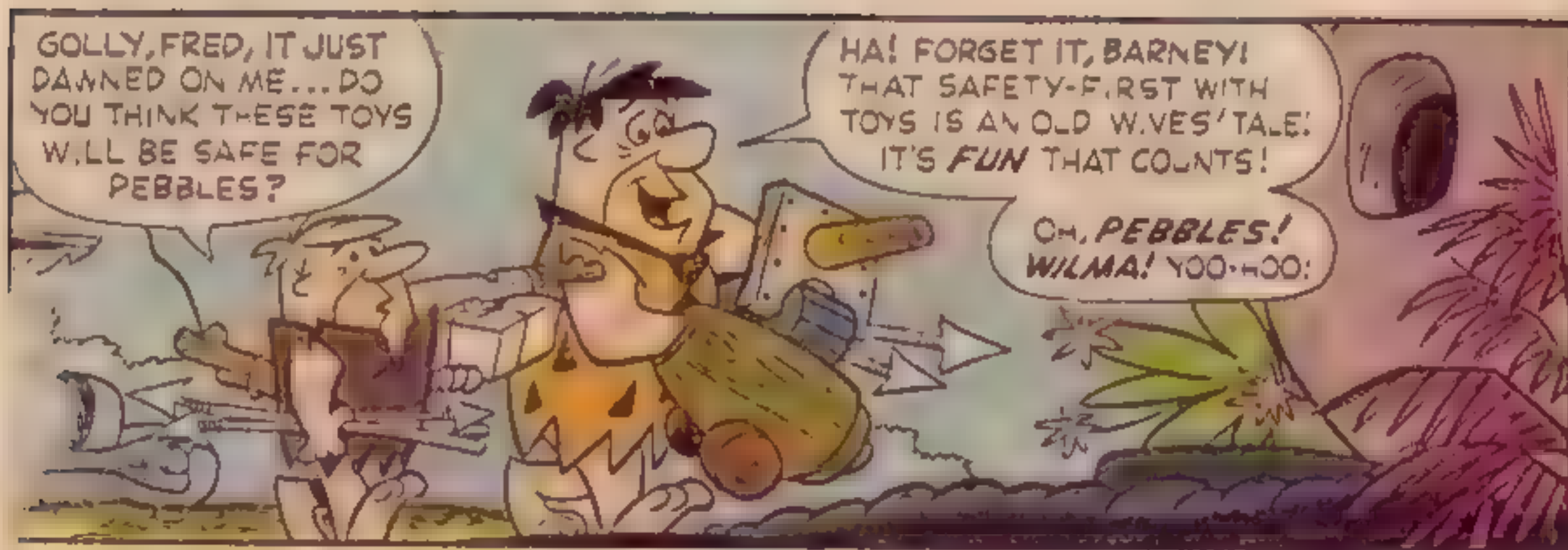
FRED'S SECOND CHILDHOOD

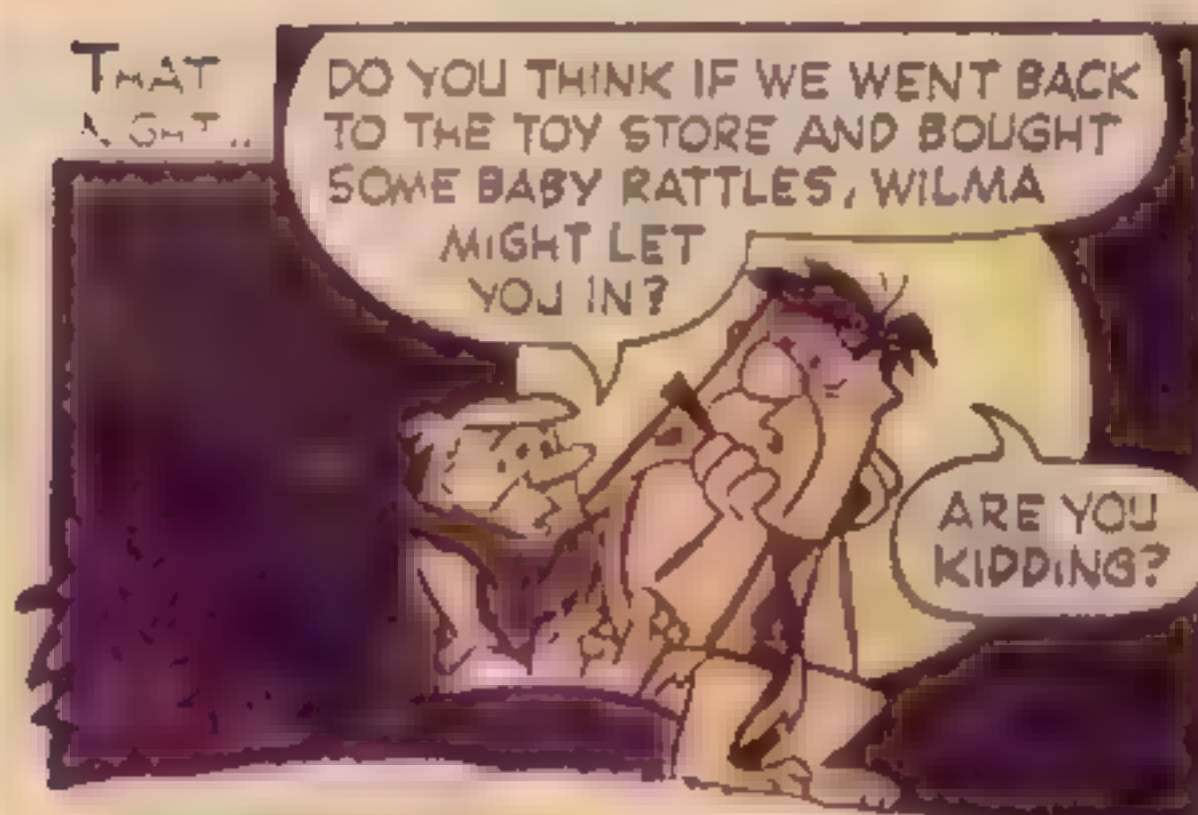
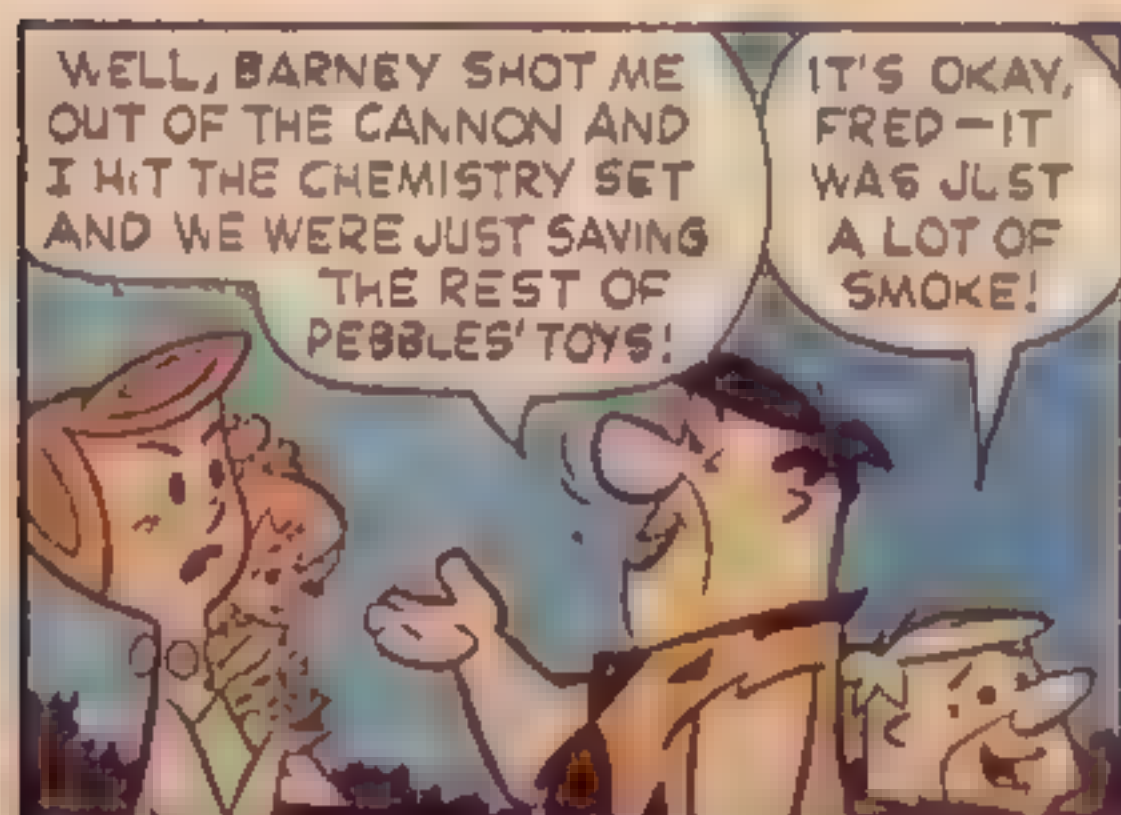
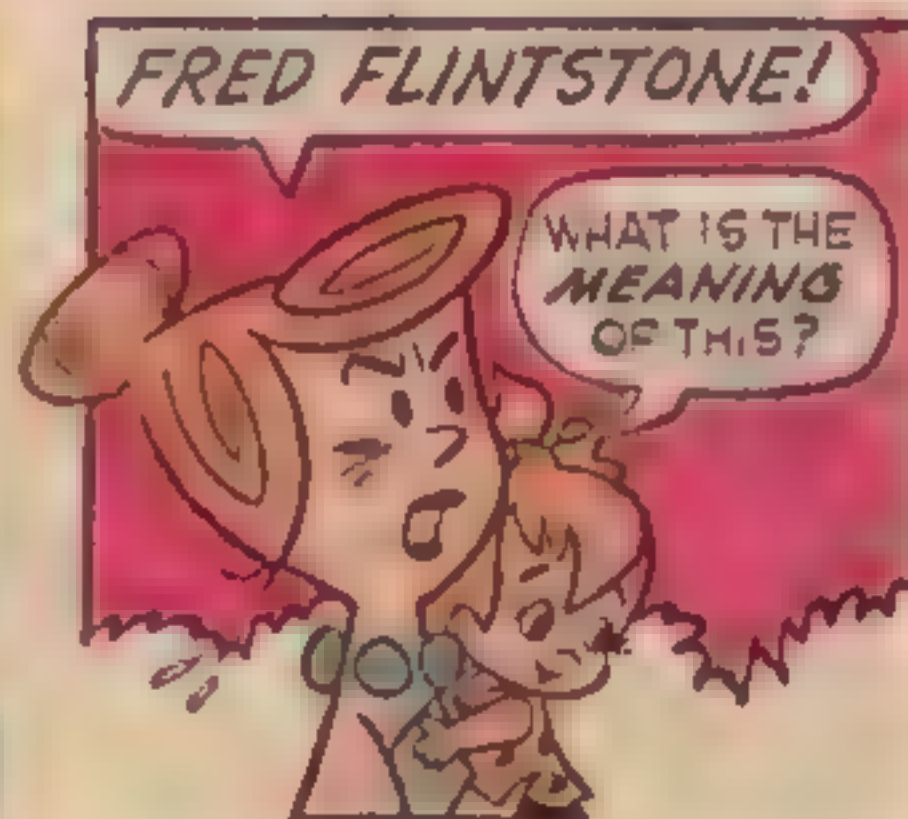
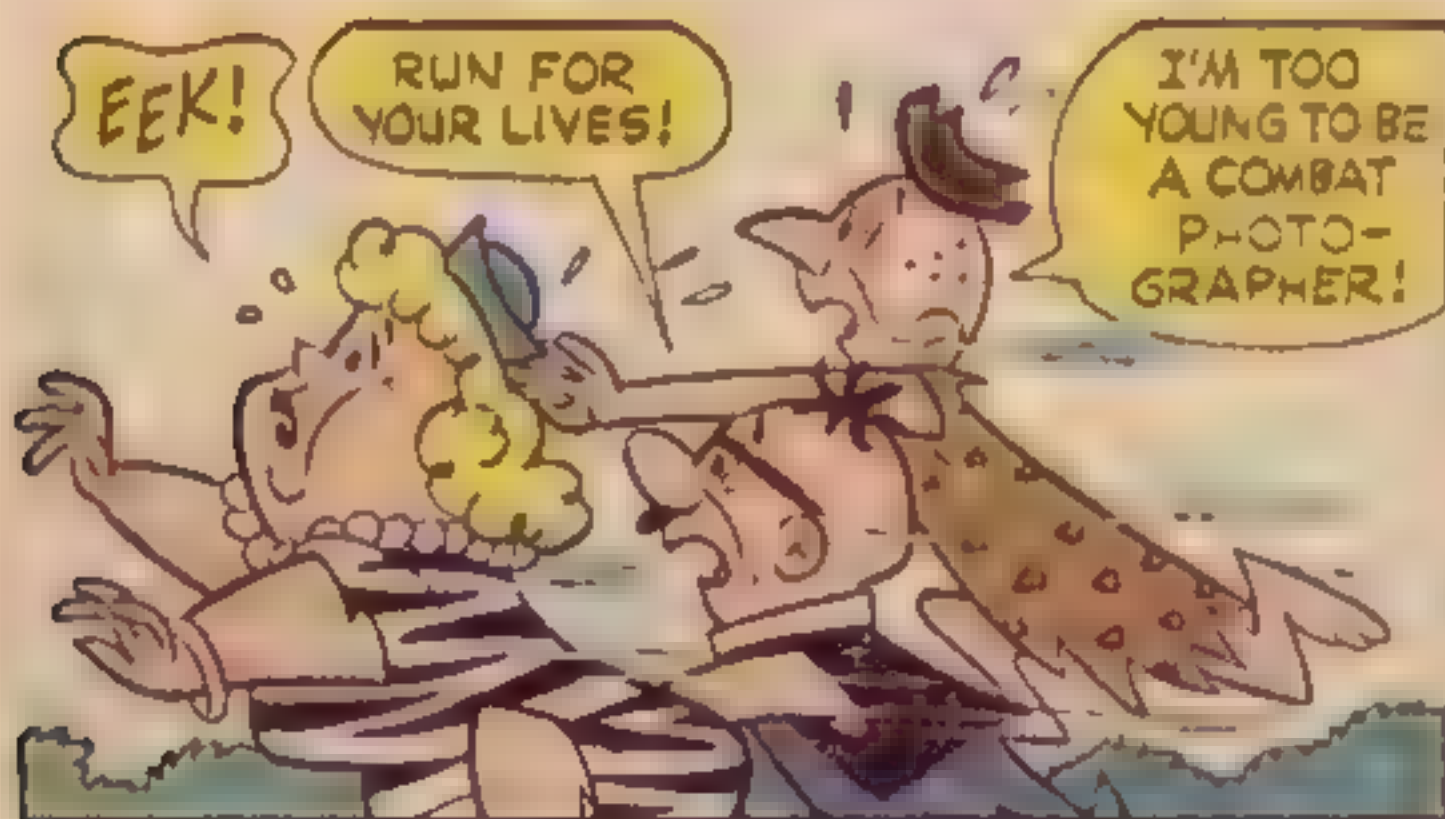
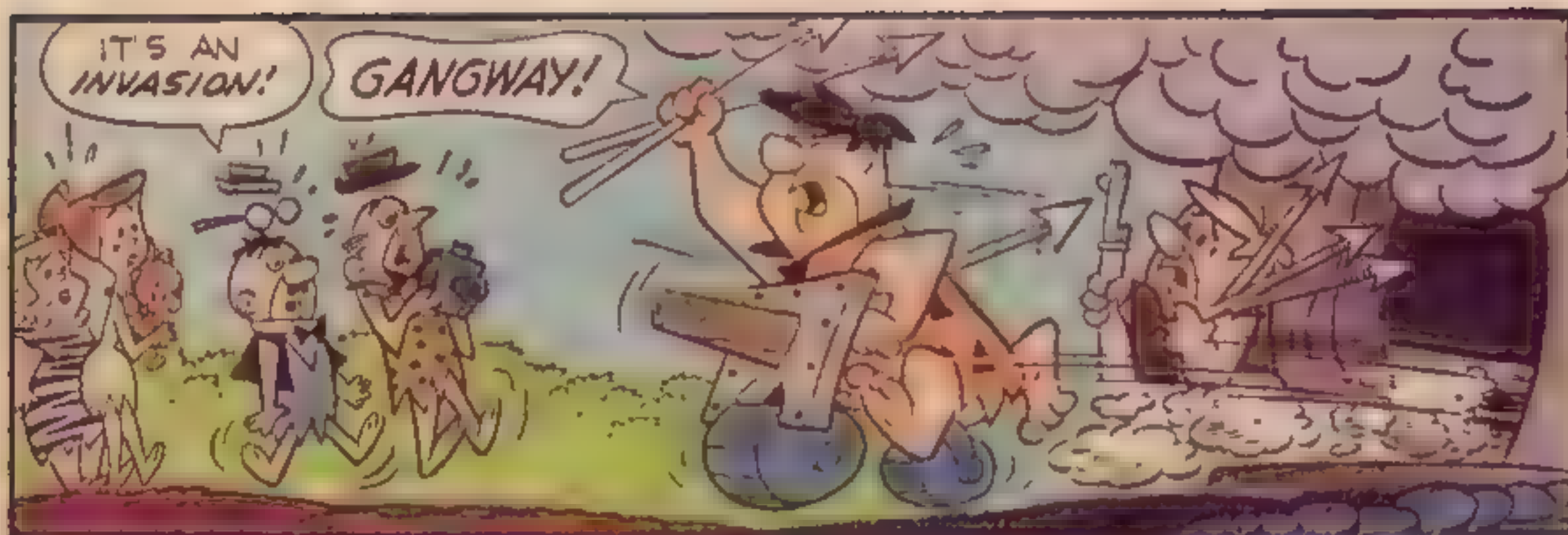








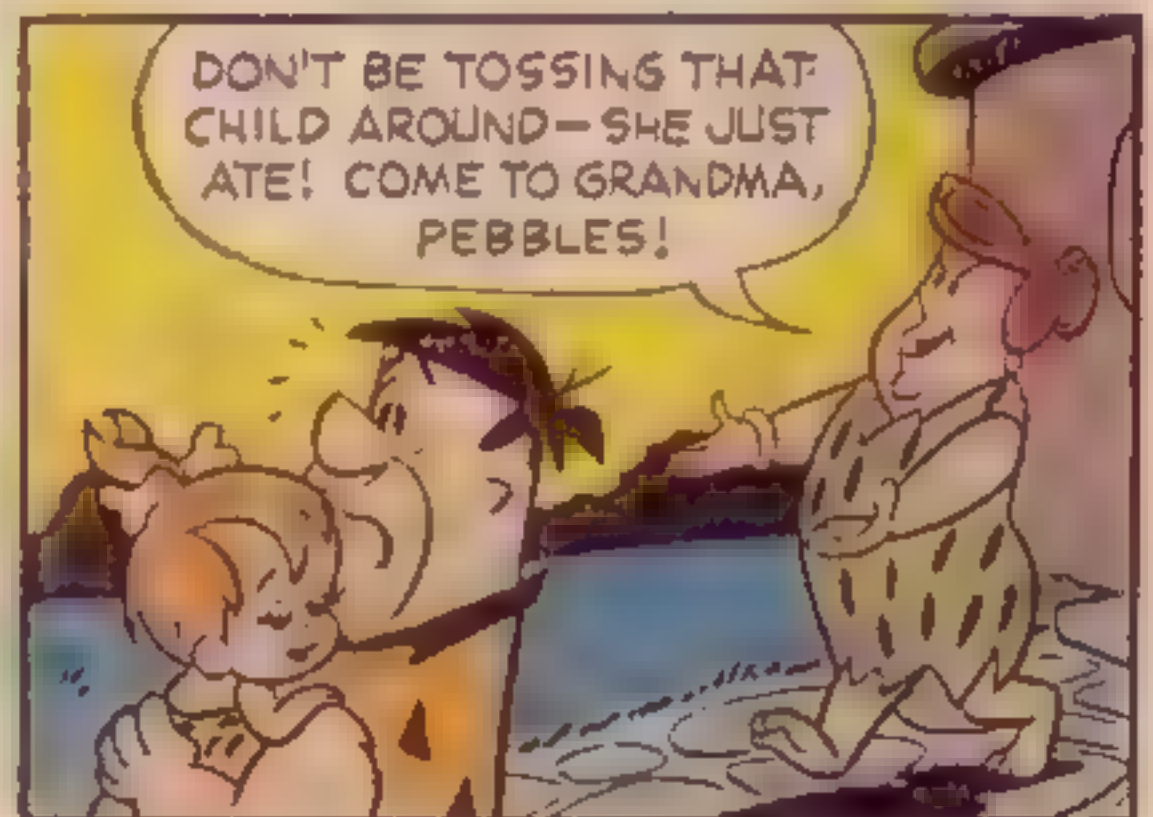
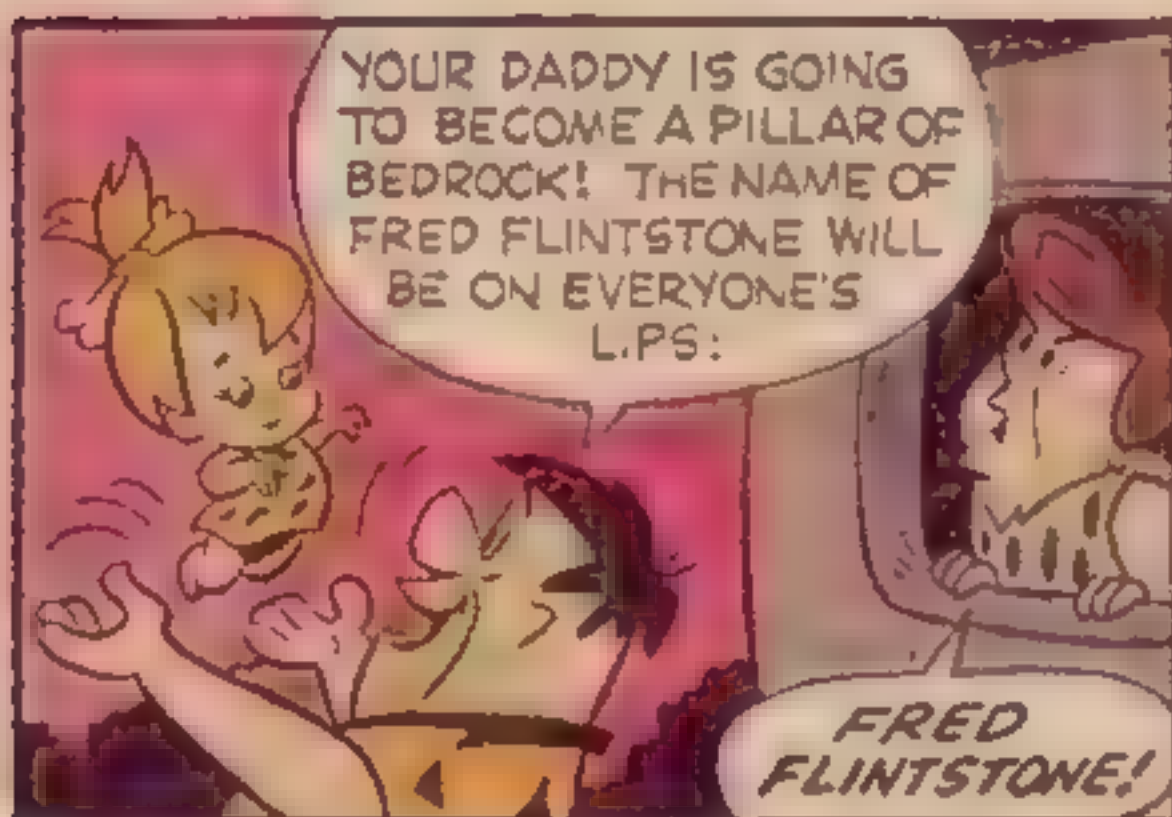
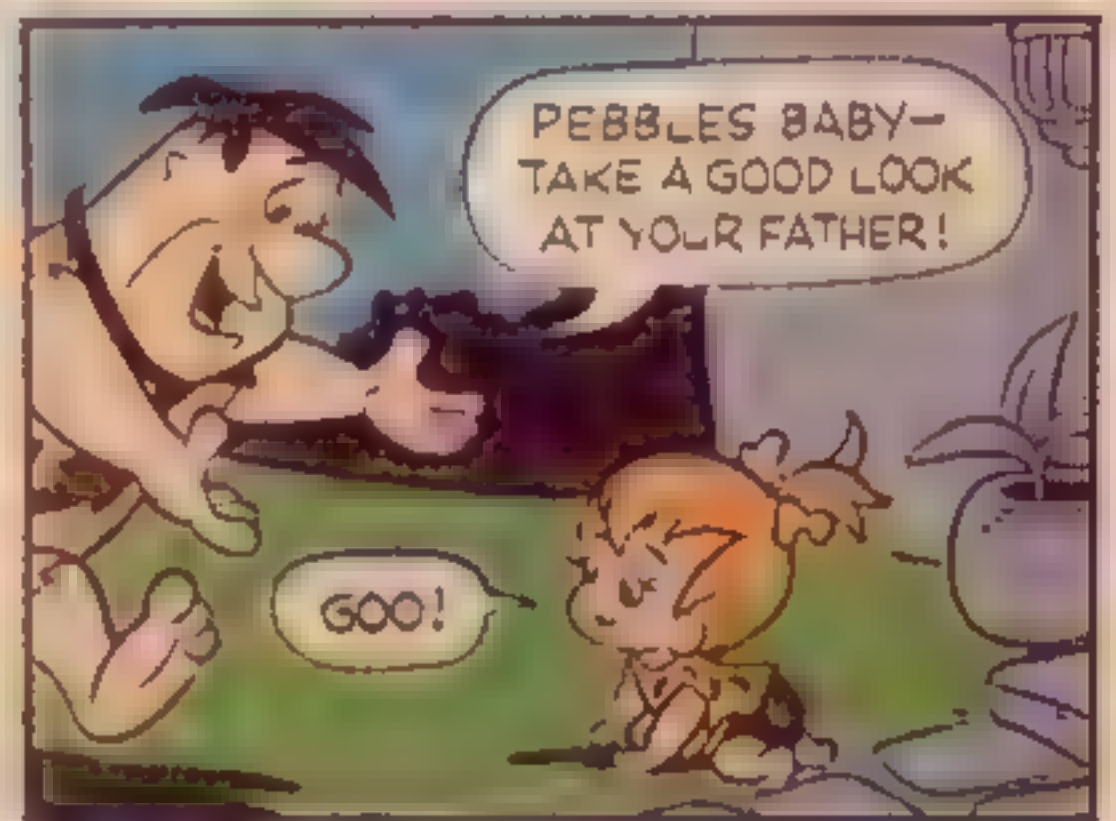
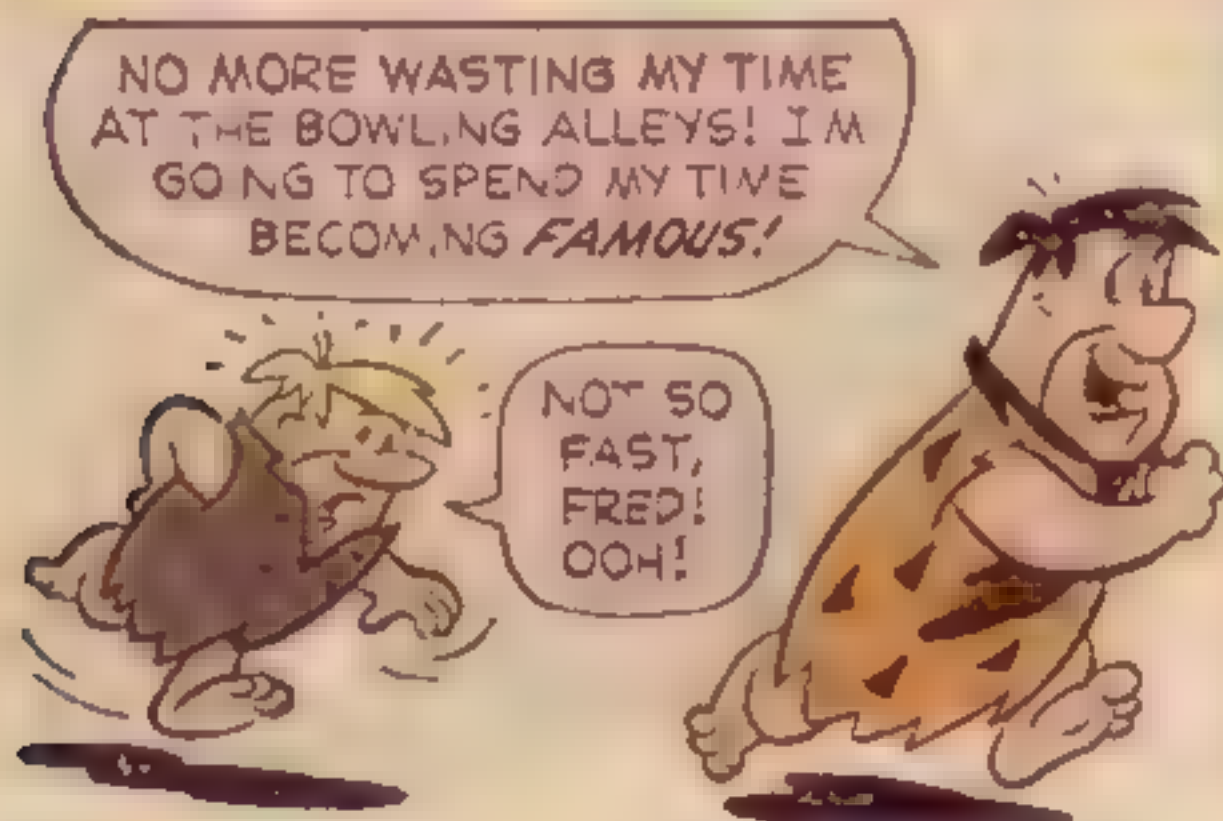




Hanna Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

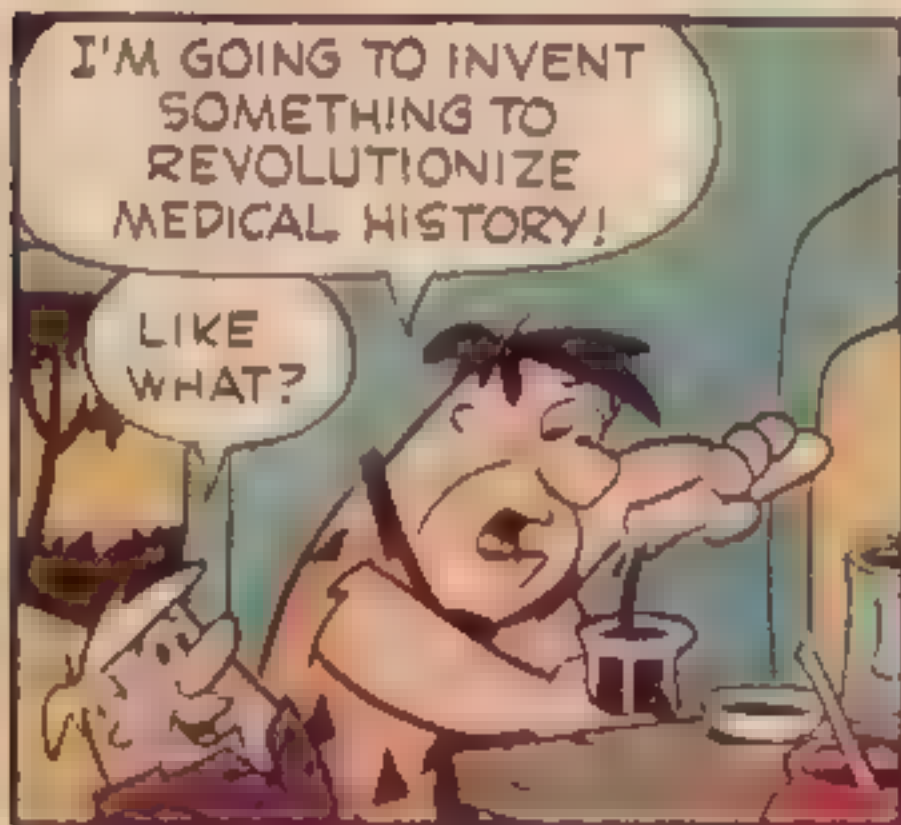
THERE'S THE EASY WAY — AND THEN THERE'S FRED'S WAY





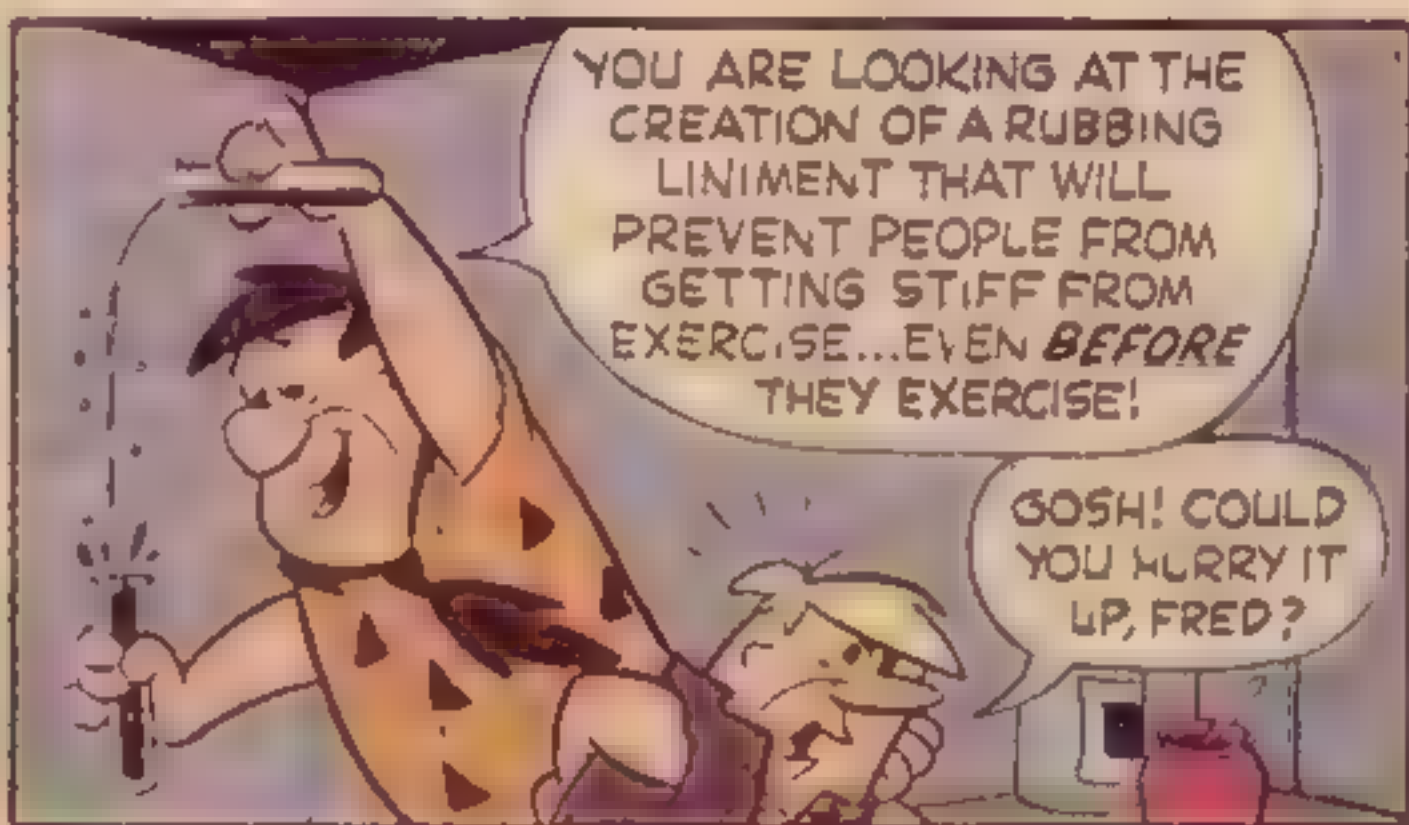
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO BECOME FAMOUS, FRED, RUN FOR DINOSAUR CATCHER?

NO, BARNEY, I'M GOING TO *INVENT* SOMETHING THAT WILL PUT BEDROCK ON THE MAP!



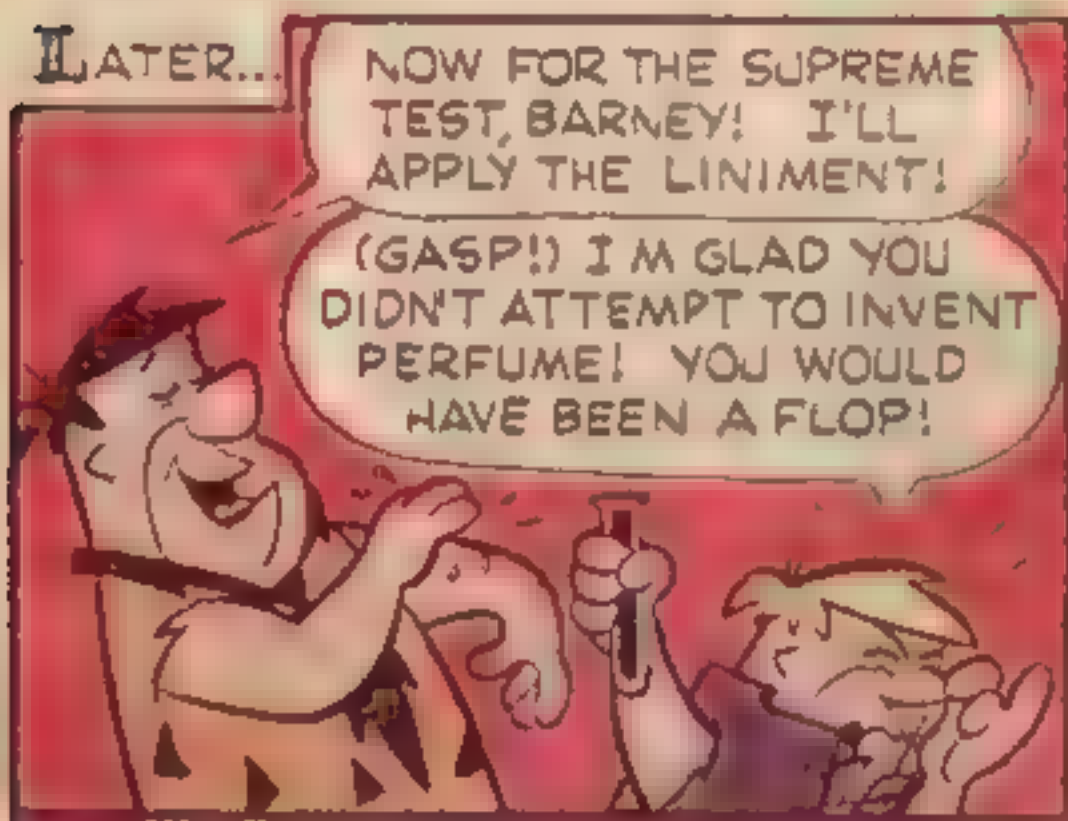
I'M GOING TO INVENT SOMETHING TO REVOLUTIONIZE MEDICAL HISTORY!

LIKE WHAT?



YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE CREATION OF A RUBBING LINIMENT THAT WILL PREVENT PEOPLE FROM GETTING STIFF FROM EXERCISE...EVEN *BEFORE* THEY EXERCISE!

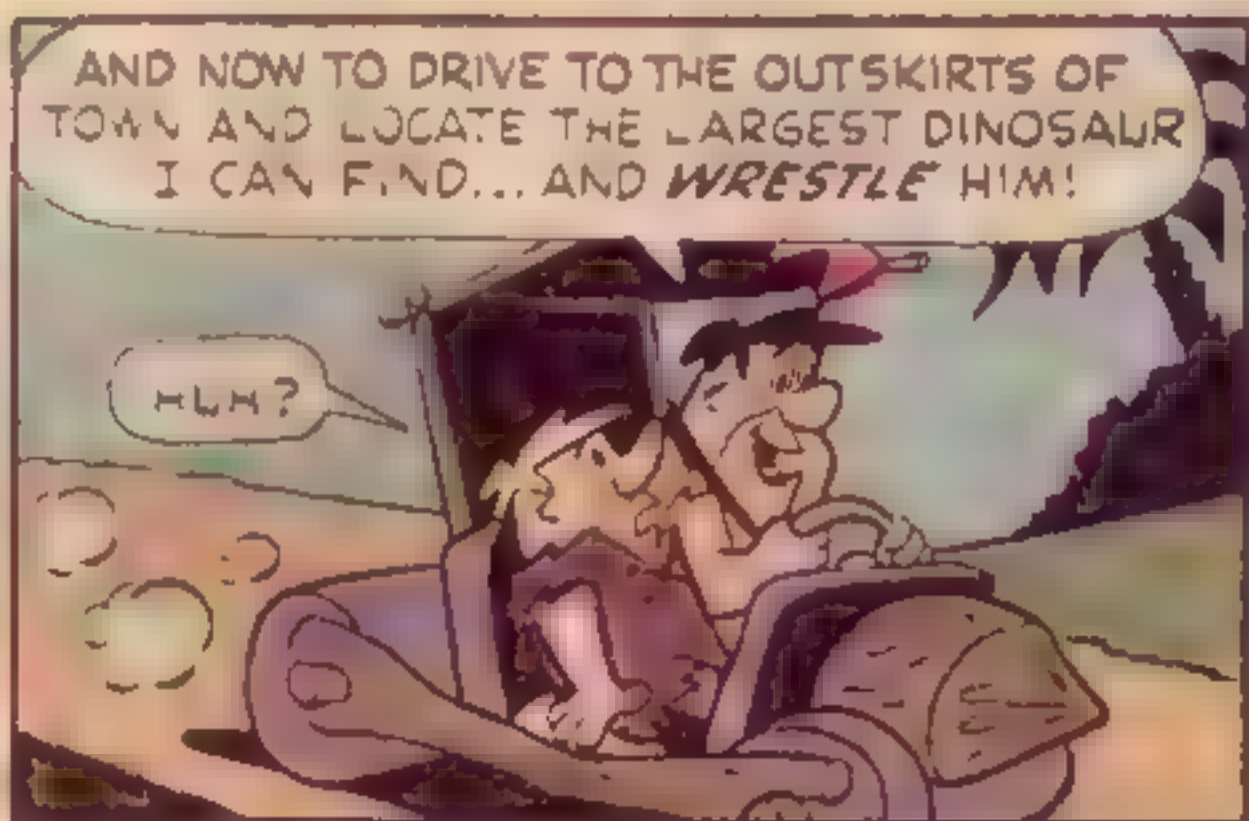
GOSH! COULD YOU HURRY IT UP, FRED?



LATER...

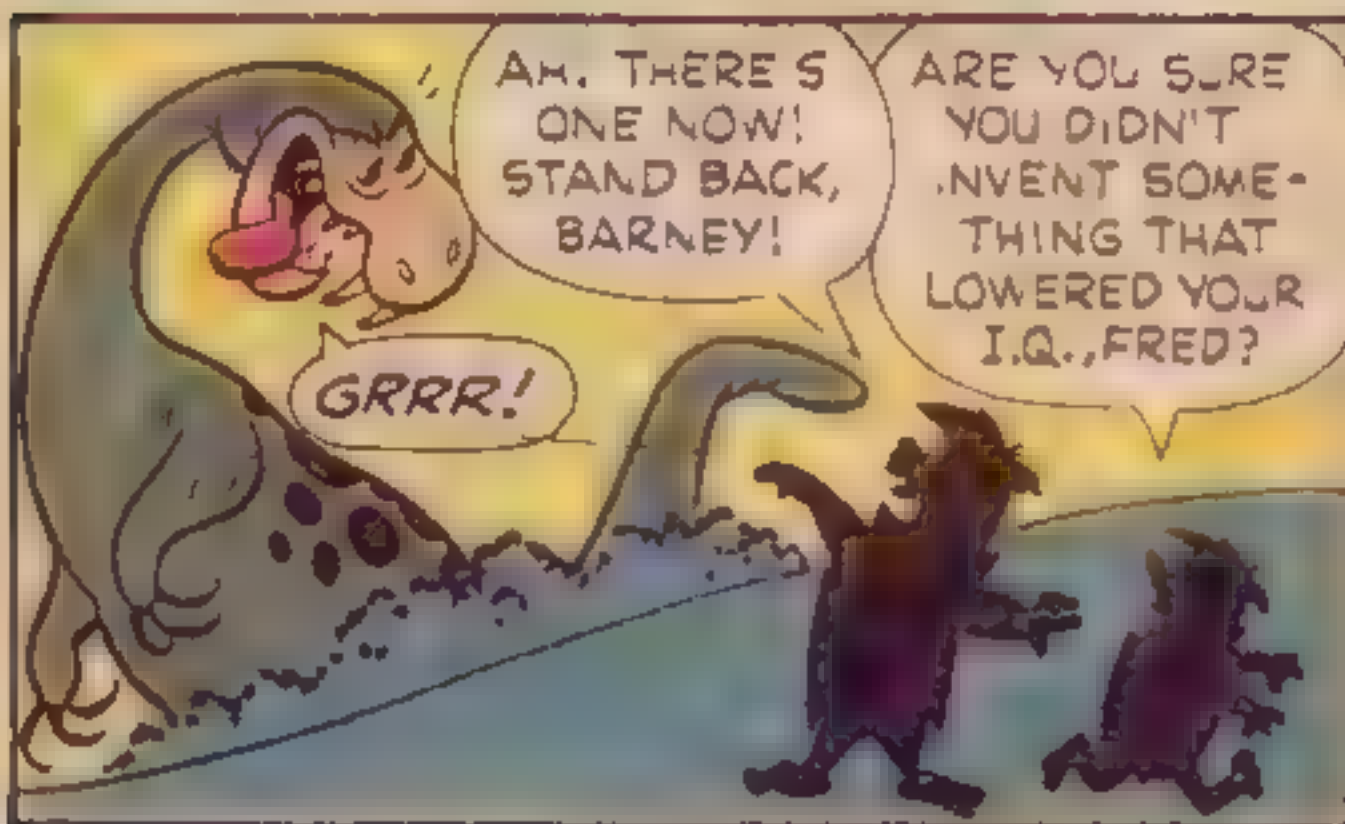
NOW FOR THE SUPREME TEST, BARNEY! I'LL APPLY THE LINIMENT!

(GASP!) I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T ATTEMPT TO INVENT PERFUME! YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN A FLOP!



AND NOW TO DRIVE TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN AND LOCATE THE LARGEST DINOSAUR I CAN FIND... AND *WRESTLE* HIM!

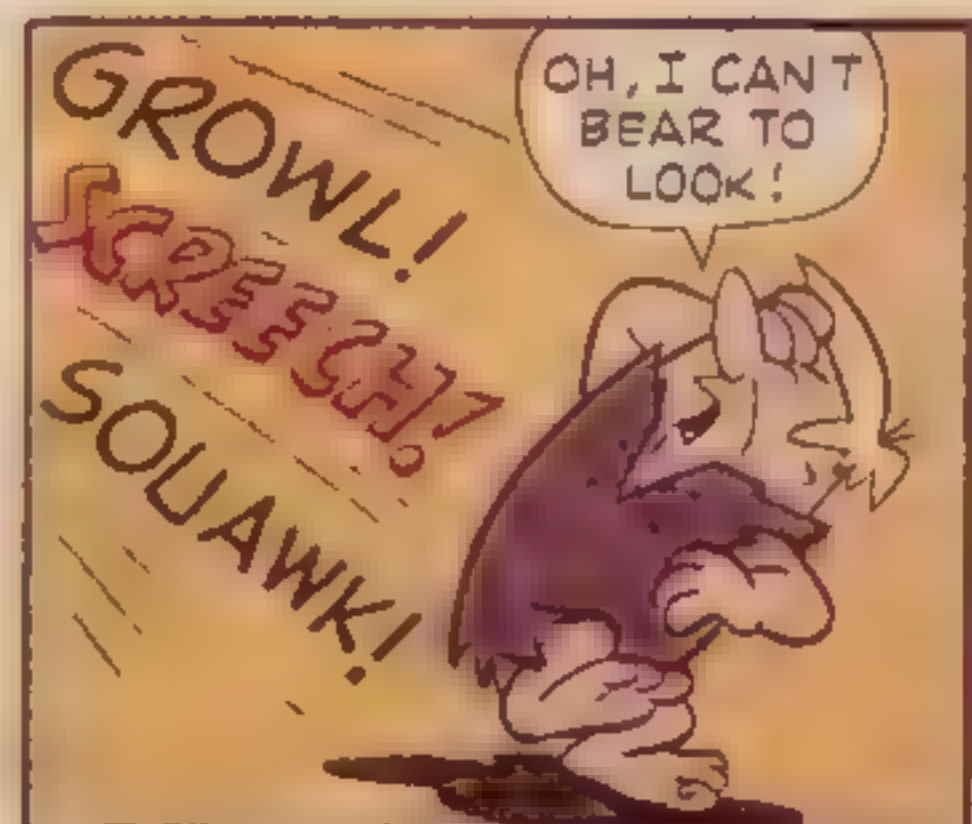
HLH?



AM. THERE'S ONE NOW! STAND BACK, BARNEY!

ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T INVENT SOMETHING THAT LOWERED YOUR I.Q., FRED?

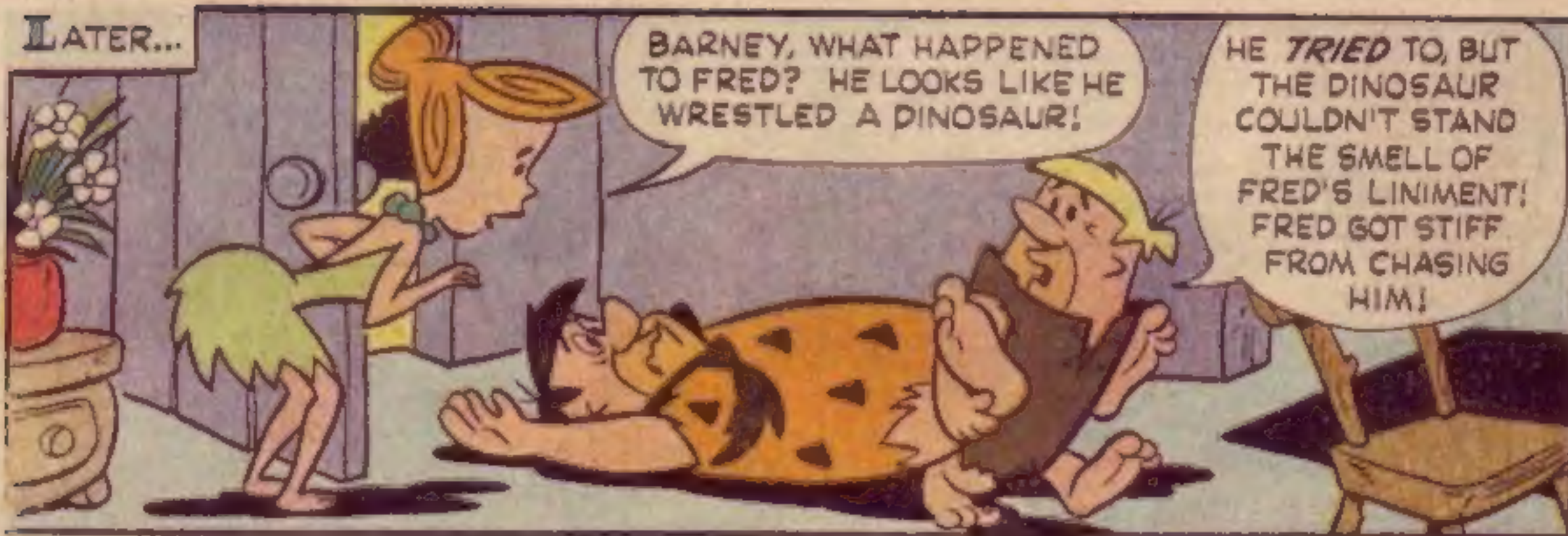
GRRR!



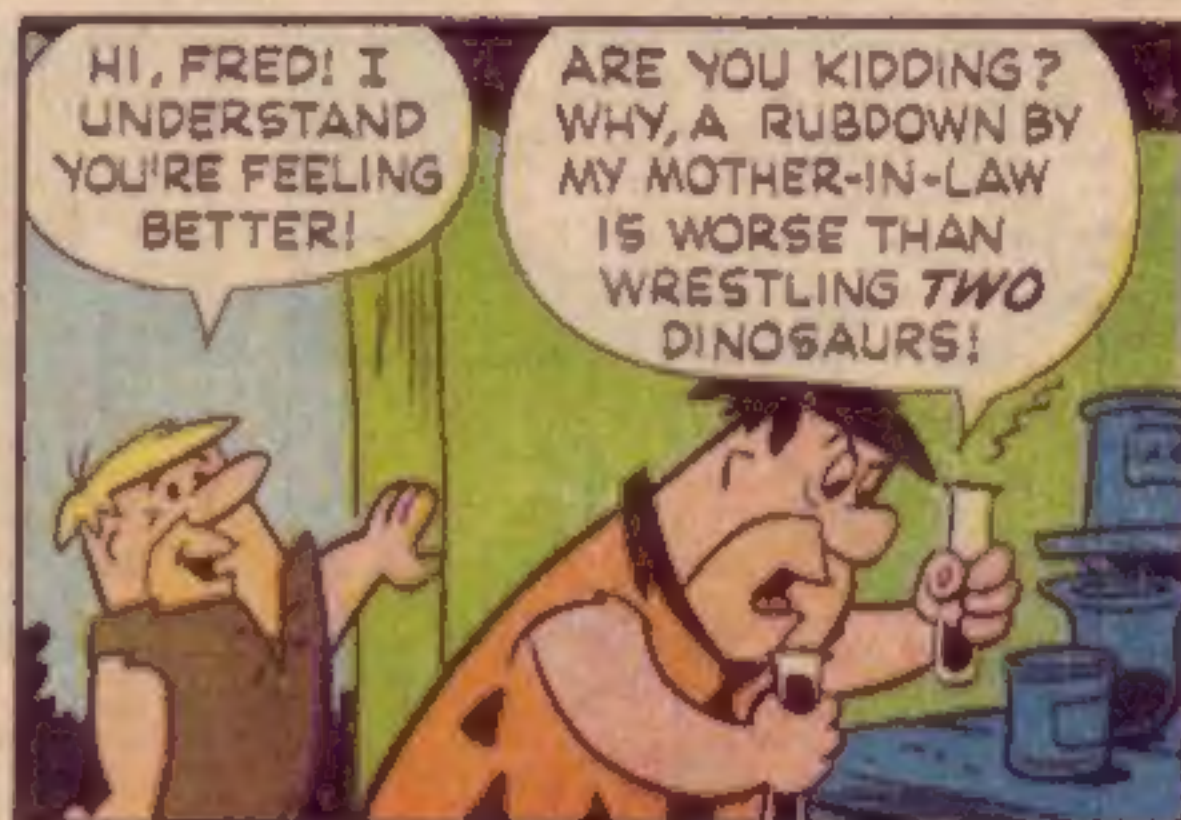
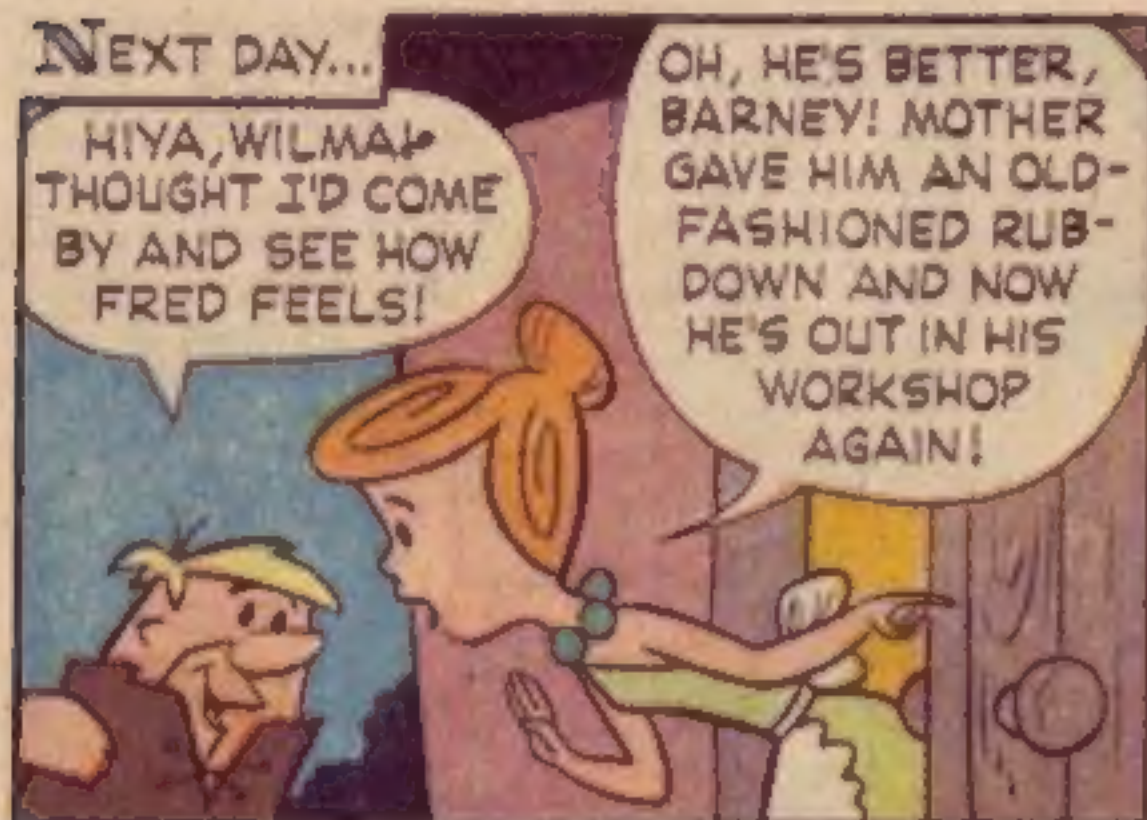
GROWL!
SCREECH!
SQUAWK!

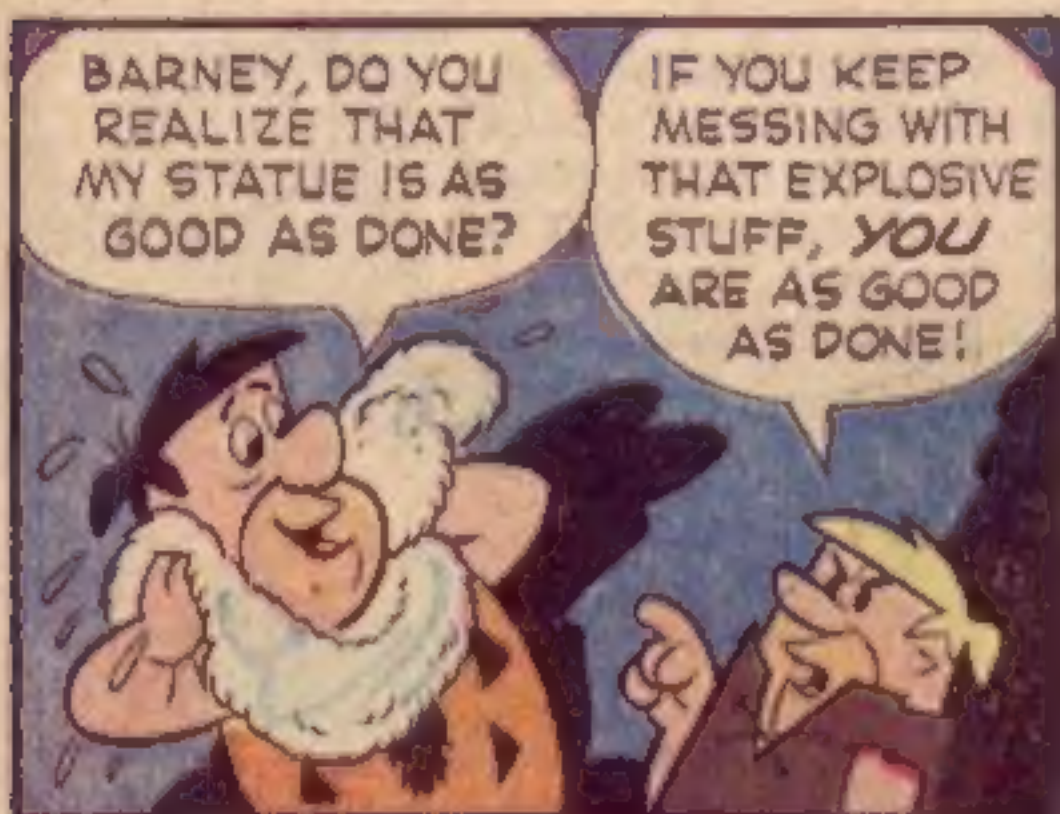
OH, I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!

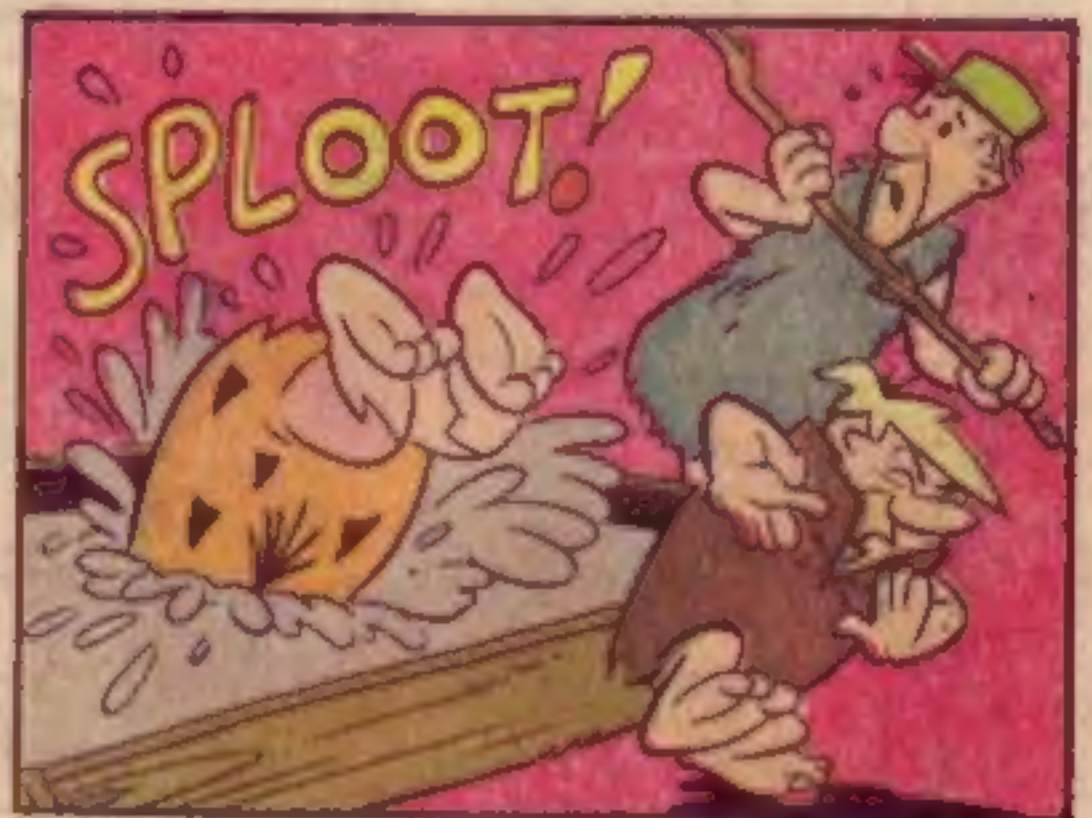
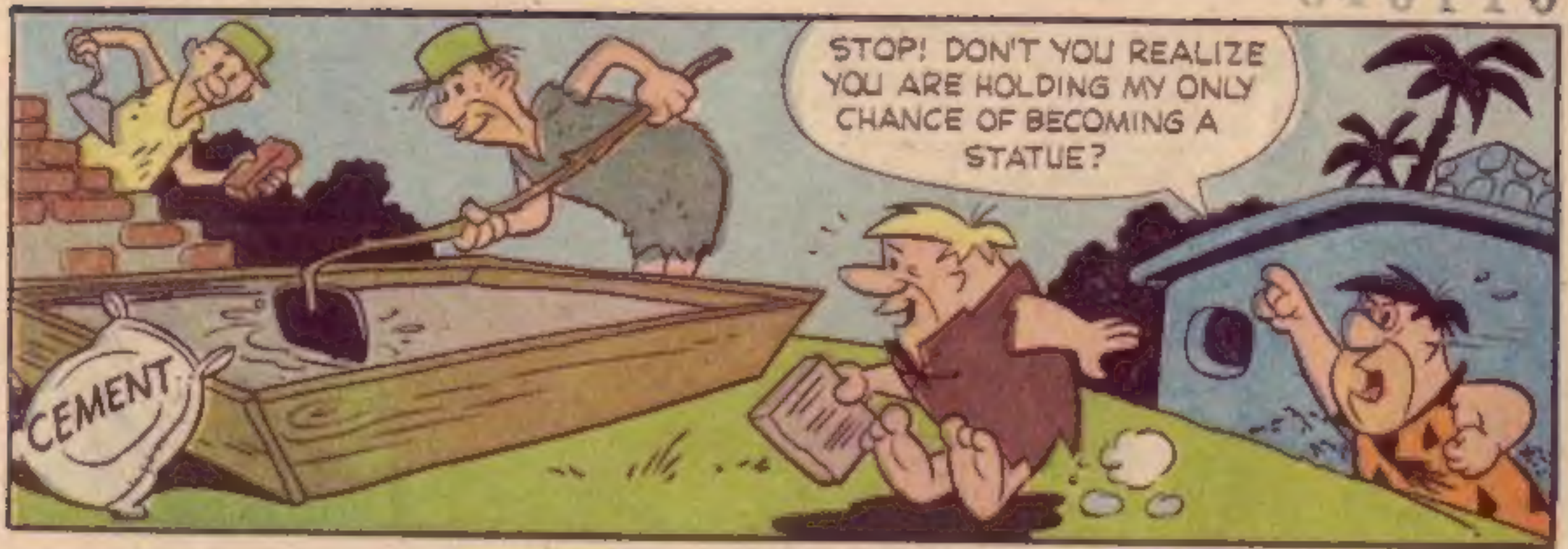
LATER...



NEXT DAY...









KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

FISH



Sculpins, singularly unattractive, have armored, spiny heads and bodies. At low tide they appear among weeds in rock crevices.



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Their mottled coloring blends with the bottoms where they lie in wait for small fish. Their big mouths snap open like a trap.

LOOK FOR FULL PAGE KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE IN YOUR FAVORITE GOLD KEY COMICS